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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

APRIL, 1902

Victor Hugo's Fame The centenary of Victor Hugo's birth, which was celebrated in France on February 26, with every outward sign of popular enthusiasm, recalls the long-standing controversy between the critics and the public respecting Hugo's true rank as a poet, dramatist, novelist, and thinker. In a recent number of the Independent, Prof. Raoul Allier, of Paris, gives an interesting account of the fluctuations and vicissitudes of the author's popular fame in France, and records that it suffered a slight decline after his death in 1885. He attributes the recent rekindling of his fame to a new movement in favor of popular education among the French, which led to the discovery that a well-chosen page or poem of Victor Hugo's would always hold the attention and thrill the hearts of the working classes when the works of other celebrated writers left them cold or dull and inattentive.

In the February Atlantic, on the other hand, George McLean Harper discusses his reputation among the critics, and reaches the conclusion that in another hundred years the popular verdict of to-day will be reversed, and that posterity will listen "not so much to the popular voice as to the great French critics of his time," who "found him wanting in many qualities which the larger public thought he possessed."

A writer in the Dial takes vigorous exception to this view, and in a very appreciative article applies the test of comparative criticism:

We have observed with close attention the currents and counter-currents of recent opinion concerning Hugo's work, and it seems to us that there has gradually shaped itself, in the consciousness of his own compatriots as well as in the consciousness of the cosmopolitan tribunal of letters, an image of the poet that looms larger and larger as the age recedes from him, an image so colossal that it dwarfs all others of his world-contemporaries in the retrospective vision. Can we as Englishmen, great as must be our reverence for the memories of Shelley and Wordsworth and Tennyson, of Carlyle and Ruskin and Emerson, can we

in fairness claim that any of these men matches Hugo in artistic and moral stature? Can a German make the claim for Heine, can an Italian make it for Signor Carducci, can a Russian make it for Tourguénieff, can a Norwegian make it for Dr. Ibsen? Can a Frenchman fairly make it for Musset or Balzac or Renan?

To ask these questions, it seems to us, is to make clear that negative answers are the only possible ones. Certain aspects of the genius of these other men may appeal to us more deeply, or strike more responsive chords in our consciousness, but the noblest personality of them all, with the sum total of its achievement, set beside the personality and the achievement of Hugo, must suffer in the comparison. "The spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century," Mr. Swinburne calls him, and, whatever critical reservations we may make upon this point or upon that, it seems that the ascription is still the just due of the great poet, novelist, and dramatist whose writings have now been steadily pouring from the press for a period of nearly eighty years.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, in an address delivered at the Hugo centenary celebration in New York, and published in the Outlook, gives an appreciative if not wholly sympathetic portrait of the great Frenchman, and says of him:

"After all qualifications are made, Victor Hugo remains a literary force of the first order in poetry and of prodigious energy and deep significance in fiction and the drama.

"If Alfred de Musset, the sensitive and exquisite artist about whose work most men are agreed, is to be regarded in the future as the interpreter of the minor motives, the subjective experiences of his time, Victor Hugo is likely to be accepted as the interpreter of its greater passions, its more dramatic emotions."

It is too early to predict which of these varying estimates, or whether any of them, will be accepted by posterity; but where contemporary criticism is at variance with public feeling, it is not always, as has often been discovered, the verdict of the critic that is sustained.

Wireless Facts One cannot but watch the developments going on in wireless telegraphy with peculiar interest. Mr. Marconi has startled the world by his original discovery, but the extent and value of thit discovery are still in some doubt, although it is a growing conviction that he has received intelligible wireless signals over distances of thousands of miles. The following lines are from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and will keep our readers abreast of his latest feats:

On his (Marconi's) voyage across a few days ago on the Philadelphia Mr. Marconi received intelligible messages from his station in Cornwall at a distance of 1,551 miles, and signals at a distance of 2,099 miles, these facts being attested by the captain and chief officer of the steamer. Answers to the messages were not sent from the steamer simply because the instruments on board were not sufficiently powerful, and Mr. Marconi does not think it will pay to equip steamers with such costly instruments. For them a range of 50 to 100 miles will answer all practical purposes. Communication across the Atlantic is simply a question of power of apparatus, and steps are to be taken at once toward establishing sufficiently powerful stations on either side of the ocean. Another important fact developed during the passage of the Philadelphia was that the secrecy of messages can be secured by the "tuning" of the apparatus. The instruments on the steamer and at the Poldhu station were attuned to each other. Traveling over the same route as the Philadelphia and close behind her was the Cunard steamer Umbria, equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus. The Umbria's instrument was not attuned to that on the Philadelphia or the one at the Poldhu station in communication with her. The Umbria's operator was surprised at learning on landing that messages from Cornwall had passed over his head to the Philadelphia. He had intercepted no messages, nor could he get into communication with the Philadelphia, although in good communication with the Campania and Etruria. This proved Mr. Marconi's contention that messages can be sent with even more security from being intercepted and stolen than if sent by wire, for there is no wire to be cut or tapped. There are, he claims, considerably more than 200 "tunes," and it would be exceedingly difficult to discover which is used by the instruments in communication. Still another fact has been demonstrated by these last experiments. The curvature of the earth is no obstacle to the transmission of the messages from one point to another on its surface, no matter what the distance. The theory at first was that the signals traveled

on a direct line and the masts must be sufficiently high to overcome the curvature of the globe between the two points. That theory has been completely exploded by the transmission of messages from land to a steamer over 1,550 miles distant and recognizable signals nearly 2,100 miles.

A still further fact of interest concerning Marconi's discovery is to be found in the Scientific American, which says:

Nowhere is the success of this system being watched more keenly than by the navies of the world, for it is well understood that, in proportion as the range of wireless telegraphy is extended will the operations of future naval campaigns be greatly modified. Already it is possible to communicate across 1,500 miles of water, and although it is true that the sending station of Poldhu is equipped with a specially powerful plant, we presume there are no mechanical or structural difficulties in the way of equipping naval scouting vessels with sending apparatus of equal power. We notice that the British government has authorized the construction of four new vessels of the naval scout type, which are to have a speed of 25 knots an hour and are to be equipped with very lofty masts for wireless telegraphy purposes. It is probable that this type of ship, which was originated by Russia with the ships of the "Novik" class, is destined to enjoy a popularity similar to that of the torpedo boat and the destroyer. With fleets of these craft patrolling the sailing lines between the most important strategic points, a nation will be able to keep in close touch with all important movements of the enemy, and naval warfare will be played very much less in the dark than it has been. If, for instance, during our late war, wireless communication over 1,500 miles of water had been possible, the naval operations would have been greatly simplified and much confusion and anxiety avoided. It will be remembered that in our blind groping to get in touch with Cervera's fleet, and in the attempt to conduct the war by the triangular Washington-Sampson-Schley method of communication, the transmission of news was ultimately dependent upon the speed and good luck, in finding either commander, of the various converted yachts and cruisers of comparatively low sea speed that were used to carry dispatches. It is certain that many of the risks of the war that were run and much of the confusion and controversy that resulted were due to the difficulty of obtaining quick communication from shore to ship and between the ships themselves. With a 1,500 mile radius Marconi system installed, however, how completely the story of the war might have been changed. Let us suppose that stations similar to that at

Poldhu had been erected at Key West and at Washington, and that all the important vessels engaged in the campaign had carried sending and receiving apparatus to match it. Let the reader take a map and strike, with a 1,500-mile radius, circles from Key West and Washington, and he will find that from both stations it would have been possible to communicate directly or indirectly with every vessel engaged in the Santiago campaign throughout the whole of the operations of the war.

The McKinley Memorial

Secretary Hay's tribute to the memory of President McKinley at the Capitol on February 27 was one of the most finished addresses which it is an equal pleasure to read and to listen to. He spoke in fitting terms of the crime which, while it struck down the President, showed in its very success the futility of violence in conflict with free government. Leaving to the Congress he was addressing the task of dealing with the "painful problem" of anarchy, he presented in well-chosen words a faithful portrait of the man, his noble character and illustrious deeds. The picture he drew was a profoundly impressive one, and needed none of the graces of oratory to move the distinguished audience which he addressed. Representatives of many governments, including Prince Henry, of Prussia, joined with the representatives of the American people in doing homage to this man of simple life and sincere purpose who had so recently passed from among them. There were a few who recalled a similar scene twenty years earlier, when Secretary Blaine paid tribute to the memory of Garfield. There was a subtle difference between the two occasions, however, one that could not be better typified than in the difference between the closing sentences of the memorable addresses. The oration on Garfield ended with the famous passage:

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene

and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon its wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

These are the words of an orator accustomed to moving multitudes by the appeal of eloquence touching the emotions.

Secretary Hay's concluding words were simpler:

There is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginnings; no one but vows it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers how McKinley loved, revered and served it, showed in his life how a citizen should live, and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die.

The appeal was to the finer instincts of a cultivated audience, and was significant of the change which has come over the foreign policy of our nation since it passed from the hands of orators and forensic pleaders to those of our most accomplished diplomat since Franklin.

Civil Aesthetics

In two recent numbers of the Century Mr. Charles Moore has given an authorized account, with authentic illustrations, of the improvements about to be undertaken in the Capital City, under the supervision of a commission of experts, Messrs. Burnham, McKim, St. Gaudens, and the younger Olmsted. The chief feature of the plans adopted is the improvement and embellishment of the mall leading from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, and of the environments of these two conspicuous examples of architectural skill. When completed the new Washington will certainly compare favorably with any modern capital. We give in the current number some account of the model city which will form an important feature of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. The effect on municipal architecture of the impulse which came from the White City at Chicago and gained new impetus from the Rainbow City at Buffalo, is about to find expression in a group of public buildings soon to be erected in Cleveland. A new federal building is already in course of erection in an imposing situation facing the public square. From the site of this structure to the lake there leads a short street lined with small buildings of little value. At a recent meeting of

the City Hall Commission, the Court House Commission, and the Public Library Commission, each of which boards has an appropriation for the erection of a public building, it was decided to purchase the land on either side of this street, and, with the authority of the State Legislature, to extend it to a width of three hundred and sixty feet, forming a court of honor around which the three buildings named, together with the federal building, are to be grouped. Space will be reserved on the court for a music hall and an art gallery, which are among the early possibilities of the city's municipal growth, and the architectural style and general proportions of all the buildings are to be determined by the consulting architects. The successful completion of these ambitious plans will give Cleveland rank among the few American cities which are taking the lead in civic aesthetics, as well as in material progress.

How to Employ Princes

No event has caused more discussion or even more provocation of general interest than the recent visit to these shores of Emperor William's younger brother, Prince Henry. Had he gone to any other country, his visit would have been considered in every way to be a pilgrimage made by the King himself. In coming to the United States he came in place of his brother, but he came really as a novel experiment. He was the representative of a form of government which is not here recognized, and was the first accredited specimen of Old World royalty which ever set foot upon American soil. To make such a visit a success the Prince's great democracy had to be dwelt upon, and, to meet his efforts in this direction half way there had to be rehearsals among our plebeian dignitaries on long-forgotten questions of court etiquette, so that while the Prince did all he could to win laurels as a "good fellow" our hard-headed and practical citizens were obliged to assume unaccustomed airs, and did it with proper grace. It may be safe to say that never was a prince put through on better schedule time anywhere in the world. He was fed, entertained, and whisked about the country at break-neck speed, and with that marvelous modesty for which Americans are famous, the end of his trip rounded up in such a way as to throw endless luster upon the management of one of our greatest railroads. This may have been only incidental, however, and the true purpose of Prince Henry's visit may have been more selfish. It has been intimated that the idea was to promote international good feeling and to wipe out the affronts offered to Americans by the Germans at Manila, and in the more recent Venezuelan episode. The

Evening Post finds still another explanation of it in the Kaiser's sudden discovery that princes may be made to serve a useful purpose in this world by keeping them busy in doing something for the Fatherland. To quote further from the article:

Royal embassies to contract alliances, or to enter into treaties, or to emphasize dynastic relations, are familiar; but a mere international hand-clasp, a journey purely to promote friendship, with no ulterior aim except to strengthen ties of goodwill—Old World diplomacy knows so little of this kind of exceptional demonstration that it can scarcely be blamed for having stood staring at it for some weeks like a puzzled pointer dog. It must be that the Kaiser had some deep scheme. He was seeking a transatlantic make-weight. Or else he was cunningly plotting to allay American suspicions while he made a raid upon South America in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. So difficult it is to believe in friendly professions. So slow are men to think that a nation will go out of its way to show another one marked attention, out of simple goodwill. Yet that is all that either Germany or the United States intended or understood by Prince Henry's sailing to our shores. His visit will long have this distinction among international courtesies, that it was not merely the graceful tribute of a monarchy to a republic, but that it was an act of national politeness and kindness, without one lurking thought of self-seeking.

Yet a conspicuous courtesy of this sort, even though, like charity, it seeketh not its own, cannot fail to produce a great moral effect. It reveals the natural state of peace and concord in which nations should live. It shows how easy it is for prejudices to be dissipated by frank acquaintance. It makes international jealousies look more like the aggrieved pouting of children in the nursery, and renders war more loathsome than ever before. More than that, it helps us to realize how obsolete the old spirit of fierce and exclusive nationalism is getting to be. The world has grown very small. As a writer in the Atlantic said a few months ago, speaking of the old idea of a nation as an isolated unit, necessarily antagonistic to every other: "There are signs that this system of nations is breaking up, to make way for a cosmopolitan system. Science, with its locomotive, commerce, with its maxim, *Ubi bene ibi patria*, democracy, with its brotherhood of man, are daily undermining the national system. World's fairs, peace conferences, international labor societies, drawings together of Latins and Anglo-Saxons—all indicate the coming of the new system without need of weapons of offense and defense."

The Larger Politics: Affairs of the Nations

Subsidization of Various Merchantile Marines. . . . Scientific American

In view of the interest aroused in our shipping subsidy bill it is interesting to observe the various means adopted by European nations to encourage their mercantile marine. The steamship lines of Great Britain receive no state assistance beyond, in certain cases, a subvention, which is in reality too insignificant to be worthy of notice, for employing particular vessels as auxiliary cruisers in time of war, and for postal work. Since, however, the carriage of mails involves the allocation of a certain amount of space for the mail bags, and officials attached thereto, and is somewhat similar to freight, this payment can scarcely be termed a subsidy. The German lines are the most heavily state-subsidized steamship lines in the world, and but for this government assistance, it is very doubtful if Germany would have attained its present position in the mercantile marine among the maritime nations of the world. Certainly no fast steamships such as the Deutschland, Kronprinz Wilhelm, and Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse would have come into existence. The total imperial subsidy granted by Germany to steamship lines amounts to \$1,737,500 per annum, and is distributed among the North German Lloyd, of Bremen, and the German East Africa Company, at Hamburg. There is in addition to this a small imperial subsidy granted for a service recently established to compete for the West African trade. The German East Africa line receives \$337,500 a year for a fortnightly service circumnavigating Africa in alternate directions. The North German Lloyd receives \$825,000 per annum for a fortnightly service direct to China and Japan, and \$575,000 for a monthly service to Australia. In addition to this there is an amount of \$325,000 paid to the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd companies for the carriage of mails. As before stated, the British government extends no pecuniary assistance to the various steamship lines, beyond a postal subvention, though it is often erroneously stated that this remuneration is equivalent to a subsidy. Comparison, therefore, between a German and English steamship company is scarcely possible. Both the P. & O., the largest steamship company in Great Britain, and the North German Lloyd run a large fleet of vessels in addition to those employed exclusively in carrying mails on the Australian and Eastern service. The total tonnage of the North German Lloyd fleet at the end of 1900 was 405,987 tons, and that of the P. & O. Company, of London, 340,000

tons. The P. & O. Company receive the sum of \$1,750,000 per annum for a fortnightly service from Brindisi to Shanghai, a weekly service from Brindisi to Bombay, and a fortnightly service from Brindisi to Adelaide. Of this sum approximately \$425,000 is allotted to the Australian service, Brindisi to Adelaide, covering about 9,100 miles, including ports of call. If 2,500 miles, about the distance from London to Brindisi—the P. & O. are obliged to run to Brindisi to pick up the mails—and 1,075 miles, representing the mileage from Adelaide to Sydney, are added, a total distance of 12,675 miles, the nearest possible approach to an absolutely comparative basis is obtained. The North German Lloyd receive \$575,000 per annum for a monthly service from Bremerhaven to Sydney, a distance of about 13,100 miles, including ports of call. The P. & O. Company run fifty-two voyages in a year, and the North German Lloyd run under their contract at least twenty-six voyages a year. This works out at 66.105 cents per mile for the P. & O. and Orient companies, and \$1.68819 per mile for the North German Lloyd. And as the Colonies and India contribute from their postal receipts a sum equal to half the total P. & O. postal subsidy of \$1,750,000, it is not perhaps too much to assume that the British post office collects at least a similar amount from the carriage of mails outward, the deduction being that the postal matter carried by the P. & O. pays for itself, and is no burden whatever upon the British taxpayer. The North German Lloyd have within the last two years distributed dividends of 7 per cent. and 8½ per cent. The P. & O. average a dividend on preferred stock of over 11 per cent., and nearly 8 per cent. all round. It is quite open to say that the German company receive 7 per cent. of the 8½ per cent. in subsidy, and the P. & O. 10 per cent. out of the 11 per cent. Both mail services, however, are in consequence of this subsidy run in a more extravagant manner than a purely commercial line would be, and the mileage comparison shows that the English companies give the greater value for their subsidy than the German, or in other words the latter probably apply a much larger proportion of their subsidy to dividend purposes than the English company. It is only by means of this state assistance that Germany has been able to compete with England in the mail trade in the East—since Great Britain had such a firm monopoly that other than subsidized lines could not have run against them profitably. German competition, however, has not affected the English trade,

but has rather developed it. Other European countries do not subsidize their steamship lines in the way that Germany does. Russia grants special subsidies to certain lines, which, however, chiefly trade within the Russian Empire. There is also the volunteer fleet which plies between the Black Sea and eastern Siberian ports. This line calls at some Eastern ports, but carries little cargo, and is chiefly devoted to government political purposes. Japan grants general subsidies upon construction, mileage runs, and also special subsidies to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha to India and Europe, and the Toyo Kisen to San Francisco. The subsidy of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha averages an amount equal to two-thirds of the expenses per voyage, a very large subsidy. Austria grants a subsidy on shipping which, assuming that the freight earned covered expenses, would permit an average dividend of about 15 per cent. to be distributed. The bounties of France are equal to about 12½ per cent. on the value of the mercantile marine. It is a curious fact, however, that in none of these European countries is the state subvention regarded with satisfaction. Germany, which has been lavish in this direction, is indeed looking forward to the day when traffic with the East and Australasia will be sufficiently remunerative to enable the subsidy to be withdrawn. Such a state of affairs is very remote, however, at present, since English trade in those parts is so secure that the German competition has no effect upon it whatever. Germany, in fact, has to create a new and special trade for her steamships, and the work is proving difficult, since the English lines offer more frequent services, and, on the whole, are much faster than the German boats plying between Europe and the East.

German Politics and Parties.....St. Louis Post-Dispatch

In Germany to-day as in the United States all political roads lead to—the tariff issue. The Agrarians representing old Germany, the Junker aristocracy, on the one side, the new industrial, manufacturing, and commercial Germany on the other, have locked their horns in a life-or-death conflict over the pending tariff bill.

Yet only a superficial parallel can be drawn between Germany's tariff situation and that of the United States. With the German people it is a question of taxing their daily bread and meat, which never has been an American question. The closest parallel to Germany's present political industrial crisis is that which was solved in Great Britain in 1846, when Sir Robert Peel, at the head of a ministry representing the British Junkers, or landed aristocracy, adopted Cobden's programme

and abolished the protective duties against American corn.

The total number of the empire's qualified voters at the last general election (1898) was 11,200,000, and the actual number of votes cast 7,600,000—about 67 per cent. of the registration. The popular votes recorded for the leading parties were: Social Democrats, 2,120,000; Clericals, 1,333,000; National Liberals, 1,160,000; Conservatives, 900,000; Radical Left, 500,000; Free Conservatives, 220,000; Anti-Semites, 310,000; Moderate Radicals, 230,000; Poles, 180,000; South German Democrats, 120,000; Alsatian Party of Protest, 90,000.

The present Reichstag, elected in June, 1898, has its total membership of 397 divided as follows:

Conservatives.....	55	Liberal People's party 29
Imperialists.....	23	Nat. People's party ... 8
National Social Re-form party (Anti-Semitic)	10	Social Democrats... 58
Center (Clericals)....	104	Alsatian (Anti-German)..... 8
Poles	14	Independents 30
National Liberals	46	Total..... 397
Liberal Union.....	12	

The Agrarian protectionist party is made up of the Conservatives, a majority of the center or Catholic party, about one-third of the National Liberals, and most of the Anti-Semites and Poles. Positively and aggressively against them are the Social Democrats and two-thirds of the three Liberal parties. Between the two extremes stands the government, trying to satisfy the Agrarians without going the full length of their programme, which demands the abandonment of the Emperor's great canal extension programme, and would have no reciprocity treaties with other nations.

If the members of the Reichstag were chosen from voting districts numerically equal the new Agrarian tariff law would be surely beaten. The Social Democrats with proportional representation would hold over 100 instead of 58 seats in the Reichstag. This great party, democratic in principle and radically progressive in purpose, but, as its leaders have emphatically declared, not revolutionary in its methods, has grown from 1 to 101,927 voters, when the empire was founded, to be its largest political organization.

Aimed not less at Russia and Austria-Hungary than at the United States, the pending German tariff law is strongly disapproved by the influential German press. It is now in the hands of a committee of 26 members for revision, and is likely to be reported back to the Reichstag for final enactment in May next. If enacted, as it probably will be, it will not take general effect until early in 1904, because several of the reciprocity treaties

concluded during the chancellorship of Caprivi do not expire until January 1 of that year. In the long run the Agrarian policy cannot be maintained, because Germany is no longer chiefly an agricultural country. Two-thirds of her people are now engaged in manufacturing, mining, transportation, trade, and shipping. The situation is well summed up in the declaration of Deputy Barth that to feed her people and extend her foreign markets for her manufactures "Germany must in her own interest be as free from all hampering trade restrictions as England is."

The Census Bureau Bill.....New York Evening Post

As there seems to be some misunderstanding of the effect of the President's approval of the Census Act with the "accompanying documents," it may be well to go briefly over the whole situation.

What Congress set out to do was to foist into the regular classified service the whole group of employés collected by patronage methods for the twelfth census. It began by trying to frame such a paragraph in the bill creating a permanent Census Office as would not only put all these employés into the new office, but qualify all who had been dismissed on account of a necessary reduction of the staff since July 1, 1901, for reinstatement in the Census Office for the purpose of transfer to some other branch of the classified civil service. In passing through its several stages preceding enactment into law, this and a number of other vicious schemes were combed out of the bill. One was a sweeping paragraph which would have made every human being attached to the office, from the highest to the lowest, a member of the classified service, including coalheavers and charwomen. The bad feature which held on longest was that which proposed to classify everybody above the grade of skilled laborer who might be on the payroll at the time of the approval of the act. Undoubtedly the President would have vetoed the whole measure if this had been left in; but the two houses disagreed on certain terms, which threw the bill into conference, and out of conference came a civil service paragraph which simply authorized the Director of Census, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, to appoint to the permanent Census Office such members of the present force as he chose, place these persons in the classified service by virtue of such appointment, and required that all subsequent appointments should be made through the usual machinery of the Civil Service Commission.

With a President in the chair who cared nothing for civil service reform, the Director of the Census would have found his simplest course

to be to make very liberal selections from his present temporary force for reappointment in the permanent force, and to consult the wishes of the Congressional patrons at every step of this choice. President Roosevelt, however, has taken all the poison out of the civil service paragraph of the bill by ordering that the temporary force shall continue in service till July 1, and that on that date the Director shall choose for reappointment only those members of the temporary force whom he needs in his permanent force. This will mean that somewhere between 1,500 and 2,000 employés will be dropped out of the census service during the coming four months. If the Director should need an additional force of clerks for any special sort of business later, he will have to draw them from the Civil Service Commission's registers, for no "supernumerary" clerks will be carried over from the present to the permanent force. Indeed, even if on the 1st of July itself the Superintendent finds that the work of his office has not yet reached the stage where it can be done by the number of clerks necessary to his permanent force, he will have no alternative, under the President's order, but to call upon the Civil Service Commission to furnish all the extra help he wishes.

To sum the matter up briefly. Congress tried a game of blackmail on the President; the Conference Committee cleverly broke its force; and now the President has finished the good work by accepting his much-desired permanent census but refusing to "stand and deliver" at the mandate of the blackmailers.

The Future of Austria.....London Spectator

Is there truth in the argument of M. André Chéradame that the German people are determined to wrest their nine millions of Teutonic brothers in Austria from their present place outside the German Empire, and that the secret ambition of the Kaiser is to reconstruct the dominion of King Ottocar, which stretched from the Baltic to the Adriatic, on a Pan-German basis? The Sphinx of the near future has no answer for such questions:

We ask and ask: thou smilest and art still.

One thing, however, is clear to the most superficial observer. The existing Dual Monarchy on the Danube can hardly hope to escape a severe political crisis on the death of its aged ruler. Apart from any of the doubts about his successor's ability to carry on his difficult task of playing off one race against another, of "dividing in order to rule"—doubts which are confirmed by the stories which we hear every day of the Archduke's relations to his future subjects in Hungary, for

instance—there are many unmistakable signs that the present system will not work much longer. Only the tact of the Emperor has kept its wheels so lubricated as to turn at all, and the heat-generating friction of the Austrian parliament is a byword throughout Europe. No wonder, then, that it has been confidentially asserted that there are but two alternatives before the Dual Monarchy: it must either go to pieces and offer spoils too tempting for its powerful neighbors to abstain from snatching, or it must be converted into a Federal Empire on the lines of those of Germany. We ourselves, however, do not assert any such thing, but keep always to the belief that "oft in danger, yet alive," is the motto fittest for Austria-Hungary, and that, in spite of all the portents, the Dual Monarchy will somehow contrive to weather the storm. Nevertheless, without pretending to predict the course of events, which will be determined by a thousand complex and elusive factors, racial, social, financial, religious—depending on the turn of a market, the spirit of an army, the texture of a statesman's conscience, the ideals of a nation, and so forth—one may glance at the prospects of these alternatives. We hold our view as to the tenacity of Austria, but we are quite willing to discuss what to so many observers seems a dilemma from which there is no escape.

The first alternative, then, is that to whose possibility M. Chéradame draws out attention with typically French lucidity and persuasiveness. He believes that the next act in the world-drama on which the curtain rose last in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles will display the absorption of German-speaking Austria in the German Empire, and the consequent establishment of Greater Germany which will occupy the whole of Central Europe, stretching from Hamburg to Trieste, and from the Rhine to the Vistula. From the German point of view there is certainly a great deal to be said for this conception; it has a kind of nobility which M. Chéradame not unnaturally fails to perceive.

It is clear that for the advancement of the Kaiser's projects in Asia Minor, and for the achievement of his well-known ideal that his empire should be self-supporting, the advance of the imperial eagles to Trieste and the mouths of the Cattaro, and perhaps as far as the Carpathians—for even Hungary would probably be forced to throw in her lot with Greater Germany in self-defense against her Russian bugbear—would be a tremendous advantage. M. Chéradame, indeed, uses this as his strongest argument to prove that the Franco-Russian alliance must prevent such a consummation by war, if it comes to that. To an Englishman it is not clear that we should

suffer from such a development, any more than we have already suffered from the unification of six-sevenths of the German population of the Continent; but of course this can only be said on general principles, and, as the lawyers say, "without prejudice" to the higher diplomatic and other considerations which would be invoked if such a scheme were really contemplated. One thing is certain; a scheme of this magnitude will not be carried out in a hurry, nor without full discussion in the chancelleries.

But, in the second place, we are by no means sure that Germany—that is to say, the practical, workaday, serious part of Germany, in which even M. Chéradame's terror, the Kaiser, may perhaps be reckoned—really does want to break up Austria, even for the sake of "rounding-up" these seventy million Teutons in a ring fence and calling it Pan-Germany. There are other drawbacks to the scheme besides the consideration of what France and Russia and "gallant little Bulgaria" will say. One can quite imagine that the average practical man in Germany will not be too grateful to the Pan-German League when it proclaims its anxiety to procure the morcellement of Austria by fair means or foul. One can almost hear him saying: "Thank you very much, but Germany has quite enough on her hands already. You offer us nine millions of German fellow-citizens, and incidentally some sixteen millions of alien races. We have a sufficient number of discontented Poles already without taking on the Czechs, and perhaps the Magyars to follow. We are thankfully emerging from the dust and heat of the Kulturkampf, and you offer us the Los von Rom movement. We have trouble enough with some of our own parliaments, and you ask us to get our fingers burnt in the Reichsrath at Vienna. There are plenty of clerical and anti-clerical disputes in Germany already without our introducing the Austrian Catholic question. We can find labor disputes in our own towns without annexing Trieste. Prussian agriculture is already in a bad way without all the Austrian corn land being thrown into our customs union. There are a good many other drawbacks that I could name; but when you add that we are also to have the privilege of fighting the dual alliance as the price of these questionable blessings, then I can only say that you are a pack of old wives and dreamers who had better be muzzled before you do mischief that cannot be remedied." So might speak the "practical man" who at present rules the roost in the German Empire.

It is more reasonable to look for the solution of the internal difficulties of Austria in an outcome of the second or federalist alternative, which

has been suggested. If, as is conceivable, it were to prove feasible to federalize the Cisleithanian territories without offense to the susceptibilities of Hungary, Austria-Hungary might once more obtain that political stability which she enjoyed from 1870 to 1890. But this conjecture of federalism as the solvent is, after all, mere speculation, into which we have been led by the very lucid and fascinating, but not perfectly convincing, discourse of M. Chéradeau about his favorite bogey, the Pan-German League. All that we feel convinced of is that in some way or other the House of Hapsburg will continue to rule over an un-

diminished empire, be its internal organization modified or unchanged. The ground for our belief can easily be stated. The Austrian nationalities hate each other with the utmost bitterness, but they will hold together because each knows that if they do not, and so the Empire is dissolved, the fate that will overtake the *disjecta membra* is the fate which each most dreads—ultimate absorption into either the Russian or German imperial system.

Vienna would suffer anything, we think, rather than be ruled by Berlin, or Prague from St. Petersburg.

Contemporary Celebrities

Vassili Verestchagin

Vassili Vassilivitch Verestchagin is a Russian. His father, a land owner, had conventional ambitions for his son. He must study at a naval academy, fit himself for His Majesty's employ, and perchance in due time win renown on land or sea. But there was a fire in the boy which the father could not control, a passion that turned all material into fuel. It was the Academy of Design across the way that absorbed the enthusiasm and contributed most to the culture of the naval cadet. At seventeen he abandoned the school, and gave himself wholly to art. At twenty-two he was in Paris studying under Jerome. At twenty-seven he was following the Russian army into the heart of Asia, carrying paint tubes, not bullets, in his pouch, though he dropped his brushes and picked up a musket to defend the fortress of Samarkand. At thirty-two he was painting at Munich. Then he took himself off with a young wife into British India, waded through the dangerous snows of the upper Himalayas, scorched himself with the blistering sun, where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. Later he was attached as an artist to the army of the Czar in the Turko-Russian war; anon penetrated the valleys and climbed the heights of Palestine in search of more material for his brush. And, still young in spirit and full of vitality, he went from country to country and from war to war, making not only picture after picture that commands the study of the artist, but creating art gallery after art gallery that challenges the attention of the common people and the admiration of the competent.

The present exhibition of his paintings, which the artist is making in this country, it is said, is inferior to the old only in extent of canvas and

variety of themes. Here is the same relish of sunshine, the same revel in light, the same heroic painting of out-of-doors, a disregard of conventional shadows and groupings in the masterly confidence that reality is beautiful enough for art. It is a delight to realize that this perhaps greatest of living artists still worships devoutly at the shrine of the "God of things as they are," and also that fame has not dulled his ethical insight; that this student of war is still the great prophet of peace, that the trustees of the Nobel Fund left by the great Swede made no mistake when they recognized in Verestchagin one who might deserve the honors and awards that belong to the man who through art had made the greatest contribution to peace during the year in which he was honored.

Newman Hall

Rarely or never has England produced a more distinguished illustration of pastoral efficiency and pulpit ability than the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, who died recently in London near the close of his eighty-sixth year. Though a dissenter in a land where the Anglican churchman has in most cases a distinct monopoly of advantage, yet Newman Hall, by his winsome and strong individuality and magnificent catholicity of spirit, counted among the friends of his life such men as Bright and Gladstone, Dean Stanley and the poet Tennyson. Along with dukes and bishops, he was one of the pallbearers at the funeral of Lady Augusta Stanley; was high in the esteem of Queen Victoria; and yet, at the same time, full of plain speech, he was heard with delight as a street preacher among the poor. Americans will ever hold his name in high regard because of his staunch support of the

integrity of this nation during the dark days of the Civil War, and because of the aid he rendered Henry Ward Beecher in the campaign of the latter for the enlightenment of the English people, when he stood with him on many a platform in that notable work. At the church built for him in Westminster Bridge road, the Lincoln Tower, a memorial of the martyred President, was erected by contribution of both English and Americans.

Newman Hall, the son of John Vine Hall, a well-known Congregationalist minister and author, was born at Maidstone, Kent, May 22, 1816. Educated at Highbury College, but taking his degree at London University, he became a pastor first in Hull in 1842, and then in 1854 was called to take charge of Rowland Hill's chapel, Blackfriars road, London. There he remained pastor until 1892, being succeeded by the Rev. F. B. Meyer. The structure in which he served is one of the most notable in the great city. He used therein the Anglican liturgy, slightly modified; had a board of elders after the Presbyterian model, and was in accord with all Christians and worked with all, even with Anglicans of the Broad Church. Pastor, preacher, evangelist was he, and also author, writer of tracts and books. Of his *Come to Jesus*, originally a street exhortation, over 3,000,000 copies have been circulated. He was a verse writer, of which there is a collection in two volumes, and he had a reputation also as a water color painter. Taken altogether, he was one of the men of his generation.

Albert Bierstadt One of the foremost landscape painters in this country, yet his recent death, at the age of seventy-two, reminds us that his name has not of late been so well known as it was once. A change of taste in art work perhaps in large measure accounts for this. To-day landscapes of a more quiet sort are relished rather than the grandiose effects of the scenery of the Sierras and Rocky Mountains. One must be very sure of himself to attempt the Miltonic in poetry, and very much is it that way in painting. Some talk of Milton, who never really read him, as a little of the sublime in art, the stupendous, goes a long way with not a few: it is grand and all that, but, honestly, they are far more charmed and feel a deal more at ease with what is lowlier. Bierstadt was a pioneer in the former field, broad, lofty; the day will doubtless return when his achievements therein will be recognized and enjoyed as they seem not wholly to be now. The artist was born near Düsseldorf, Germany, January 30, 1830, and was brought, an infant, by his parents to New Bedford, Mass.

Developing a taste for art, shown by some clever crayon sketches made by him when a boy, he was encouraged, and began to paint in oils in 1851. He then shortly returned to Germany, where he studied for some years under Lessing, and finally went to Rome. Returning in 1859 to this country he thereafter traveled extensively both in Europe and America. Some of his more important paintings, *Storm of the Matterhorn*, *The Discovery of the Hudson*, and its companion, *Settlement of California*, are in the Capitol at Washington; *Lander's Peak* and *Mount Rosalie* are in London; *Estes Park* belongs to the Earl of Dunraven; *A View on the Kern River* is in the gallery of The Hermitage, St. Petersburg, and also *A Sunset in the Sierras*; while a scene among the great trees of California is in the Imperial Palace, Berlin. Bierstadt was the recipient of many honors during his life. In 1860 he became a member of the National Academy, and was awarded medals in Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, and Germany. In 1867 he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1869 with that of St. Stanislaus, of which he received also the second class in 1872. His studio at Irvington, N. Y., was destroyed by fire in 1882, which consumed also many valuable pictures.

Edward Carpenter *Toward Democracy*, a collection of verse, containing one long poem of seventy stanzas, and a hundred or more shorter pieces, and *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*, a striking prose treatise, are books which have aroused an interest in those who have read them, or have chanced to come across extracts from them, or bits from other writings of their author. Men want to know who Edward Carpenter is. His words to some seem to have a strange virility in them, an unforgettable quality, a certain something which acts like an electric shock. While they touch a class of minds to attract, fairly to fascinate, they are full of a large but nameless suggestiveness; to others their touch, if it does not repel, is so strange, unusual that it somehow alarms them. There is a sort of newness in the utterances he puts forth that to them savors of danger. Not squaring with the conventional, indeed, seeming to be absolutely at war with that in their inner spirit, they are regarded as very suspicious. Carpenter has been called "the English Walt Whitman." A writer in a recent Westminster Review says of him: "There have not been wanting those who would fain place him on an even higher pedestal than the 'good, gray poet' of the West himself. Count Tolstoi, while declaring that he 'could make nothing of Walt Whitman,' praises very highly the work of his

English disciple. Certain it is that of that peculiar school which Whitman has called into being Carpenter is now the foremost living exponent. He has not his master's lusty and vigorous style—as free from the musty canons of the art critic as the rainbow's changing form, or the dancing, glistening sunbeam, but still he has inherited a goodly share of his philosophy of life and his manner of preserving it." Carpenter, says the reviewer, may be taken as the interpreter of the meaning of the word democracy in its loftiest and grandest significance. The term represents the inward expression of progressive life, as well as its outward development. As to who this new English Whitman is, the Westminster writer gives directly but a word or two. He comes not from the people, as did he who is claimed to be his master, but from a better, at least, upper class environment. College bred, or thoroughly trained in all the wisdom of the schools, he early became a University lecturer. Indeed, for a short time he was a clergyman of the Church of England. Later, however, he gave up all these interests, and became a gardener and farmer near Sheffield. There his life has been spent for the past twenty years, tilling the soil and cultivating the muse, and, in the meanwhile, nourishing and enlarging his own heart. The interest in what Edward Carpenter writes, it is claimed, is a constantly growing one. In his poetry he belongs to the company of those who, like Whitman, "break the bonds of conventional verse and leave the tags of time behind them."

Boer Leaders of South Africa

In the *Revue Bleue*, of Paris, Arthur Lynch, made specially famous by his recent election to the British House of Commons from Galway, though, not so long ago a colonel commanding a regiment of Boer cavalry in Britain's costly war in South Africa, gives some interesting details descriptive of the personal appearance and traits of the leaders of the embattled farmers of Dutch and Huguenot blood in that part of the world whose fame for prowess and endurance has gone out into all the earth. We have heard of their deeds, and all would like to know something of the personnel of the men.

Louis Botha This name, so long before the public as a chieftain of unmatched fertility of resource in defensive warfare, is borne by a man still young. Some of the Boers even yet say he is too young, so accustomed are they to giving their confidence only to gray beards. But over and over again have they had it impressed upon them that such a feeling is the fruit of an unworthy prejudice. Botha is a tall

man, overtopping his comrades, but is grandly muscular, with broad shoulders and deep chest. He is full of vigor, overflows with health, and is markedly attractive because of his sympathetic temperament. "When I first saw him," says the writer, "he was surrounded by officers, who were congratulating him on his magnificent exploits at Spion Kop. He then seemed several years younger than he really is; to-day he seems older: the continual care of a superhuman task has given his face an expression of gravity that matures and improves it. I have never seen Botha depressed; he never shows the least ill-humor, but appears always confident and resolute. He is a skilful tactician, and a great strategist. His value in a time of peace, I believe, would be as great as it is in war. A diplomatist at need, he is always drawn out by circumstances of difficulty, and admirably shows then his strong intelligence, high probity, and firmness of character."

Christian De Wet Much like Botha in some ways, in others De Wet is very different. He is older, being near his fiftieth year, and though exceedingly stocky and well-set, he is rather under even medium height. There is nothing in his appearance or dress to lead one to single him out from any crowd of burghers. A typical Boer of the veldt is he, from his shocking bad slouch hat, dingy sweater, worn overalls, down to his heavy cowhide boots, with trousers in the tops of them. He wears no coat, nor the slightest sign of rank. A peaceful merchant before the war, defense of his fatherland has developed in him marvelous qualities as a soldier. Constitutionally taciturn, silence grows upon him with his years and his responsibilities. Formerly he consulted with his subordinates, now he keeps his own counsel, matures his plans in his own soul, then he strikes swiftly and masterfully. His men have come to know his will when the moment of action comes as if it were their own. His very soul enters into them and inspires them: they are the embodiment of his will, the unhesitating, unswerving executors of his purpose. "De Wet," says Colonel Lynch, "fights as he hunts; almost all his great exploits are surprises. He watches for the prey, he glides, crawls, until within reach of it, then pounces upon it with tiger-like swiftness. Like Botha he is never discouraged."

Ben Viljoen There are others besides these three, Botha, De Wet, Viljoen, a score, a hundred perhaps, as capable as elementally masterful, but these are the manifest chieftains. Viljoen is more like Botha, is nearly of the same age, a seasoned youth, full of experience beyond his years, of magnificent physique,

large, strong, conspicuous in stature, and straight as a plumb line. Open and frank is he, giving one the impression of a good fellow. Born at the Cape, he began life as a policeman, but his intelligence and his ambition led him to be chosen to serve as a Liberal Delegate. When the war broke out he was put in charge of the Johannesburg commando. These troops have proved themselves from the outset always efficient, thorough in every way and masterfully aggressive, and have made for the entire body, as well as for their young leader, a reputation of this kind which increases day by day.

Kubelik About three years ago the musical world of London was startled into admiration by the playing of a boy violinist. He was a slender, frail little fellow, and with the proverbial clusters of hair that gave to his face a girlish delicacy. It was said at the time that he was not yet eighteen. His playing was marked by a wonderful skill of virtuosity and technique. Upon every side encomiums of praise arose for his sureness of touch and mastery of form. London was in a musical furore. As a result the usual reactionary movement was urged upon the critics. It was said that while the young and brilliant player was in the true sense of the word a prodigy still youth could not surmount all the sufferings of a Beethoven or the struggles of a Wagner. Technique might be perfect but scope and interpretation, depth and maturity of feeling and knowledge, were things that only years could bring. The young violinist had not the years and neither did he have originality and pathos and fullness of expression.

Such was Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist. He is but twenty-one years of age at present, and it cannot be said that he has even yet reached the ripeness of his genius, nor corrected all of the above faults. Yet he came to us decorated with the medals of a half dozen sovereigns, and with the lavish praise of London audiences, where he has been "a vogue" for the last three years. For a man of twenty-one years to have an established reputation in any artistic vocation speaks genius. And genius Kubelik has. When but eight years of age he gave his first concert near Prague. He then attended the Prague Conservatory for six years. Since that time he has been heard in Italy, Austria, and other European countries. His favorite composer and his ideal musician seems to be Paganini, whose pieces he never tires playing.

Theodore Cuyler On Friday, January 10th, of this year, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler completed his eightieth year, received the congratula-

tions of friends at his home during the day and was entertained in the evening at a reception of ministers at the home of Mrs. W. E. Dodge in New York. On the Sunday following he occupied his old pulpit in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. In the course of the sermon, preached with something of his old-time vigor, Dr. Cuyler said: "By avoiding stimulating drinks and indigestible foods, by getting sound and sufficient sleep, I have been enabled to spend fifty-six years in the Christian ministry, and have never passed a Sabbath on a bed of sickness." To an interviewer of the Brooklyn Eagle, previous to the occasion, he noted as points in his view of special interest: "If you are going to write anything about me don't forget these two things—more than 200,000,000 copies of my sermons have been published, and that I believe a consecrated type is far more powerful for doing good than a consecrated tongue."

Frank Seaman Dymoke, The King's Champion

Much has been written about the coming coronation of King Edward the Seventh. That it will be a spectacle of pomp and regal ceremony seems almost a certainty. The present King is a lover of show and pageant, and it is probable that as far as possible all the ancient coronation forms and splendors will be resurrected.

This calls to mind an office which has long been a sinecure one—that of King's Champion. It is the duty of this officer upon penalty of losing his estates, to ride on horseback, armed to the teeth, into Westminster Hall, at the hour of the banquet, immediately following the coronation, and challenge any one who should deny the King to be the lawful sovereign. The challenge is given three times: first at the entrance to the hall, second half-way to the throne, third at the foot of the throne; at each challenge the gauntlet is thrown to the ground. The last time this grand ceremony was used was at the coronation of George the Fourth, when the Duke of Wellington acted as an esquire to the knight.

The present holder of the office is the Hon. Frank Seaman Dymoke, of Schrivelsley Court, Horncastle. He is a man of forty, and has held the office since the death of his father in 1893. This suggests that the office is one of inheritance. Such it is, but the inheritance is not necessarily that of the eldest son, but goes with the estate of Schrivelsley Court. This estate may be willed as it please its owner, provided it be willed to some one of the family. The family goes back in direct line to 1292, and throughout the centuries has held the office.

The World's Progress: Social, Industrial and Commercial

Business Success and Failures *Rochester Post Express*

Some interesting figures have recently been published in Bradstreet's, showing the number of business failures last year in the United States, and the causes to which they are attributable. It is stated that there were 1,201,862 concerns engaged in business in 1901, and that of these 10,648 failed, or considerably less than 1 per cent. of the whole, a lower percentage than has occurred in any year since 1882, save in the year 1900.

Bradstreet's classifies the causes of failures under eleven heads, and gives also the number which it regards attributable to each cause. Of the eleven, "lack of capital" takes the lead as most prolific in inducing failures, those ascribed to it numbering 3,323. "Incompetence" comes next on the list, and is made accountable for 2,023, and then "specific conditions," by which is meant such things as strikes, the corn crop failure, the assassination of President McKinley, the lowered price of cotton at the South, and similar events of a disastrous tendency. To these 1,755 business failures are traced. Next in number were failures arising from "fraudulent disposition of property," and amounting to 1,154. The other causes, with the number of failures resulting from them, were "inexperience," 828; "competition," 466; "unwise granting of credits," 376; "neglect of business," 322; "failures of others," 259; "speculation," 141; "extravagance," 101.

It is, according to Bradstreet's, to these eleven causes that nearly all business failures can be traced, year by year. It will be noticed that of the eleven eight are due to some fault or faults in the man himself who fails, the chief of these being lack of capital and incompetence. Of the three remaining ones, two, namely, failures of others, that is of persons who were really solvent debtors, and special or undue competition, are not due to the man himself but to his fellow-men. Some specific conditions, such, for instance, as the corn crop failure, would be due to no human cause; while others, such as strikes, and the assassination of the President, were attributable to human agency.

It appears from the figures given that extravagance and speculation play a less frequent part in causing failures than is generally supposed. Incompetence, which is, perhaps, only another name for conceit, the conceit of the man who is really

only fitted to be a clerk or employé, but who thinks himself able to be a proprietor and manager, causes more than eight times as many failures as extravagance and speculation combined. It is a good thing, as is generally done in sermons and lectures, to warn young men against speculation and extravagant habits, but it is not a good thing to lead them to think that if they shun these they are sure to succeed in business, or even that these are the rocks upon which they are most likely to split. Sufficient capital, business ability, well-sustained credit, and thorough attention to one's affairs, are indispensable to success, and these matters, as well as the others, should be emphasized in advice to young men.

A Polar Expedition *Scientific American*

Another attempt to reach the North Pole is to be made by Captain Joseph E. Bernier, a Canadian sea captain, who is at present in London completing his arrangements for the expedition. Captain Bernier had prolonged experience of the Arctic seas and their peculiar characteristics while commander of a sailing vessel. He has followed with interest the movements of all expeditions having for their object the discovery of the North Pole. For six years he has been raising funds for the purpose of equipping an expedition of his own, and has received financial assistance to carry out his plans from a number of prominent men.

Captain Bernier anticipates that his effort to reach the North Pole will occupy at least four years. His ship will be allowed to drift for three winters and two summers. By that time he expects to be within 100 to 150 miles from the Pole, and a final dash will be made to cross the ice.

Captain Bernier has prepared plans for a steel-sheathed ship, somewhat similar to the "Fram" used by Nansen, but possessing greater sail and steam power. She will be 120 feet long, 36 feet beam, and 18 feet deep. The vessel will be provided with a flush deck, and will be fitted with many modern appliances not hitherto possessed by Arctic explorers. The ship will be heated partly by electricity and partly by steam. A distilling apparatus will be carried, so that pure water will be always assured, and two electric stoves for cooking purposes will also be provided to maintain the vessel in an absolutely dry condi-

tion, for dampness is one of the greatest enemies of the Arctic explorer.

The ship will be equipped with a complete system of telephones, so that communication between the wheelhouses, engine-room, crow's nest, and cabins will always be possible. A telescopic pole is to be fitted to the mainmast, to enable it to be raised to a height of 200 feet if necessary, so as to permit of communication between the ship and parties on shore by wireless telegraphy. Captain Bernier thinks by this means it will be possible for him to maintain communication with Dawson City during the first winter in the ice, and the second year he will endeavor to communicate with the world by wireless telegraphy to either Dawson City or Hammerfest, which latter port will then be 1,200 miles distant. In view of the fact that, according to several experiments that have been made from time to time, ether communication of this description is more easily maintained in a lower and cold temperature, Captain Bernier should experience little difficulty in this direction.

As the expedition proceeds northward on this drifting voyage stations will be established, with food supplies, at intermediate points. The men sent out from the ship for this purpose will keep in communication with Captain Bernier by wireless telegraphy. For the final dash to the Pole, which Captain Bernier will make across the ice, he intends to use two specially designed five horse power motor cars, each capable of holding 2,000 pounds. The motors are so designed that if the exigency arises they can be quickly converted into boats, each holding several persons.

Food stations will be established at mile intervals after Captain Bernier leaves the ship, the food being intended for the return journey to the vessel. It will consist of condensed foods packed in cylinders, and each cylinder marked by a flag, so that its position can be readily detected. Dogs will also be taken on the journey across the ice from the ship to the Pole. Fresh provisions for the party while drifting northward will be taken by Captain Bernier in the shape of lambs, pigs, and other live stock. The expedition will carry a balloon for the purpose of observing the condition of the ice far ahead, and likewise kites for aerial photography.

Captain Bernier will provide for every emergency, and a man desiring to join the expedition must be prepared to stay at least four years in the North. A crew of fourteen men will be taken. The vessel will be equipped with two windmills, placed near the port and starboard lights respectively, to furnish power for heat and light. One of the windmills will also be connected with a

pumping apparatus for keeping the ship clear of water when necessary.

A New National Highway.....W. H. Moore.....Canadian

The commencement of the new year has witnessed the completion of the first stage of a new national highway, the Canadian Northern Railway. On the 26th day of December, 1896, the Canadian Northern Railway, then under the name of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, commenced operating one hundred and twenty-five miles of road, and on the 31st day of December, 1901, a little more than five years later, the company had over one thousand three hundred miles of track laid on its system.

This mileage is distributed as follows:

Ontario.....	354 miles.
Minnesota.....	50 "
Manitoba.....	883 "
Saskatchewan.....	22 "
	—
Total track laid.....	1,309 "

The building of the Canadian Northern means something more to Canadians than the fact that over thirteen hundred miles of railway track have been laid. From a national point of view, it means that the Dominion is richer in having secured:

1. The opening up of the vast iron and mineral deposits of the Mattawin and Atikokan Ranges in Northwestern Ontario, dormant solely by reason of the lack of shipping facilities.

2. The opening up to settlement of the fertile Rainy River Valley, which contains, according to most conservative estimates, not less than eight hundred thousand acres of good arable land, in addition to a large acreage suitable for grazing.

3. The opening up to settlement of the valley of the Great Saskatchewan, which, with fertile soil, a healthful climate, and abundance of fuel and water, is capable of supporting a nation.

4. A second great western railway competing in both rates and service for the carriage of grain, cattle and other products to the East, and for the carriage of eastern products required for consumption in the West.

*5. The diversion of the large percentage of Manitoba grain which has hitherto gone to a United States port, Duluth, to a Canadian port, Port Arthur.

*The Canadian Northern Railway delivered to American railways for shipment to Duluth in 1901, before the completion of its line to Port Arthur, 6,500,000 bushels of grain, or, in other words, car-
goes for a fleet of thirty-five vessels of the largest size.

The Canadian Northern system has been formed by the amalgamation of four other companies—the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, the Winnipeg Great Northern Railway Company, the Manitoba and Southeastern Railway Company, and the Ontario and Rainy River Railway Company; the purchase of the railway and assets of the Port Arthur, Duluth and Western Railway Company, and the lease, for a long term of years, of the Minnesota and Manitoba Railway Company, and the system of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company.

That all this system, in itself complete, lies west of Port Arthur, the Canadian head of navigation on the great lakes, is a further contribution to the evidence of the importance of Western Canada. About one-third of the total railway mileage of the Dominion is now west of Port Arthur, and it would not be surprising if, within the next decade, one-half of the Canadian railway mileage should lie west of the great lakes.

The company is assured of a large proportion of the grain traffic of the Northwest. More than ninety grain elevators are situated on its lines in the Province of Manitoba. An elevator capable of storing more than a million bushels of wheat has just been completed at the lake terminals of the company at Port Arthur, and is to be followed by another elevator of equal, if not greater, size. Essentially a grain-carrying road, everything possible has been done to accommodate the grain traffic. The grades from Winnipeg to Lake Superior have been designed with a view to facilitating the carrying of loads from the West to the East.

What has the future in store for the Canadian Northern Railway? At a banquet given by the townsmen of Port Arthur, on the event of the driving of the silver spike on the Ontario section, Mr. D. D. Mann stated that the company intended putting forth efforts to obtain second place as far as mileage in the Dominion is concerned, and hoped that the silver spike would be driven in a second trans-continental line within seven years. The achievements of Mr. Mann and his associates during the past few years are sufficient to justify the people of Canada in giving credence to this statement.

Paris and Milk Adulteration.....Sterling Heilig.....New York Press

Paris is again excited. A new agitation, extraordinary alike by reason of its sudden rise and great extent, has taken form and purpose in a "League for the Defense of Human Life," against all food adulterations in general and against the adulteration of milk in particular. It began with a single newspaper's solitary cry of

warning. Within three days two independent campaigns, aided by the whole Parisian press, were under way; the league was organized, with savants, statesmen, business men, lawyers, doctors, druggists, and literary men of the highest reputation hastening to join it, and all Paris was talking about fraudulent milk and the way to free the capital of it.

"There is not a single person in Paris who can be certain that he is drinking pure milk," says F. I. Mouston, one of the investigators; "not the well-to-do consumer who pays 12 cents a litre (quart) for the lead seal of the great milk company, not even the rich consumer who pays 20 cents a litre for the illusory guarantee of certain enterprises whose prestige is semi-official. These latter (the reference is to the Jardin d'Acclimatation's dairy) hand out daily to the public credulity the quadruple of their normal production, so that if they do not possess miraculous cows among their other curiosities their liquid of commerce, with 14 cents added for the seal."

The Municipal Laboratory, accused of culpable negligence, declares that it has not a sufficient force to deal with the gigantic fraud. "In place of the 100 men I have, I need 2,000," says M. Girard, who has been for twenty-two years its director. Of these one hundred seventy-five are chemists.

"In dairy centers like Meaux, Pontoise and Melun there exist companies who send to Paris, every morning, fifty cars of milk," says M. Girard. "The first fraud is committed by the farmer, who skims enough of the richest milk from the top—where the cream is already forming—to feed his weakly calves. He replaces it with water. At the depots of the companies a second falsification takes place, and the big cans, duly sealed, start for Paris.

"At the Paris station the milk wagon men ('garcons laitiers') are waiting for them. The worst fraud of all now takes place, because the milk wagon men are forced to use the Seine water, hydrant water, or water from the public fountains, full of filth and microbes. Now, when the local Paris retailer adds his stealing and adulteration, you can imagine what kind of a liquid they give to the Paris public."

Of all these adulterators, the "garcon laitier," or milk wagon man, is the most terrible, and he is just now the most prominent figure in the life of Paris.

"There are 800 of these 'garcons laitiers' in Paris," says the director of the Municipal Laboratory, "and they form a vast syndicate expressly organized to sustain their frauds. In theory they are only ordinary employés, the milk com-

panies paying them but \$1.40 (7 francs) per night. But as the trade has grown up these 'garcons laitiers' have taken on themselves to be responsible for the price of milk they deliver; consequently the companies have become indulgent to them. What is the most astonishing is that when one of them is caught and condemned to prison he always is taken back into his old employment by the company.

"The 'garcon laitier' is paid only \$1.40 per night, but, as he never turns less than one can of hydrant water into the total amount of milk he receives at the railway station and delivers to his retail customers, he makes anywhere from 150 francs to 300 francs (\$30 to \$60 a week. Out of this he pays \$4 a week into the syndicate's 'cagnotte' (or 'kitty'). The 'kitty' pays for lawyers when he has to be defended, maintains a great counter detective force to watch the Municipal Laboratory's detectives nightly, and pays each 'garcon laitier' double wages all the time that he may be in jail. As there are 800 'garcons laitiers' in Paris, each contributing \$4 to it weekly, this corruption fund amounts to the extraordinary sum of \$3,200 per week!"

Each "garcon laitier," receiving his wagon-load of milk in big sealed cans at the Paris railway depot, would have to operate his fraud in the moving wagon in any case. Fearing that he may be stopped at any moment en route by raiding chemists and detectives, he has become all the more expeditious. While loading the milk at the station he fills his one or more extra cans with milk, taking from the full cans to do it. So, unless caught, he starts off from the station with a wagon-load of cans, none really full. He drives fast. At some agreed spot along his way—some spot convenient to a hydrant or a public fountain—another curious figure comes upon the scene. It is the "garcon laitier's acrobat." He is an "acrobat" because, by long practice, he can run behind the wagon, throw a can of water into it, jump in himself, and fill those milk cans up with water to the brims, in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, while the wagon is in motion.

If nothing were put into the milk but filthy Seine water, the conspiracy still would be one of the most murderous ever unmasked in a great city. The distinguished Dr. Bruardel, so long the doyen of the Faculty of Medicine, says of such watered milk:

"At the end of the fifth or sixth week the Paris baby is regularly nourished, half at the breast and half with the bottle. A few weeks later, particularly among the working classes, all its nourishment comes from the bottle. Now, when the baby's milk is watered, much depends upon the

water. I have demonstrated that in Norway and Portugal, where there is excellent drinking water in abundance, the infantile mortality is half less than that of Paris. Again, watered milk is not only less nourishing than true milk, but it also sours more easily. To prevent this they add bicarbonate of soda, which is of no use at all to babies, but the contrary! Again, the milk being less nourishing, the babies have need to absorb greater quantities of it, the stomach dilates, and infantile diarrhoea sets in, to end so often fatally. Think of it! There died in Paris last year 18,610 babies as the result of infantile diarrhoea alone! Without exaggeration I can affirm that three-quarters of them, at least, took their diarrhoea from the absorption of bad milk!"

It is true that the "garcon laitier"—the sinister hero of the hour—is accused only of adding microbe-laden Seine water to the milk. The retailer skims off half the cream and seals it up in bottles. The farmer was the first to skim and water it. But the great milk companies. What do they do? Are they content to skim and water? Rumor says no, adding the most sensational details; yet the Municipal Laboratory, analysis in hand, makes no other accusation. In its excuse it must be well understood that the Municipal Laboratory cannot follow each one of the 700,000 litres of milk that come into Paris each night, from the farm to the consumer. Again, the Municipal Laboratory does not prosecute; it only indicates frauds to the Public Prosecutor.

Here are two sources of weakness that are being agitated against. With regard to the second, it is said to be a mystery of the Palace of Justice. Having looked the matter up in detail, Paul Delay is showing that, within a certain period of late, out of 1,300 falsifications indicated to the Parquet, only 200 ever got before the courts.

Russian Engineering Projects R. E. Long Forum

The project for making a canal across European Russia from the Baltic to the Black Sea is, indeed, not a new one. It has been a subject of discussion for so long that its practicability might be doubted, were it not that we know that the Siberian railway was discussed as far back as the sixties and only begun in 1891. The great canal project has a similar history, having interested Alexander III. more than twelve years ago. It was admitted even then that the only obstacle to the construction of the canal was that, as in the case of all schemes which offer no prospect of immediate profit, capital could not be obtained from private sources. Since that time the state finances have been so heavily burdened by continued outlay upon the Siberian railway that no

money has been available for any project not of immediate importance.

Nevertheless the configuration of Russia and the flow of its rivers eminently favor the plan of connecting the two seas. The project, to sum it up in a sentence, is to join the northward-flowing Düna, which falls into the Gulf of Riga a little below the city of that name, with the Dnieper, the second of the rivers of Russia in Europe, by cutting a ship-canal between the two rivers, or, more strictly speaking, by cutting a ship-canal between the Düna and the Beresina, which flows into the Dnieper about 150 miles north of Kieff. The headwaters of these two rivers are only separated by a narrow and low watershed, which is even now intersected by a short canal, navigable by small vessels and barges. In a sense, therefore, a canal from the Black Sea to the Baltic already exists, cutting Russia completely in two; and it is possible even now to travel in a barge from Riga to Kherson. But the project at present being discussed has little in common with this. To join the two seas by a ship-canal having a minimum depth of twenty-eight feet would require the cutting and deepening of existing channels for 1,607 versts, or about a thousand miles. Such is the project at present under discussion, and its execution, it is estimated, would require an expenditure of \$150,000,000—a sum exactly equal to the original estimate for the Siberian railway, and equal also to the further sum which it is now estimated will be required before that railway is put into a thoroughly efficient condition.

The commercial importance of the canal lies in the fact that it would pass through the most prosperous agricultural region of Russia. The necessity for better communications may be gauged from this that, owing to the high tariffs on the Russian railways, it is at present cheaper to ship wheat from Odessa to St. Petersburg by sea than to send the grain sown in the central provinces to the same city by rail. The connection of great centers like Kherson, Ekaterinoslav, and Kieff with the centers of export in the north would, however, be only part of the advantages gained. The navigable or semi-navigable tributaries of the Dnieper extend for several hundred miles to the east and west. The Pripiat, to give one instance, is already connected by means of a canal with the Vistula; and the connection of the Dnieper with the Düna would result in the great manufacturing centers of Poland finding an outlet on every side. But even the commercial advantages of the canal would be small when compared with its influence upon the naval position of Russia by enabling her to shift her fleet from north to south in complete security. It is true that this

freedom would be restricted to less than two-thirds of the year, owing to the freezing of the rivers. But this disadvantage is common to all the Russian rivers, and it will certainly not prevent the carrying out of a project which is, after all, only the improvement, on a vast scale, of existing communications.

A project which is of a somewhat similar character, and which, from the commercial point of view, would have equally great advantages, has been put forward with great energy of late. This project is to restore the prehistoric connection between the Black Sea and the Caspian by means of a canal through the Manuich depression, a chain of lakes and small streams which is supposed to represent the channel by which the two seas were formerly united. The advantage of this scheme, which it is estimated would cost \$150,000,000, does not lie so much in its forming an outlet for Central Asian merchandise as in the fact that it would bring the vast basin drained by the Volga into direct water communication with Europe.

A less costly project brought forward at the same time received Prince Hilkoff's endorsement, though its realization has also been postponed. This project was for the cutting of a ship-canal to Rostoff-on-the-Don, thus enabling large vessels with heavy cargoes to load and unload in the town. The estimated cost of such a canal, which would certainly be a great benefit to Russian trade, is \$2,000,000. But this scheme is bound up with a much more daring and original project which merits more detailed description.

It is argued that the carrying out of the project would add enormously to Russia's naval security. In the Crimean War, it is pointed out, the Black Sea proved a death-trap rather than a haven for the Russian fleet, and similar results would have ensued if England had taken up arms on behalf of Turkey in 1878. The Sea of Azof, on the other hand, is a real Russian lake; and if it were deep enough to shelter heavy battleships it would be the strongest naval fortress in the world. It would be possible, if war were to break out with Turkey, to menace Constantinople, while having a safe refuge in case of danger from a possible ally. But it is hardly necessary to point out that an enemy's shells planted in the great embankment would have as paralyzing an effect upon Russia's naval fortunes as any injury that could happen to her outside. The employment of such a work for naval purposes would therefore require an outlay upon fortifications which would probably be much better spent in improving the existing harbors in the Black Sea.

It may be judged from the projects above described to how great an extent the economic de-

velopment of Russia depends upon the engineer. Yet Russia has to face, in the near future, problems much greater, which threaten not merely her external trade, but the continued growth of her population, which constitutes her only superiority over the other European powers. It is well known that ever since the Emancipation there has been a gradual decline in the humidity of the country, the chief cause of which has been the destruction of vast areas of forest land, the timber of which has been sold to meet the needs of impoverished proprietors suddenly deprived of their most valuable resources. The result is that famine, always caused by drought, may now be described as the most stable of Russian institutions; and, what is still worse for the country as a whole, a vast population, estimated at from 15,000,000 to 25,000,000, lives in a state of semi-starvation so chronic as to weaken the vitality of the race and threaten its future. The forestry laws which have been promulgated since 1888 have been effective in preventing any further denudation of the country, but they cannot restore the better conditions of the past.

One of the oldest of all Russian engineering projects was to irrigate the deserts to the east of the Caspian by diverting the waters of the Oxus from the Sea of Aral into their former channel. The ancient bed of the Oxus may still be traced; and the survey which was made in 1885, as a preliminary to the extension of the Central-Asian railway, revealed a gradual decline in the direction of the Caspian. A later project, which would have much more widespread effects, is to let the waters of the Black Sea into the Caspian depression, and by increasing the area of the latter sea to add to the humidity of the climate of southeastern Russia and the surrounding steppes. The present surface of the Caspian is eighty-five feet lower than ocean level; and this scheme is perfectly practicable, and might be carried out at the same time as the canal project which has been already described. But it is very doubtful whether the climatic effects would be as great as are expected.

The same advantages, but on a much greater scale, are claimed for another project which has attracted much attention in Russia of late. This scheme may be briefly described as the creation in Central Asia of a vast inland sea which would increase the area of Lake Aral some six or seven times, and at the same time double the area of the Caspian, while joining the two seas by a navigable channel. It is obvious that such a work could not be effected by letting in the waters of the Black Sea; for, though the Caspian is below ocean level, the Sea of Aral is 158 feet above it,

and the surrounding country is slightly higher. The project at present put forward aims at getting its supply of water from the great rivers which flow to the north on the other side of the watershed of Western Asia. The greater part of the waters of these rivers is now wasted upon the inhospitable tundras of the north. But the watershed between the Obi's tributary, the Tobol, and the rivers which flow to the south is both narrow and little elevated; and it is believed that, by cutting a canal through this watershed and damming the rivers where they flow between high banks further down, a great part of the waters of the Tobol and Obi could be diverted into Central Asia, thus forming a great inland sea, increasing the humidity of the climate, and irrigating the surrounding deserts and steppes.

The justification of this vast scheme is that its effects would not be merely local, but that it would have such an effect upon the rainfall of the adjacent countries as to change their climatic conditions to those of Southern Europe, while involving no greater inconvenience than the submergence of a few small towns and the disturbance of a few thousand nomads. The beneficent effect of an inland sea upon contiguous land is well known, and is shown to an extraordinary extent by the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and even the diminished Caspian, as the conditions on the northeastern slopes of the Caucasus prove. It is estimated that over an area of 300,000 square miles the rainfall would be increased to such an extent as would change the whole character of the country, turning the unproductive steppes and the deserts of Turkestan into country habitable by a settled population; while the southeastern provinces of Russia and the country of the Don Cossacks, where, owing to lack of water, good harvests are at present periodical only, would rival the best-watered land in the empire.

On the other hand, the direct loss would be very small, and the rise of the waters would be so slow that it would less resemble a flood than the gradual encroachment of the sea which at present takes place owing to erosive influences all over the world. The unsettled population of the steppes would be little inconvenienced by being forced to shift their tents, an operation which, as it is, they perform every day. The submergence of the towns and settlements on the shores of the Caspian and at the mouth of the Volga would present a greater difficulty; but this point would not be reached for more than a generation after the actual works were built. Most of the wooden towns of Russia are renewed many a time in that period.

The Story of the Black Dog

By C. K. Burrow

The following mysterious story is taken from C. W. Burrow's book, *Patricia of the Hills*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The narrator is an elderly lady, Mrs. Charteris, who relates the incident as an example of Irish folk-tale but who more than half believes it:

My grandfather, Patrick Gavan, of Fermoy, was a quiet man to look at—slight, neither tall nor short, with a face that was always pale, dead pale, and eyes that never flinched from man or devil. But, though he looked quiet, he was as wild a roystering fellow as ever stepped on two feet, ready to do the first thing that came into his head, good or bad; it was his misfortune that the bad came the easiest. He had a way with him that made him welcome wherever he went, and many a man, and many a woman, too, rued the day that Patrick Gavan's black eyes first crossed theirs. Well, he married at last, and took his bride to the house on the banks of the Blackwater. She was a lovely, sweet creature, gentle and timid, as you may see from her portrait there; they were as badly matched as tiger and fawn, and she soon began to droop. He was not unkind to her; my grandfather never ill-used a woman; but after a time he took to his old ways, and she just sat down and watched and wondered where it would end. He was a terribl' hard drinker, but his head was so strong that he himself seldom got drunk, and one of his delights was to get together a dozen of his wildest neighbors at a great dinner, and see them go under the table one by one. When this kind of thing was going on, his wife would sit in her own room and listen and tremble; once she had tried to get in, but the door was locked, which frightened her more than if she had seen the poor fools soaking their brains within. She crept back to her little oratory and spent the night on her knees, praying for herself, husband and the child that was to call him father.

When the child was born, and for a month after, my grandfather was quiet as a lamb; that was the happiest time of the woman's life, for he would carry the boy up and down, and up and down, never tiring, while she watched him from the bed she was too weak to leave. She thought to herself that her prayers were answered, and that Patrick was a changed man; and he saw what was in her mind and kept a tight hold on himself; but after a time the devil got him by the throat again, and he must needs be at the old tricks.

The fancy that took him was to have one of his dinners, and he arranged it all without letting a word reach his wife; but, in case she should hear, he invited Father Coghlan, the priest who had christened the boy, with the rest. When the night came the poor sick lady was lying up in her room, and he went to her before the guests arrived—I dare say feeling remorseful at heart—and sat down with the boy on his knees.

"Is it cold?" she asked.

"Yes, and with snow on the ground," said he.

"I'm sorry for that."

"Why, mo chroidhe?"

"Nothing," she said, and stretched a thin hand to him across the bed. He took it in his and kissed it. "It's a cold little hand," he said.

"As cold as a snowflake," said she, and smiled softly, and asked for the boy. He laid him on her breast, the child that was to be my father, and she closed her eyes and seemed to sleep. Then he went down to receive the mad guests.

After the eating was over and the wine carried in (those were the claret-drinking days, you must remember), my grandfather locked the door, as usual, and clapped a brace of loaded pistols on the table. "The man who stirs from this room," said he, "before the last bottle's empty, knows what to expect."

Everyone there, except Father Coghlan, was used to this business of the pistols. The priest looked from them to the locked door and back at Gavan with a queer light in his eyes, but he said nothing—only rubbed his chin and drew his under lip back over his teeth.

Well, the drinking began, and went on hour after hour. My grandfather sat pale and upright at the head of his table, while the air grew hotter and the fumes of the liquor reeked stronger and stronger; the table was all splashed and dabbled with wine, men's beards were wet with it; some of them fell forward with spread arms and slept; others slipped to the ground and lay there like logs.

I know this is not a pretty story for a woman to tell, but it's true, and I can see it all. Gold help the men, I say, who did such things!

There Patrick Gavan sat, and his own glass was never empty; neither was the priest's, but when he raised it it was only to moisten his lips. All the time he watched my grandfather, and ever his face grew harder, and gray with a kind of bitter

sadness. At last Gavan saw that he was not drinking, and rose.

"Father Coghlan," he said, "drink."

"A host does not command his guests," said the priest.

"I command mine," cried the other.

"I shall not drink, and I bid you open that door and let me go."

My grandfather caught and balanced one of the pistols in his hand.

"You can't frighten me," said the priest. "I command you, in God's name, to open that door, and let me leave this hell's kitchen."

"Drink!" said Gavan, setting a hair trigger.

At that moment Father Coghlan lifted a warning hand.

"Hush!" he said, "I hear a cry!"

"It's no wind, but a child or a woman."

"I hear nothing. Drink!"

As the last word left his lips, there came a hurried scratching at the door; a minute later it sounded under the window. The two men looked at each other, the priest had gone as pale as death, but he stood ready, with the fingers of one hand clasped tightly round a cross which he wore. The scratching went on, and my grandfather moved to the window and opened it, still carrying the pistol in his hand. A black dog leaped into the room, and a breath of cold air followed him. The dog's coat was dry, and his feet were dry, and he made no marks upon the polished floor.

The creature ran around and sniffed at the drunken sleepers, turned aside from the priest, and then paused before Gavan, with his eyes shining like coals, and his tongue lolling out at the side of his mouth. It was no dog of my grandfather's, nor had he ever seen it before.

"Go to hell!" he cried, and fired full at its head. The lock snapped, and there the dog still stood, watching, with his wicked eyes fixed on Gavan, and his red tongue quivering. Just then they both heard a cry, clear and shrill as the call of a peewit; the dog lifted his black head, and in a second had jumped through the open window without a sound.

There was no need for the priest to speak again; in a flash my grandfather had the door open, and they both ran upstairs to the wife's room. She was lying dead, with the child asleep on her breast, and on her hand, as plain as letters in a book, was a red mark in the shape of a dog's tongue.

You might have supposed that this would change my grandfather's life. Well, it did, for some years. He looked after the boy, taught him to ride as soon as he could walk, gave him all the freedom that was good for him, and perhaps

more, and saw him grow up into a fine healthy lad who could hold his own in any exercise of skill or endurance, and had a sound brain as well. But I think it must be the hardest thing in the world for a man who has once led the kind of life my grandfather was used to to leave it altogether behind him. When the boy no longer needed his personal protection, and the occupation of teaching him had passed to other hands, he began to cast back to the old ways; and if these had been bad in the young man they were ten times worse in the old. Yet he had a curious delicacy in everything that affected my father, gave him good counsel from the depths of his own experience, and concealed from him the unsound places in his own life. But the lad heard stories and kept his eyes open, and knew many things which his father would have given his heart's blood to conceal. The boy, however, had a clean, upright soul, and his mother's strain to the good; and so escaped the fire.

One day my grandfather rode back with his horse all a-foam from a place some twenty miles away, where he had been on no good errand. Times and customs had changed for the better, and there were no young men to fill up the place of the dead who had been his fellows in his wicked carousals. But there were still five or six left, and these he had bidden to a dinner; my father, he thought, was away, but during the day he had returned, and, hearing what was afloat, had made up his mind to slip into the butler's little room, which opened out of the dining room, when the servants were dismissed.

When Patrick Gavan reached home it was already evening; he had ridden hard and far, and was in no condition to enter upon the night's work, but that fact made him the more determined to see it through. He dressed hurriedly, and by the time the guests were to arrive he was ready. But the hour struck and passed, and no guests came; and then, turning to the calendar, he found that he had made a mistake in the date, and that that day's preparations should have been made for the morrow. However, he sat down to table, where all the covers were laid, and had every course served, and the wine brought in; and when the time came, he sent the servants away, locked the door, and laid the pistols beside him.

It was winter again, and the night was still and cold. The house was as quiet as an empty room, so that the sound of the Blackwater running at the foot of the garden could be heard where my grandfather sat. He shivered, and threw more logs on the fire, which already blazed like a furnace; then he began to drink.

The hours slipped by until it was past midnight,

at which time Gavan rose and addressed each empty place in turn, as though his friends were there, asking them to drink with him; but there were only six places laid, and he called twelve names, and the last that he called was Father Coghlan's.

"Father Coghlan," he cried, "drink!"

He stood with his glass raised, and his gaze fixed at the level of a man's eyes, his pale face set in a grim smile. He saw the priest before him as plainly as I see you, and he must have heard him speak as well, for after a time he said:

"I hear nothing. Drink!"

And then, on a sudden, there came a scratching at the door. The glass slanted in his hand and some wine splashed upon the table; but he steadied himself with an oath, drank, and sat down; still looking toward the place where the priest had sat. Presently the scratching ceased, but a moment later it sounded from beneath the window. At that Gavan's jaw dropped, and a sweat broke out upon his white face, but he did not stir. The scratching went on, low at first, and then louder and fiercer, until it seemed like a voice calling to him to open; after a time it drew him to his feet and a few paces toward the window, and as it increased it drew him farther, until at last his

hand was on the bar of the shutter; and he threw the shutter back and opened the window, and a black dog leapt into the room. His coat was wet, as though he had swum the river, and his head was wet, but he made no mark upon the floor. His eyes were blazing, and his tongue was lolling out of his mouth; but there was no sound of breathing nor any sign of moisture about the jaws.

My grandfather walked back to the table, took up a pistol, and sat down. The dog ran around the room, sniffing at every vacant place, and then paused before Gavan. He took a steady sight and pulled the trigger; the lock snapped, and there the dog stood still, with his wicked eyes on my grandfather's face.

And then my father, who was watching all this from the little room, heard a clear, shrill cry, though whether Gavan uttered it he could not tell, and the black dog ran past the chair and around it, the pistol fell, and the creature was across the floor and out of the window quick as the shadow of a flying bird.

The boy broke out of his hiding-place, hot with terror. Patrick Gavan was dead, and on his right hand was a red mark in the shape of a dog's tongue.

Solving the Secret of Life: *Recent Research Concerning Human Existence*

The Great Experimenters.....Sunny South

A few days ago it was announced that two men, one a German born, the other a native of America, had together solved the secret of nerve and muscle stimulus, and immediately the names of Jacques Loeb and Albert Mathews were placed in heavy display type in every large newspaper in the country, and under various headings was given the story of their investigations and prophecies as to what these discoveries would mean to the world. Now it is a good thing for the public to applaud, even though not one in a thousand understands what are ions, electrons, protoplasmal energy, parthenogenesis or other similar terms in which the experiments of these scientists are described. We have been told that the discoveries prove our physical energy to be due to the electricity and not to heat, that thus is explained the beating of the heart, the effects of

drugs, and that we have taken a step toward the solution of the problem of life and death. We realize somewhat vaguely, but none the less surely that all this means that a wonderful achievement has been made. And so, though we may not come within intellectual hailing distance of the discovery, we are prepared to laud the men who have placed America on an equal plane with Europe in the domain of pure science. For this is what Professors Loeb and Mathews have done.

The Mysteries of Life and Mind.....Carl Snyder.....McClure's

A moth flies straight for a flame. Sometimes of a morning about the lighthouses the birds lie scattered and dead, seemingly drawn by the glare to strike against the heavy panes. A flower standing in a room turns its petals toward the light. To the birds we ascribe intelligence, to the flower no more than the attraction of light.

Yet it seems as if the selfsame forces rule over both.

That is what Dr. Loeb set himself to prove. And with it to explain the origin of all the so-called instincts. When the new-born caterpillar climbs to the end of a branch where it may find the fresh bud on which it feeds, it seems as if some dim intelligence were at work. When it is sated, it climbs down again. A fly will lay its eggs in meat, whereon its larva may feed, but not on fat. These and a thousand other marvels of a seeming shaping toward an end have filled physiology with a metaphysical fog.

In a series of researches that sent these fogs flying, Dr. Loeb showed how all these wonderful adaptations to an end could be explained in a very simple way. Young caterpillars, for example, will follow the light so long as they are hungry. If they find no food they will keep climbing, conceivably until they die. When they are cold, they will not move. When the warm sun comes in the spring, they begin to crawl upward. They will do this anywhere, and on any substance. When they come in contact with food, they begin to eat. When they are fed, the effect of the light seems just reversed; they will crawl away from it. All that is needful to assume is that the light sets up certain chemical reactions which cause the animal to move, just as it sets up a reaction in a photographic plate, or explodes a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine gas. In Dr. Loeb's language, it is merely a working of positive or negative heliotropism, an attraction or repulsion by the light.

So with the fly. Certain chemical stimuli from meat cause a fly to lay its eggs. In the fat these stimuli are lacking. They can be produced artificially. In the shorthand jargon of science, it is simply a chemical reaction between certain substances in the skin or sense organs of the fly and the meat—a case of chemo-taxis.

And so he went through all the list. Heat may act as a repellent force; and so, for example, if a moth arrive in the neighborhood of a flame, so that the pushing effect of the heat just balances the pulling effect of the light, the moth will go round and round as planets spin about the sun, or, in other cases, describe a curious zigzag motion, something like a comet. There is nought here but the play of physical forces.

HETEROMORPHOSIS

But more curious things still were to follow. Taking one of the lower animal forms, plant-like affairs called the hydroids, Dr. Loeb cut from its body a cube. Quite without regard to which side was uppermost, from the top grew the tentacles or branches which form the head, from under-

neath the roots. If, when growth was partly complete, the piece was inverted, or even if a naturally grown hydroid were turned upside down, from beside the upturned roots came a head, from beside the deposed head a growth of roots.

If, in the body of a little affair named, from its gracefully branching head, the cerianthus, an incision were anywhere made, promptly came a new mouth, with its ring of tentacles. Sometimes, if the cut was small, only the tentacles grew. But these would grip food (rejecting wads of paper and things) and draw it in, just as if a mouth were there. If the two mouths, the new and the old, were close enough together for both to touch the same piece of food, a fight ensued. If the same sort of a contest be provoked between the tentacles of the natural mouth and those from an incision where no mouth had been formed, sometimes the blind "mouth" gets the food, and the animal can thus be led to involuntary suicide.

If a normal animal be cut in twain, in the middle, and a new mouth grown at the lower end of the head half, and the animal then laid on its side, both ends take in food. If fed in succession, one mouth would reject the food it had just swallowed when the other mouth "took tea."

In brief, Dr. Loeb brought forward conclusive evidence that there is no complex structure in the germ-cells from which these lower animals spring, but that their varying forms are simply a reaction between a specific kind of protoplasm and the physical forces of light, heat, contact, and chemistry, which mold it this way or that. It is a fascinating field, and most workers would have counted it sufficient for a life work. But the demonstration was complete, the new science of experimental morphology was born, and this tireless and restless investigator passed on.

The secrets of life lay deeper.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY

A new time was stirring in the stagnant provinces of chemistry. Under the lead of vant' Hoff, Arrhenius, Ostwald, a mechanism of the atoms, or, as it has come to be called in Germany, a physical chemistry, was developing. Many of Dr. Loeb's experiments had been upon the effect of various chemical stimuli. The new theories, which had divided chemists into camps of friend and foe, seemed to offer new weapons to biology. The revolutionary spirit which had effected a rebirth in two sciences seized them eagerly. Dr. Loeb is described by his friends as the discoverer of Ostwald to physiology.

One day he took up the problem of the rhythmical contractions of the jellyfish, a subject dear to Romanes, the protégé of Darwin. If the upper part of the animal be cut away, the contractions

stop. Dr. Loeb tried placing the beheaded animal in a solution of common salt; the movements began again. A trace of potassium or calcium added, they stopped again.

But if this be true of a lowly jellyfish, perhaps it is equally true of the rhythmical beat of the heart. And this Dr. Loeb found to be the case. An excised heart could be kept beating for hours, stopped, started, quickened, or slowed, simply by changing slightly the chemical character of the solution in which it was placed. These were exciting days.

ELECTRICITY AND LIFE

It was clear now that the heat of the heart is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious nerves, as had so long been supposed. It comes from the presence or absence of a minute quantity of certain salts. The new chemistry stepped in to show precisely how these may act.

A lump of common salt dissolved in a vessel of water makes the water a conductor of electricity. Two ends of a copper wire dipped therein start an electric current. A lump of sugar has no such effect.

This was for half a century one of the deepest problems of chemical philosophy. It remained so until the distinguished Swedish physicist, Arrhenius brought forward evidence to show that the molecules of the salts and acids are torn apart when they are dissolved, and apparently with tremendous force. We are but on the threshold of a knowledge of the actions which take place in the molecular world; in some instances, as in the case here under view, it seems as if these forces are so great that we have scarce any means of coping with them.

The effect in dissolving the salts is an enormous electrical charge on the individual atoms. In the tearing apart, one set is charged positively, the other negatively. In the case of ordinary salt, sodium chloride, the metal atoms (of sodium) take the positive charge, the chlorine atoms the negative. These electrically-charged atoms, long before their nature was understood, Faraday named ions.

This simple conception has revolutionized modern chemistry. In the famous phrase of Arrhenius, "It is the ions which act." And it is the ions which may cause the heart or a muscle to contract. The negative charges set them going. The positive charges stop them. Such, in an extremely popular presentation, is the essence of the discovery which Dr. Loeb—justly, it would seem—regards the most important of his life. The ultimate cause of muscular action, and, it now seems probable, of all life-processes, is electricity.

The applications of this splendid conception are wide.

MANUFACTURING LIVING BEINGS

If the apparently simple question of solutions was the hardest problem of the chemists, that of the beginnings of life, the process of fertilization, was the burning question of biology. From the countless myriads of eggs laid by the female organism, and the equal hordes of the sperm cells, a single egg and a single sperm unite to form the single microscopic cell from which all forms of animal life originate. Unfertilized by the male cells, the eggs quickly degenerate and die.

All the problems of life, growth, heredity too, lie buried, then, within this bit of living matter, so small it is invisible to the eye. The sperm and the egg must be the carriers of all that one being transmits to its descendants. Exterior forces here seem to play but a minor rôle. After the union of the two cells the influence of either parent seems as slight as that of a hen brooding over its nest of eggs. An incubator may replace it, a fact whose wide significance seems a little to have escaped the airy-headed folk who prattle of prenatal influence.

But before the astonishing results obtained by the daring innovator whose work is here considered, no one dreamed that an egg could grow and develop without the remotest aid of the sperms. Else, how explain the supposed "facts" of heredity? How can traits and characters of the male parent be transmitted to his offspring?

The reply, from Dr. Loeb's experiments, is that they do not seem to be transmitted. He has succeeded in producing growth without the sperm. His amazing discovery directly resulted from the application of his chemical theories to these processes.

One of the lowly organisms which lend themselves so well to study and experiment are the little sea-urchins, so valued by biological workers. Taking the sea-urchins' eggs from the ovary, before there could be the slightest possibility of contact with the sperm cells, Dr. Loeb placed them in the ordinary sea water in which the animals live.

STARTING GROWTH BY CHEMISTRY

"While continuing my studies on the effects of salts upon life phenomena," said Dr. Loeb, "I was led to the fact that the peculiar actions of the protoplasm are influenced to a great extent by the ions contained in the solutions which surround the cells. By changing the relative proportions of the ions, we change the physiological properties of the protoplasm, and are thus able to impart to a tissue properties which it does not ordinarily possess."

"Pursuing this idea, I took unfertilized eggs, and after many trials succeeded in finding a solution of chloride of magnesium which caused the eggs to develop to the same stage as they do normally in an aquarium. Subsequently other salts and the eggs of other animals would produce the same result. These results, at first contested and even scouted, have been obtained by other workers in many lands. There is no longer a shadow of doubt that artificial parthenogenesis, as the process is technically termed, is an established fact."

WHAT IS THE USE OF FOOD

Here, then, are the most intimate and significant of the life processes—growth, reproduction, muscular action—brought back to the play of the electrical ions, negative and positive—one, two, or three valent. Almost involuntarily, then, one turns round to ask what is the effect of the food we consume each day. Dr. Loeb's conception supplied the second of the two papers he read last month at Chicago.

"Evidently," he said, "the chief rôle of food is not to be digested and 'burned' in the muscles and organs, as present-day physiology assumes, but to supply ions. The heat developed is a by-product. The chief action is the production of electricity. The body is in some sort a dynamo. Food, then, is of value according to the amount and kind of electricity it affords."

A third science, then, must re-form its line of march from the reports sent back by this single daring scout, working always beyond the farthest outposts of the accepted and the known.

A PROMISE OF LONG LIFE

It would be strange if before the eyes of such an investigator had not fluttered that will-o'-the-wisp which has enchanted so many speculative minds; the problem of prolonging life. But Dr. Loeb's idea is, as one might easily suppose, original and new.

"My work in parthenogenesis," he said, "made it clear that while ordinarily the unfertilized eggs quickly die, simply by normal or chemical fertilization they live. It seems as if there were two distinct processes going on. Death and disintegration are not a mere breaking down, a going to pieces, but a specific process, that is checked by the life process."

"But if such a 'mortiferous' action really exists, perhaps it could be checked chemically as well. That is what I tried to see. I chose potassium cyanide, and found that if the unfertilized eggs were placed in a weak solution, they could be kept alive for seven days. If, then, the cyanide be allowed to evaporate, the eggs may be developed and grow in the normal way. If seven

days, then it is a mere matter of experiment to produce a condition of equilibrium which will endure indefinitely.

"It seems paradoxical that life may be thus maintained by a powerful poison; but if, as I say, we conceive of a specific mortal process which may be held in check, and regard the potassium cyanide as substituting a condition of suspended action, the matter seems clear."

This reads like a very simple experiment; most great experiments are. It would be idle to suppose that the secret of eternal life, but one would pose from this that Dr. Loeb believes he has disengaged more preoccupied still who disregarded the significance of this new line of investigation. It is not too much to say that it appears the first real step in a scientific search for long life.

THE SECRETS OF THE NERVES

There remained one wide area of the life processes which Dr. Loeb had but bordered—the action of the nerves, the physical processes by which we feel and know—the avenues through which comes the awe of Niagara, the tragedy of a Duse, the wonder of a rose.

When Dr. Loeb had shown that the muscles might be made to beat or stop under the influence of certain ions, it was but a step to suppose that these same ions might have an equal effect on the tissue of the nerves. That step was taken by Dr. Albert P. Mathews, a colleague and co-worker with Professor Loeb, who had come back last fall to his native city of Chicago after a varied "wanderjahr," to take the post of physiological chemistry in its University.

A mass of observation and experimental material was already at hand. Half a century ago Thomas Graham, a highly original English chemist, struck out a broad line of distinction between those substances which crystallize when they solidify and those which do not. The latter he called the colloids, the glue-like substances. An ordinary hen's egg, or gelatine, is a good example. When the cook stirs up fat or jelly in hot water, she makes a colloid solution. Speaking broadly, the human body is such an affair. That is, it is about seventy-five per cent. water, the rest jelly and bones. The nerves and the brain cells are eighty or eighty-five per cent. water.

The action of the colloids in water was long a bothersome puzzle. Much light came when Hardy, of old Cambridge, in England, demonstrated that the colloid particles bear an electrical charge, that these complex molecules (some chemists suppose the ordinary white of egg molecules to contain five or six thousand atoms) act just like a simple ion. Further, Hardy showed

that the colloids carry positive electricity, and are precipitated by the negative kinds of ions.

Then there was another notable work being done, by Overton and others, on the effect of anesthetics; chloroform, ether—all their like dissolve fats. Their action on the nerves is to deaden, to stop sensation—that is, to retard the progress of the nerve impulse. And the nerves are, to put it crudely, simply highly phosphorized fats in a weak salt solution.

WHY A NERVE TENDS TO "JELL"

To bridge over from the one to the other of these striking facts needed but a constructive imagination, and that the quick mind of Professor Mathews supplied. If, he said, the nerves consist of colloid particles in suspension, and the effect of chloroform is to make a solution thinner, by dissolving the particles further, there must be the process by which a nerve loses its ability to be excited. The thinner the solution in the nerve the less easily it conducts. The process of stimulation must be just the opposite. A nerve conducts better, is more easily stimulated, the nearer it approaches a state of jelly. This would be brought about by precipitation of the colloid particles. And if the latter are positively charged, as Hardy has shown, then it would be a negative current which would effect such a precipitation, and hence a negative current that produces a stimulus of a nerve.

It was precisely this that Professor Mathews had found to be true, that the stimulus of a nerve by an electric current always proceeds from the negative pole, the cathode.

Taking the muscles of a frog, to which the motor nerve was still attached by one end, he undertook the systematic study of various solutions of salts, such as Professor Loeb had used to make the muscles beat directly without the intervention of the nerves. The muscle itself was hung so that when it contracted it made a lever work up and down, and the latter, with a pencil attached, traced the jerks on a revolving drum. The nerve is bathed in the solution. To see the thing in action, with one's own eyes, gives one an uncanny sensation.

HOW A NERVE WAVE TRAVELS

It soon was clear that Dr. Mathews was right in his belief that it was the negative ions which make the frog's legs jerk. Their action through the nerve, and on the muscle direct, is the same. The nerve then, must somehow effect a release of negative ions at the point where it blends with the muscular tissue. How?

If, said Dr. Mathews, the negative ions be in excess in the solution, and the positive and negative ions in the nerve be just balanced, the effect

would be the precipitation of the first layer of colloid particles bearing positive charges, and in contact with the solution. This would release a certain number of negative ions lying next in the nerve sheath, and these in turn would precipitate the adjoining colloids. This would result in a kind of wave of precipitation, traveling along the nerve, and at the end would be a set of free negative ions, ready to call the muscle into action. The nerve impulse, then, is a consecutive series of precipitations.

But it remained to be explained how a mere mechanical stimulus, a push or a blow, could set up this wave. This can be accounted for by supposing the effect is the same as when raindrops on a window coalesce when the window is struck. Two or more colloid particles coming together would have their surfaces reduced, hence their electrical charge reduced, hence the release of a corresponding number of negative charges. The wave is started.

All this, it should be understood, is as yet simply a working hypothesis. Whether it turns out to be true depends on how well it agrees with such facts as may come to light later. But on the basis of such material as exists Professor Mathews has reached an extremely elaborate and ingenious theory.

Results.....Albert C. Mathews.....Century

It will probably be asked, What are likely to be the practical results of these conclusions? It is of course impossible to predict what practical results may follow in the future, but it appears to me probable that the immediate practical consequences will very likely occur in the following directions:

First, the physical explanation thus attained of one of the phenomena of life will, if it proves true, bring us a step nearer the understanding of other life phenomena, the artificial synthesis of living matter, and the prolongation of life. There is apparently no inherent reason why a man should die, except our ignorance of the conditions governing the reaction going on in his protoplasm.

Second, it looks as if we had at last secured a rational basis of pharmacology. If the poisonous action of salts is due to the electrical charges their particles bear, and we are able to offset this action by particles with the opposite charge, there is every reason to believe that the poisonous action of drugs is also caused, and may in the same manner be counteracted. The credit for this work should be given to Professor Loeb.

Third, we have at last secured, apparently, a basis for attacking the great problem of fermentation, for the peculiar fermentative or catalytic

powers of colloid solutions are probably, in their essence, electrical. A solution of the problem of fermentation probably means a revolution in some of the great industries of the world, for it will enable us to build up our food-stuffs from the soil, the air, and sunlight, just as plants do. It will put in our hands a power of controlling chemical phenomena the results of which can at present hardly be conceived. In the absence of experimental data it is impossible to say definitely whether our results will ultimately illuminate the problem of fermentation or not, but they at least suggest a means of attacking this problem, and I think I do not overstate the probable consequences of the solution of that problem.

The New Elixir of Life.....Athol Maude.....Pearson's

Though the curative properties of electricity have been known for some time past, it has remained for Professor D'Odjardi, after fifty odd years of ceaseless experimenting, to investigate thoroughly the powers and peculiarities of electric currents, and to bend them to his needs by means of specially constructed instruments, of which he himself is the inventor.

On a recent visit to the hospital in the west of London, to which he is attached as Professor of Electricity, he explained his whole system with frankness and lucidity.

"For many years now, arguments have raged as to what force holds together the particles that constitute the matter of this world. And there is very little doubt that scientists have come to a more or less unanimous conclusion that this force may be put down as electricity; space is filled with an unknown medium called ether—ether and electricity combined together in different proportions may well be conceived as being the only elements of what we call matter. Were electricity to suddenly disappear from the Universe, the whole world would vanish.

"It is also conceded by physiologists, that, vastly complex though the human frame may be, reduced to its simple elements, it is found to consist merely of a bundle of cells—millions and millions of cells of all shapes and sizes, massed together in different ways to form what we call the liver, the lungs, or any other part of the body. Under a microscope the most beautiful complexion is reduced to cells, just as is a single hair. The only difference is that nature has shaped the cells differently, and arranged them somewhat more artistically in the one than in the other case.

"The force formed by these millions of cells is stored in the brain, which acts as an electro-motive power capable of causing the most powerful

muscular contractions. No work, be it mental or otherwise, can be performed without using some of the electrical power stored in the brain. It follows, therefore, that any movement of the body, every thought, every action, must be considered as work which, being translated, means an expenditure of force. It would thus seem that the body is the nearest approach to a perpetual motion machine ever obtained."

This explanation by Professor D'Odjardi was necessary to make plain the fact with which Professor Virchow, at the great Medical Congress of St. Petersburg, astounded the world by proving beyond all doubt that there was only one kind of disease and that was cell-disease.

So soon as cells become diseased, either through an insufficient supply of force or too rapid exhaustion, there is a very strong tendency for them to generate still more unhealthy cells, which are less able to fulfil their functions, and more resistant to the power of our vital force. It must be remembered that this vital force is but another name for electricity.

Upon these theories Professor D'Odjardi has founded his system of curing all ailments. At first it is difficult to realize that one remedy can prove a universal panacea, yet it is not so wonderful when we remember that there is only one disease—cell-disease. So soon as the ailment can be located, it only remains to invent machines which are capable of penetrating to the afflicted parts, and of applying a sufficiency of electric force to assist nature in growing healthy cells.

Pointing out the various static machines and queer instruments which adorn his hospital, he explained:

"It may at once be said that while there is hardly any result that cannot be obtained by means of electricity and the physical forces suitably administered, yet this electricity must be conveyed in doses as accurately measured as to time, quantity and intensity as the most powerful drug; its effects also vary in the most remarkable manner according to the strength, quantity, and quality of the current.

"It is possible by its means to increase by one fourth the quantity of oxygen in the blood; to increase or diminish the supply of blood to any part of the organism however deeply seated; to raise or lower the temperature; to increase or diminish the frequency and quality of the pulse and respiration; to stimulate or slacken the function of any organ; to recharge exhausted organic cells and to make them proliferate new cells of a superior type; to cause a hundred and one other things which fifty years ago would have been looked upon as miracles."

The Sacking of the Imperial Palace at Pekin

By Count D'Herisson

The following account is taken from Count D'Hérisson's description of the Tai-Ping rebellion in 1860,* during which French and English troops were sent to Pekin to insist upon the ratification of the treaty of 1858. The book has peculiar contemporary interests from recent events in China.

THE SUMMER PALACE

To depict all the splendors before our astonished eyes, I should need to dissolve specimens of all known precious stones in liquid gold for ink, and to dip into it a diamond pen tipped with the fantasies of an oriental poet.

What struck me at first was this: Although built in a pure and elegant Chinese style, the summer palace furnished in its arrangement, its architecture, and even in certain of its details, singular reminiscences of the palace at Versailles, modified by the peculiarities of all Chinese constructions, which are never more than one story in height, having only a ground floor, without attics or mansard windows, with nothing to separate the roof from the rooms on the ground floor.

At the end of the first court arose on three granite steps an immense hall, its naked walls unornamented save by a few inscriptions, and having no furniture but high-backed wooden benches. It was here that his subjects awaited the honor of approaching His Majesty. Behind the hall on the same level stretches a second court, which separates it from the audience chamber; this court is furnished with vases of old porcelain four or five feet high, which serve to hold a quantity of little trees, each queerer than the other.

We only give a passing attention to the extravagant contents of these porcelain vases, of which the smallest would be worth 100,000 francs in Druot's auction rooms, and we went straight into the first audience room, which opened before us. This hall forms one side of a quadrangle of buildings, in the midst of which is a garden and fountains; to the right and to the left are two other halls of audience and of ceremonies, and at the far end of the quadrangle the throne room.

In the three halls first traversed we found most extraordinary treasures. We must bear in mind that the Emperor preserved in these palaces—transformed into a museum, or rather into a warehouse of riches—the most exquisite products

of many generations of 400,000,000 human beings, of which he is the demigod, as well as all the tribute paid him by foreign nations, all the presents which fear or admiration had drawn from the great as well as the humble, all which had been confiscated from his rebellious subjects. We must bear in mind that in this immense empire not a superior work of art was produced which did not naturally drift toward the Emperor, and not a treasure was discovered that did not fall into his hands of its own accord.

There were gathered all the wealth in precious stones and fine fabrics presented by tributary princes, and all that the kings and emperors of Europe had sent to Hien-Fong and his predecessors, all the bric-à-brac and curiosities, as well as all the goods which the simple-minded merchant, wishing to obtain rights in a port, subtracted from his cargo to propitiate the sovereign. Everything was preserved with care and equally honored, from a cloth of gold ornamented with pearls, which had come, perhaps, from the Sublime Porte, up to a doll that cried "papa" and "mamma," which a Marseilles captain had taken from his little daughter at Christmas and carried to China to "grease the palm" of the chief mandarin.

This multitude of treasures had overflowed the private apartments of the sovereign and his wives and spread itself into these immense cathedral halls. The spectacle was at once extraordinary and dazzling—dazzling from the richness of the articles, extraordinary from their number and variety.

THE THRONE ROOM

At length we reached the throne room, placed on a platform approached by seven steps of beautiful granite polished like a mirror. It is completely separated from surrounding buildings. Its raised roof, extending at least three feet beyond the granite steps, is supported by two rows of ironwood columns, most artistically engraved, and resembles those bamboos or engraved ivories which we in Europe use for tobacco jars or match boxes, but swollen to gigantic proportions. No two pillars were alike, and the scenes which were engraved in spirals around their shafts, as on the column in the Place Vendôme, were borrowed in part from national history, in part from legends, in part from celebrated romances and mythology.

From these columns, where our gaze has been agreeably arrested, it ascends to the roof, and

*Journal d'un Interprète en Chine. Par le Comte D'Hérisson. Nouvelle édition, Paris, 1901. Translation from Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute.

there it meets a magnificent spectacle. The roof is covered with shining yellow tiles, the ridges and the eaves being of green tiles as brilliant as the yellow ones, producing an elegant and majestic combination of colors. At the four lower angles of the roof immense dragons of green faience are crouching, inestimable products of the city of Hangtchoufou; the enormous beasts appear to be climbing up the ridges of the roof; they gaze at each other in pairs, their jaws open and their eyes staring.

The throne room is entered by a great opening without a door. The interior might be seen from without were the view not intercepted by a screen of teak wood, as big as the rood-screen of a cathedral—carved, inlaid, cut out like lace, and representing gods, and bounding men and horses—a room 160 yards long, 22 yards wide, and 17 yards high, such are its temple-like dimensions.

The throne faces the screen and is raised upon ten steps; it is a mountain of cushions and silk mattresses, in a niche nearly 25 feet wide, itself cut out of an immense lattice-work wainscoting, like an openwork alcove in the wood of the choir of one of our old cathedrals. There is scarcely any furniture; behind the screen is a little altar facing the throne, on the right of the imperial seat a table and an armchair of teak wood. On the table are a golden tray, some writing brushes, a saucer of vermillion, and some paper on which are traced characters in vermillion—it is the interrupted correspondence of His Majesty. On the small altar rest two incense burners of jade, some porcelain saucers, on which, in the absence of the Emperor, are placed fruits, tea, and flowers, offerings addressed to his spirit that in Chinese belief is always present in these places. The walls, the ceilings, the dressing tables, the chairs, the foot-stools are all in gold, studded with gems. Rows of small gods in massy gold are carved with such wonderful skill that their artistic value is far beyond their intrinsic worth.

There, on supports of jade, are two pagodas of enameled gold, as large as corn bins, with seven superposed roofs, and from each pear-shaped pearls hang like so many bells. In among the gods are European clocks of every description. Two of them are of the beautiful Louis XVI. style and are models of good taste, beauty, and fine workmanship; alongside are more incense burners, torches, candlesticks, golden boxes, snuffboxes embellished with precious stones, and enameled miniatures, a jeweler's fevered dream.

In the other oratory to the left, which resembles the interior of a monstrance, are gathered all the articles for the daily use of the "Son of Heaven," when occupying the throne room; his

tea service, his cups; his pipes—the bowl of gold or silver—the long tubes enriched with coral, jade, rubies, sapphires, and little tufts of many colored silk, his ceremonial chaplets of rows of pearls as large as nuts, which are spread across his august breast, though their whiteness is not quite perfect. Here are his speaking trumpets of silver gilt, used at times to swell his voice to thunder tones for the benefit of his prostrate subjects. On wall cabinets are a great many little silver blades, with rounded ends, nearly half an inch thick, two inches wide and eight long, looking a good deal like our thermometers; these bear engraved characters, the chiseled lines being filled with gold. Etiquette requires you not to speak to the sovereign, not to even lift your eyes to his sacred person. If however, he should ask "What time is it?" how can you reply without speaking or looking at him? With bowed head one of the silver tablets on which is inscribed the particular passing minute is presented to him; he glances at it and learns what he needs to know.

PRIVATE APARTMENTS

Behind the throne room, stretched over an immense space, in the midst of gardens, are the private apartments, likewise crowded with objects of luxury and beauty, but on the whole less extraordinary, for between the sleeping room of an Emperor and that of a private person there is less difference than between a throne room and a parlor.

In the rooms of the Empress, the walls of the closets of the secretaries are furnished from top to bottom with pigeonholes, in which, one above another, like files of lawyers' briefs, are red boxes of old lacquer of Pekin, wonderfully engraved in intaglio, containing ornaments, necklaces and bracelets in pearls, in jade, in precious stones, tiny rings for feminine fingers, and huge ones of jade, worn by men when they draw the strings of their bows.

Boxes not holding ornaments already mounted are crowded with artistic objects, with materials to be transformed into jewels, with unique specimens of transparent jade, of rock crystal, of milky jade, of moss agates, of uncut diamonds, of precious stones still in their natural state; tea services, cups, saucers, a regular bazaar—not one where everything is quoted at 19 cents—but rather a bazaar where everything is worth 19,000 francs. On opening one of these boxes, it appeared to send out sparks and sheaves of light.

Beyond, great wardrobes of old lacquer set into the walls of the room contain the garments of the Empress, both those for daily use and for ceremonious occasions. There was enough to dress, from head to foot, 10,000 princesses from the

"Arabian Nights," so that it would be impossible for the Caliph of Bagdad, a judge in such matters, to find occasion for changing the position of a single pin or to alter their arrangement. All is of silk, satin, damask, fur, with embroideries sometimes as delicate as spiders' webs; sometimes as heavy as those on bishops' copes; it is a brilliant display of birds, butterflies, and flowers fresher than those in the sun, with diamond dewdrops in their perfumed calices.

THE GARDEN

At last we have finished with this endless fairy story and find ourselves face to face with nature, with fountains, and with foliage. What a magnificent park! It is immense, with high walls extending about eight and a half miles around it. Those who designed it took special pains to arrange picturesque views, giving impressions which were sometimes gentle and tender, sometimes savage and theatrical; and they succeeded.

But they assisted nature by architectural effects also, and this park of Yuenmingyuen (literally "residence of the original splendor") contains a little of everything—isolated palaces, temples, pavilions, pagodas, pyramids, porticos, colonnades, artificial mountains, grottoes, lakes, rivulets, islands, groves, labyrinths, observatories, and kiosks. The artificial rock work, so fashionable among us a few years ago in Paris gardens, is here—immense, striking, monumental, and unique.

On the right of this artificial mountain, following a labyrinth whose tortuous paths easily lead one astray in a space of fifty square yards, rises a large building; it is the imperial library. Its roof, with yellow tiles, resembles that of the throne room, and like it it is peopled with a menagerie of black faience dragons chasing other chimerical monsters.

Here are the grottoes, deep, crooked, and full of statues of gods and animals; some have the entrance curtained by hanging vines; in others a crystal cascade falls from an upper basin and loses itself murmuring through the turf. Here are the lakes; in the center of the largest is a small palace, which we have neither the time nor courage to visit. This palace, built on an island, whose heaped-up soil scarcely rises above the surrounding water, seems to emerge from the bottom of the lake.

A little farther on rises a tower, an exact reproduction of the famous porcelain tower of Nankin, its numerous roofs marking as many stories. To reach it one has to pass in front of a pagoda built in honor of Buddha; and the statue of the

god seated on a low pedestal, his legs crossed in Turkish or Chinese style, is not less than sixty-five feet high, while a staircase which runs along the interior wall of the pagoda permits climbing to the level of his head of frizzled hair, his knees being reached at the first story, his navel at the second, and so on. This very ancient statue is of gilded bronze, but time has impaired the building; the half-closed eyes of the god are of silver, their pupils of iron; from one knee to the other at the base the statue measures forty-five feet. Two gigantic incense burners and one altar are in this pagoda, which has been constructed solely as a shelter to the statue.

PILLAGE OF THE SUMMER PALACE

The summer palace was pillaged and partially burned. Who is responsible for this pillage and burning? Could they have been avoided? Was this pillage contrary to the laws of war? Who profited by it? Did either one of the allies take advantage of the other? Here are plenty of questions. I simply state the facts and briefly discuss them, and after having read this chapter the reader may answer them himself.

The generals had decided in concert that a committee of six, three from each nation, should be named and appointed to select the most precious objects, considered in their intrinsic and artistic value, so as to have an equal division. The commission immediately commenced its labors, and the removal of the most valuable articles, at least those apparently so, was systematically begun, and the first examination of the palace led to the discovery of treasure valued at about 800,000 francs in small ingots of gold and silver. This sum was divided between the two armies and, when subdivided exactly, it formed for each man a prize of about eighty francs.

It was nearly in the middle of the afternoon, and the sentinels had been continually on guard, gun in hand, before the palace within which the commission was working. Every few minutes soldiers marched out laden with bric-à-brac which excited the admiration of the troops gathered before the sentinels. After laying down their burdens these soldiers returned and showed their passes.

In the midst of the troops of all sorts who took part in this first move, French infantry, Englishmen, unmounted cavalry, artillerymen, Queen's dragoons, Sikhs, Arabs, Chinese coolies, all mixed together, a rumor circulated and spread, repeated in all the idioms represented by the crowds assembled there, with their eager eyes and their mouths dry with desire. They said, "When most has been carried out we shall enter and have our turn; why the devil should we not have at

least our own slice off the cake? We have come far enough. Isn't that so?" And they laughed and nudged each other. A little disorder had already begun.

AN INCENDIARY ATTEMPT

Suddenly a trumpet call resounded, a company was called to arms. What could it be? A very simple thing; the Chinese of Haitien had entered the park by scaling the walls, and it became necessary to protect the treasures which were just being explored.

"It is too bad," said the troopers; "these Chinese are going to grab everything. We must see about that." The peasants of the neighborhood and common people of Haitien were slipping up to the walls of the park; they fraternized with our coolies and chatted with them. Our coolies had ladders which they placed against the walls and, like a great crowd of sparrows, the black-headed pillagers filled the avenues and ran toward the palace.

It became necessary to disperse them, and for this purpose a company was called to arms. It had not yet assembled when a second trumpet call was heard; this was for another purpose; it called for soldiers without arms, equipped as a fire brigade, for partial attempts at firing had already begun.

In China when a fire breaks out, before thinking of protection from the flames, it becomes necessary to seek protection from thieves who arrive at the points threatened quicker than the firemen, and the result is that the habitual robbers who profit by fires know how to start them, and consider the fire as a necessary ally, and an element indispensable to a good stroke of business.

Consequently, the Chinese of Haitien and our coolies had brought torches and bundles of straw—in fact, everything that was needed to burn a palace—and had immediately undertaken to exercise their special industry.

The trooper, on hearing these facts, which reached him magnified and exaggerated, felt his anxiety give place to anger; a while ago he thought, "The Chinese will cabbage everything;" now he added, "The rascals are going to burn everything."

THE PILLAGE

Irresistible pressure at the guarded gates carried away the sentinels, the crowd rushed in, together with the company under arms and the workmen who had been summoned; and immediately each one laid hold of that which best suited him and carried it off. From the very first moment I noticed the characteristics of the two allied nations: the Frenchmen went each for him-

self; the Englishmen, more methodical in their ways, had instantly comprehended the business in hand and systematized the pillage. They arrived in squads, like gangs of workmen, with men carrying large sacks and commanded by non-commissioned officers, who brought with them, strange as it may seem, touchstones. I do not know where in the world they found them, but I can state that they possessed this primitive jeweler's tool. Englishmen, Frenchmen, officers, and soldiers had entered the palace with the inhabitants of Haitien, with our coolies, who fiercely hated the northern Chinese—pell-mell with the crowds of parasites who follow armies like crows, dogs, and jackals.

To ask our men to let this human torrent flow by them while they stood still was asking something beyond human power. They were like the dog in the fable carrying the dinner to his master, who began by defending it, but when he saw another had got a bite he seized his own share. Our men entered like them and along with them. What could the general or his officers do? Absolutely nothing. If they had tried to stem the torrent they would have been swept away by the rush; they would have compromised their influence and reputation, and with it the future of the expedition. I was simply an onlooker, a disinterested but curious spectator, and I enjoyed this strange, unforgettable vision. There was this ant-heap of men of every color, of every race, this entanglement of individuals from every nation on the earth, swarming on this mound of riches, hurrahing in all the languages of the globe, hurrying, struggling, stumbling, falling, picking themselves up, swearing, cursing, exclaiming, while each carried off something. I say it looked like an ant-heap, crushed under one's foot, where the terrified workers fly in every direction, one with a grain of wheat, another with a bug, another with an egg. There were troopers, their heads buried in the boxes of red lacquer belonging to the Empress; others, half smothered in the folds of brocades and pieces of silk; still others, who had placed rubies, sapphires, pearls, and rock crystals in their pockets, in their hats, in their cloaks, and who hung around their necks strings of great pearls. Others carried off clocks and dials in their arms. The sappers of the engineers had brought their axes and broke up the furniture to secure the precious stones with which they were incrusted. There was one smashing a lovely Louis XV. clock to secure the face, on which the hours were marked with crystal figures, which he mistook for diamonds. Now and again the cry "fire" was heard. Everybody rushed out, letting everything fall, and extinguished the fire, which was already

licking the precious wall, by heaping on it silks and damascenes and furs. It was like the dream of a hashish eater.

And when, after passing through the apartments given over to pillage, I emerged in the park, the spectacle of nature in its eternal tranquillity made me shudder on coming from this furnace, like a cold plunge as we step from a Turkish bath. Here and there in the park were groups running toward the palaces, the pagodas, and the libraries.

BOOTY

When I returned to the camp night was falling. The men came back loaded with booty, bearing the most heterogeneous collection of articles, from silver saucepans to astronomical telescopes and sextants—a prodigious mass of material which they certainly could never carry home.

The English camp filled up in the same way, but there everything was carried on in perfect order. In our camp the soldiers were masquerading. The artillerymen arrived enveloped in the garments of the Empress, their breasts decorated with the collars of mandarins. Over there the articles had been placed in piles in each tent, and they had already begun to sell them at auction.

Just here I must relate a little anecdote. One of our spies, my orderly, Mohammed, was extremely attached to me, both through affection and by interest.

"You are the friend of the general," he often said to me. "You put words into his mouth; you must get me a medal."

When he returned from the summer palace he brought a double handful of pearls.

"These are for you," he said to me, simply.

"Thanks, my lad," said I to him, "keep all that yourself; it is probably worth a great deal."

"What will you take for your pearls?" said one of my comrades, who stood by.

"Give me a bottle of brandy."

"Agreed."

And Mohammed gave him his pearls.

A bottle of brandy in the camp at Yuenming-yuen was sold to us by the sutlers for 100 francs. After the expedition to China was over the pearls were sold for 35,000 francs.

I notice here another curious thing, and one which ten years later was confirmed by the soldiers of Emperor William. Nothing tempts soldiers like clocks and other objects containing mechanism. Now, the Chinese, like all oriental people, and like all people with whom machinery is still in a rudimentary stage, greatly admire mechanical articles, especially of the amusing kind. From time immemorial our sovereigns and officers of customs have turned this mania to good ac-

count, and have sent or taken to them all the curious inventions of opticians, of toy makers, and of manufacturers of automata. It will never be known how many musical boxes, toy organs, clocks with complicated chimes, alarm clocks, rabbits with tambourines, panoramas, clocks turning windmills, crowing cocks, climbing monkeys, singing birds in brass cages standing on pedestals which are wound by turning a key, mechanical flute players, monkey violinists, trumpeters, players on the clarionet, and even whole orchestras of monkeys seated on an organ, little tight-rope dancers, waltzers, and so on, were found in the summer palace. The rooms of the Empress and of the women were literally overflowing with them.

Therefore, the second night that we passed near the summer palace was exciting, insensate, head-splitting. Each trooper had his bird, his music box, his monkey, his clock, his trumpeter, or his rabbit. The clocks struck continuously, in every tone, at all hours, now and then accompanied by the sad snap of a spring broken by inexperienced hands. Multitudes of rabbits playing on their tambourines formed a bass, accompanied by the cymbals of monkeys playing four thousand waltzes and quadrilles, together with as many music boxes, which dominated the cuckoo clocks, the sweet notes of the flute, the nasal notes of the clarionets, the screeching of the cocks, the notes of horns and cornets, as well as the hearty bursts of laughter coming from the easily amused crowd. It was a nightmare.

At sunrise the plundering began again. In front of the tent of the general had been placed one of the two pagodas of massive gold found in the Emperor's oratory; it was destined for Napoleon III. The other had been secured by the English. On the top of this pagoda an enormous diamond scintillated. It was guarded by two sentinels. It had not stood there two hours before the great diamond had disappeared. It was never known who had taken it.

The pillage of the summer palace lasted two days.

My heart bled on seeing the space which separated the palace from our camp covered with silks and precious fabrics trampled in the mud—goods worth twenty millions; on seeing a soldier light his pipe or heat his pot with a vellum of beautiful and unique manuscript; on seeing, at our departure, magnificent timepieces, masterpieces of the watchmaker's art, engraved ivories, thrown into the trodden paths over which rolled the wheels of wagons and of caissons; on seeing the lightly built and magnificent edifices destroyed by ruthless flames.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

A Modern Carol.....*Washington Star* *When You Love*.....*Baltimore World*

Oh, let us all be joyous
While we may.
Though the scientists annoy us
Every day.
For they agitate the topic
Of these creatures microscopic
'Till we're getting misanthropic,
Old and gray.

So now to drown our sorrow
Let us try,
Lest some microbe on the morrow
Should draw nigh.
Let the song and dancing thrill us,
Let's forget that a bacillus
Hopes with all his heart to kill us
By and by.

The First Step.....*Chicago Record-Herald*

Ah, could he have but guessed or known
Of all that was to come, as there
He poised an instant all alone
With one foot raised in air!
But oh, he did not know or guess—
The first step! Ah, what sorrows may
Come after it—what sore distress—
But, hovering there, he smiled away
All innocent of what the future kept
So jealously concealed from him, and stepped.

The first step! Oh, if we could know
What after the first step may be!
He stepped—the step was not there, though,
That first hard step, and he—
I saw him poising in the air—
An instant, or mayhap 'twas less—
He, gazing backward, had got there
Before he thought he had, I guess—
I saw him step and then shoot out in space
And eke I heard him landing on his face.

Barnyard View of Chicago Physics....*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

Quoth the Old Hen in the Barnyard,
As she nudged up to the rooster:
"Things are kinder different now
From what we have been used to.
I see some pesky scientist
Has something new to say,
And Death, from what the fellow says,
Is in the eggs I lay,
Or in some other kind of egg,
I don't exactly catch it,
So I guess I'll quit my setting
For fear that I might hatch it."

Quoth the rooster to the Old Hen,
As he crossed his crooked legs:
"I guess you'd better quit the nest
If death is in the eggs.
The fact is, come to think of it,
I'd quit the whole darned job,
And, instead of setting on my eggs,
I'd use the old door knob."

You get a foolish feeling,
That comes gently o'er you stealing,
Something that there's no concealing,
When you love.

All your letters start with "My dear."
She's the whole thing is your idea,
And bon-bons you have to buy "dear,"
When you love.

You work extra hard for money,
And you "blow" it on your honey.
She smiles and thinks it funny—
When you love.

Life seems one delightful posy,
Days all bright and evenings rosy.
And you don't know when to "mosey,"
When you love.

You sit for hours and hold her hand,
And you think it's simply grand.
The biggest chump in all the land—
When you love.

But when for two you have to rake up
Cash for board, dresses and make-up,
Then your "pipe" is out—you wake up—
When you love.

Galluping Verses.....*Critic*

Ah me! what a tragic imbroglio,
Produced by a famous first folio.
Americans swear
That a cipher lies there
To knock England's Bard rowley-powley O.

Uprises a Buddhist named Sinnett,
To hail the Swan's death-warrant in it;
And an ex-Oxford wit,
Named Mallock, is hit;
And perverts arrive every minute.

"Behold," they exclaim, "our god, Bacon,
Great heavens! the labors he'd take on:
He spent all his days
Writing other men's plays,
Full Gallup, with never a break on!

"And there ne'er was a river called Avon,
And he who says Stratford is ravin',
While to mention that dunce,
William Shakespeare, 's at once
To be fitted for Hanwell's sweet haven."
Yet Mr. Biographer Lee
Is certain as certain can be,
No mystery lurks
In Shakespearian works:
"A cipher? All moonshine!" says he.

And we,
We're quite in accordance with Lee.

B a l l a d s o f B e d l a m

My feet they haul me round the house,
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer them and
They ride me everywheres.

I'd never dare to walk across
A Bridge I could not see;
For much afraid of falling off,
I fear that I should be.

I wish that my Room had a Floor;
I don't so much care for a Door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore!

The Roof it has a lazy time
A-lying in the sun;
The walls they have to hold him up,
They do not have much fun.

I'd rather have habits than clothes,
For that's where my intellect shows.
And as for my hair,
Do you think I should care
To comb it at night with my toes?

—Gilett Burgess.

A youth of the Diplomatic Corps
At a 5 o'clock tea found Miss Morps
Reigned as belle, and said he,
As she gave him his tea:
"Ah! you not only reign, but you porps!"

Out upon the splashing waters
Of the stormy Abee Sea,
Roams a savage Custard pirate
In his black ship Piepanee,
Cruel, crusty Custard pirate,
Scours the ocean constantly.

Rich, old, shallow, Custard pirate,
With his crew debility,
And his captain, Indigestion,
All most terrible to see,
Pacing up and down their vessel,
Black old vessel, Piepanee.

You will know him by his vessel,
By his vessel Piepanee,
From whose deck old Custard pirate
Keeps his eye on you and me,
Watches for us when we're sailing
O'er the stormy Abee Sea.

With his captain, Indigestion,
Custard pirate sails the sea,
Looking sharp for naughty children,
Who deserve no sympathy;
Naughty, over-eating children,
Not good ones, no-sir-ee.
—George R. Brill in Detroit Free Press.

Professor Killemoffski had but one supreme delight,
Which was to find some certain way in which to
win a fight.

He cruised right round that thought until he made
a gun so great
And powerful that it could sink a navy while you
wait.

And when he had that gun complete so it would
send a shot
Right through an armored vessel's side and sink
it on the spot,
He set himself about it just as firmly to create
A warship made of stuff no gun could ever penetrate.

And finally he built a boat, and did his work so well
That gun of his could never drill a window through
its shell.
Its sides were some new kind of steel so tough and
firm and stout
That all the guns in Christendom could never knock
it out.

And yet he was not satisfied, but studied day and
night;
He lunched on smokeless powder and he dined on
dynamite.
The fierce expression on his face was proof beyond
a doubt
That there were other problems still for him to
figure out.

He went away off by himself and built a secret mill,
'Twas "fifteen miles from nowhere," and he camped
right there until
He found a new explosive so all-powerful and
fierce
That it could send a shell through steel no other
shot could pierce.

He still kept on inventing; every gun he made
would shoot
Ten times as far as all the rest and twice as straight
to boot.
Until, at last, he made a gun that shot so far, alack!
The ball went clear around the world and hit him
in the back.

But maybe it was for the best, for, had he lived,
full soon
He must have made a gun with which to shoot
away the moon,
And Venus, Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter, and
Mars,
And on and on and on until he shot out all the
stars.

—Saturday Evening Post.

I wonder, I wonder,
If lightning bugs thunder,
If cucumbers wear their own queues,
If straddle bugs ride
Horse chestnuts astride,
And katydid tell us the news?

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled—"
The reason why he did not fly,
"I have no wings," he said.
—Eliot Kays Stone in New York Press.

The City Beautiful: Recent Endeavors Toward Civic Improvements

Note.—A quiet but earnest movement toward civic improvements has within the last few years taken start and grown steadily in the United States. The following articles, chosen almost at random from the press of the country, are designed to show the intent and scope of this movement.

The Civic Ideal.....Frank T. Carlton.....*Toledo Times*

There is no question of greater importance before the American people to-day than that of the improvement of our cities. How shall they be made healthful, clean, beautiful and well-governed? How shall they be made the centers of art and culture as well as of business and trade?

The last half century has witnessed a great change in the life of the people of this country; the enormous growth of the cities is a marked feature. When our government was established the cities presented no particular problems; the fathers of our country did not dream of their future growth and development. We have somehow fallen behind many European countries in regard to the control and management of our cities. Until very recently very little attention has been paid to this particular problem; but the awakening has come; and all over our country we see the signs of it. There is hardly a city or town that does not have one or more clubs organized for the study of municipal conditions and improvements. These clubs are agitating the question of city government, healthfulness, cleanliness, and beauty. Our schools are responding to the call. The future is bright.

Architects have superior opportunities in this work over any other class of men. As the designers of our buildings, private and public, they may endeavor to improve these, building both from an artistic and a sanitary point of view. The topic may be conveniently arranged under four headings, the first three of which I consider pre-eminently important, but less spectacular than the last one, and consequently often overlooked by many people.

First—The home. The planting of flowers, shrubs and trees will, at a small expense, work a great transformation in many of the dingy, dirty, and neglected yards of a city. Cornell University distributes, free of charge, pamphlets giving sample directions upon landscape gardening and the cultivation of flowers. The United States Government, through its Department of Agriculture, distributes seeds free of charge.

Second—School buildings and yards. As

school buildings are public property, and as they are found in all parts of a city, and further, as here the children spend a considerable portion of their time, the beautifying of the school building, their yards, and their surroundings is of great importance. An instructor in one of our Western cities told me that their best school building is located in the poorest part of the city.

This is right. Children from the squalid and poverty-stricken homes can, for a few hours each day, see something of the beautiful and clean. Chicago and Denver have made improvements along this line. In Rochester a club has, with permission of the School Board, selected barren and uninteresting school yards, planted them with sods and plants, and offered prizes for the one best kept.

Third—Manufacturing establishments and their surroundings. Our laboring men spend at least one-half of their working hours in the shop or the factory. Improvements in ventilation, lighting, cleanliness, and appearance of surroundings are badly needed in the majority of manufacturing plants. Working in dark, dirty and unsightly places day after day, year after year, cannot do otherwise than have distinctly adverse effects upon a man, physically and socially.

Fourth—General improvements. Under this head come such subjects as parks, street paving and cleaning, grouping of public buildings, building laws, tenement reform, improvement in street lighting, the advertisement evil, smoke prevention, etc.

It is claimed that the park acreage in twenty-five of the principal cities in the United States doubled in the ten years ending in 1898. Boston has the most complete park system in this country. Boulevards and drives connecting different parks of a city are found in many cities, notably Boston, Chicago, and Cleveland. Cleveland is making a notable struggle for the plan of grouping her public buildings on the lake front.

The smoke nuisance is an evil that will sooner or later disappear, as our coal supply is limited. The concentration of heating and power plants will undoubtedly in the near future aid in smoke prevention. In the meanwhile it is possible to abate the nuisance to quite an extent. Prof. Zueblin stated that a large Western city had almost completely rid itself of this evil, thanks to the vigorous action of its health officer.

Steps have been taken in some cities of this country and Europe toward checking the indiscriminate use of side-board advertising, but it will evidently be some years before we can hope to do away with this method of disfiguring the streets and drives of a city.

The work of tenement reform has caused great improvements, especially in New York City.

The question of street cleaning is an important one. Methods vary; there seems to be no generally accepted way. Mr. Robinson says: "The thing that counts is not how the streets are cleaned, but that they are clean. One way only leads surely to efficiency, and that is by the creation of a popular demand that the streets be clean." The amount of paper, ashes, and other rubbish dumped into our streets and alleys signifies that we have no vigorous "popular demand" for clean streets in this city.

In conclusion, it may be said that the improvement of our cities must be of a graded and steady growth. Small changes for the better have a cumulative effect. Education and example will finally work wonders.

Smoke Abatement in Cleveland.....Charles A. Benjamin...Outlook

The City of Cleveland first established a department of smoke inspection in 1883, and the agitation against smoke has been carried on in an intermittent sort of way ever since. In the early days the inspector acted only on complaints, then served legal notices on the offenders, with some definite time for abatement, usually thirty days. As far as the records show, this usually resulted in nothing, as there are only three prosecutions recorded in a period of nine years, two defendants being fined the costs, and one ten dollars and costs, with the sentence suspended. The records of abatement usually read "partially abated." The column of remarks is full of good promises, but there is little to show any improvement. During the past five or six years several test cases have been tried in the courts with very poor success, some of them failing in the police courts, the judge declaring the ordinance defective or the evidence inconclusive. Others dragged along for years and were finally thrown out by some of the upper courts. Whatever reduction of smoke occurred during this time may be attributed, not to legal measures, but to a growth of public sentiment, and to the voluntary introduction of improved furnaces as a matter of business economy or civic pride.

The subject was carefully investigated by a society organized for that purpose, and considerable educational work was done, which has shown its results. About two years ago the Municipal As-

sociation of Cleveland appointed a committee of five, principally manufacturers, to investigate the matter and report. The members of that committee held a number of meetings, and made a careful study of the subject in all its bearings. As a result of their investigations they decided that methods of legal process had proved a failure; that a campaign of education and argument would be more effective; that the matter should be put into the hands of a new department which should be organized for this express purpose, and that the chief inspector should be appointed by the mayor for a term of not less than five years, to insure the removal of the office from party politics. This committee secured the passage of a law by the Legislature which should meet these conditions, and in July, 1900, the writer was appointed supervising engineer. The department as at present constituted has a working staff consisting of a supervising engineer, three assistant engineers, and a clerk. This is rather too small a force for a city of the size of Cleveland, but it was thought better to have the number of appointees too small rather than too large.

It seemed advisable as a beginning to get a comprehensive view of the situation, and to know at first hand the condition of each chimney, so as not to be dependent upon the complaints of inexperienced and careless observers. A canvass of the city was immediately begun, and a card index started to show the number of boilers and kind of furnaces in use at each establishment, together with such other data regarding fuel and working force as might be useful. This list has just been completed, and shows for the City of Cleveland over a thousand distinct plants operating nearly twenty-two hundred steam boilers. About the same time a series of systematic observations was commenced to determine the smoke record for each chimney.

The city being divided into districts, some favorable observation point was selected from which all the principal chimneys in the district could readily be seen. The inspector stations himself at one of these points, takes readings from each chimney once in five minutes, and records the rating on a blank prepared for the purpose. In all one hundred such readings are taken, covering a period of about eight hours, from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. To make the average still more reliable, these observations are divided into two-hour periods, taken on different days. The readings are then averaged on a scale of one hundred, the latter per cent. meaning dense black smoke. A report is then immediately sent to all of the firms interested, showing not only their own standing,

but that of their neighbors. In case the smoke average is too high, the report is accompanied by a letter urging immediate attention to the subject, and this is followed in a week or two by a personal visit from one of the inspectors. The idea is to urge better equipment, both from the standpoint of interest in the welfare of the city and from that of fuel economy. It is easy to demonstrate the saving of fuel by reference to actual examples near by.

In nearly all cases the inspectors are courteously received, and promises to investigate are made. But this is not the end; unless the subject receives immediate attention at the hands of the firms visited, their attention is called to it again and again by letters and visits. Some of them immediately set about remedying the difficulty, while others wait until they find that the department really means business. It has taken in many instances a year of this work to start some of the proprietors in the right direction, and there are still many that are holding back. An improvement of this kind, however, gains momentum as it proceeds, and, like the rolling snowball, increases in weight more rapidly as it goes on. Like all reforms which affect the pocketbook, this one moves slowly, and there is much to discourage, but, on the whole, the influence is far more effective than that of coercion. There is comparatively little of that feeling of antagonism and opposition which is so frequently aroused by the use of legal process.

The case of the railroad engines offers a striking example of the advantages of the educational campaign. Previous to the institution of this department notices had frequently been served upon the railroads, with orders to abate the smoke within thirty or sixty days. Of course no attention was paid to these admonitions, and nothing could have been done in the time indicated. As soon as practicable the city appointed an assistant engineer who had been a railroad man of long experience, and who was familiar with all the ins and outs of locomotives. This inspector has devoted all of his time to the railroad problem. Meetings were held to confer with the officials of the various roads, and to get their advice in the matter. A meeting of representative engineers and firemen was also held, and their views ascertained. It was the unanimous opinion of both superintendents and engine men that a great improvement could be effected by the one-shovel system of firing, with proper attention to the opening and closing of the doors, together with such aid as might come from brick arches and combustion tubes. The inspector watches the locomotives as carefully as the other engineer

does the stationary chimneys, although the method is of necessity somewhat different. Without going into the details of the work, it may be said that the reports of this inspector, which are sent in every two or three days to the railroad officials, are so satisfactory and so reliable that they feel like proceeding against offenders at once. In some cases crews have been suspended, in others merely warned. The reports have been posted in the roundhouses and in other places where the crews could see them, and most of the railroads have appointed inspectors and traveling engineers to instruct the firemen on the engines in the best methods of stoking. The result can be best shown by a comparison between the records of March, 1901, and those for November of the same year:

	Mar. Per Ct.	Nov. Per Ct.
Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad.....	28	8
C. C. C. & St. Louis Railroad.....	35	13
Erie Railroad.....	35	12
N. Y. C. & St. Louis Railroad.....	35	10
L. S. & M. S. Railroad.....	34	11
C. T. & Valley Railroad.....	20	11

Each of these rates represents an average from some twenty-five observations on different engines. This improvement is due solely to improved methods of "firing" resulting from the efforts of this office in co-operation with the officials of the railroads.

Work with tugs and other boats on the river has just begun, but there is no reason apparent why similar improvement cannot be made in this direction. The large manufacturers and the superintendents of the railroad lines are practically unanimous in their approval of the method now in use, and say that it is the only rational way to attack the problem. The fact that during the time since this movement was inaugurated, in July, 1900, over two hundred smokeless furnaces of various sorts have been installed shows a good rate of progress. The further fact that, almost without exception, new power plants are properly equipped shows that the next five years will make a decided change for the better.

Municipal Art Commission of New York..... New York Press

There is related the story of a Western kinsman of one of our big financiers who visited his metropolitan cousin and was shown about. On the drive he remarked the yawning caverns of the subway and the cumbered sidewalks where thousands of buildings are coming down and going up. When they left the carriage the New Yorker asked him, "What do you think of the city?" The Westerner said: "It will be a fine town when it is finished."

That will be a long time. Yet such parts of it as are finished still require a few magic touches, and the whole needs illumination such as easily it might have. This is the matter the Municipal Art Commission has taken in hand seriously. Already a splendid start has been made with the street signs, which will give the first city of the hemisphere some identity that even mining camps do not lack. It is amazing to observe how frowsy this queenly municipality has become in her toilet, how run down at the heel, how mussed her coiffure, how her hat doesn't sit straight. There are many matters to be mended before she can appear in company.

Doubtless the popular idea of the Municipal Art Commission does it the comprehensive injustice of estimating its mission as the love of art for art's sake. John De Witt Warner and the earnest gentlemen associated with him have no such conception of the duties which they are now discharging with energy and intelligence. In the past it has been their lot to correct the mistakes of ugliness on the city's face, which has occupied them ten times more than the contributions to beauty. How to make a necessary public building useful first and ornamental afterward, but ornamental if possible, is their purpose, and so with everything else. Where art can enter there should be no attempt to shut it out. It is not planned to make a city beautiful, such as Paris is and Washington will be, where in one case commerce is incidental and in the other it is not even an incident. Still New York, working from a utilitarian basis, may develop lines of beauty that will make a dignified and pleasing effect.

The Art Commission has one large problem in hand, which a committee now is attempting to solve, having disposed of the street signs. This is house numbering. It is intended that there shall be, as nearly as may be, uniform system of numbers, visible by day and night. The most recent Western city has a street numbering plan far ahead of New York's, whereby a certain group of figures indicates instantly to the mind the exact locality. This system, owing to the complex and many-angled streets in some sections, could not be applied completely here, but some saving of mental energy might be effected.

At the Park Circle, which was designed to be a point of view for a splendid vista, the Columbus Monument, which on close observation does not seem hideous, in a wide perspective looms up with all the overwhelming impressiveness of a thin telegraph pole. The many car lines which intersect at this point make a spot which was meant to afford a visual feast look like a junk hole. For these car tracks and for the shaft so feebly glori-

fying the Discoverer the Art Commission has some ambitious plans.

There are fifty acres of land at Coney Island which the city owns, strung along nearly half a mile of one of the best bathing beaches on the Atlantic. It earns nothing; it is of use to nobody. Why it has lain neglected when blocks of land in the heart of the city are laid out for public parks at great expense is one of the mysteries of municipal administration. The commission purposes to get possession of this splendid property and operate it in the interest of the people as a summer park, making its bathing facilities, while still inexpensive, support its maintenance. It is also proposed to establish "isles of safety" at crowded and complicated street crossings, to divert and direct the stream of travel and minimize the danger to foot passengers. These are only a few of the excellent things the commissioners are doing. There is no more valuable department of the administration than the Municipal Art Commission when personal comfort is considered.

The Movement in Chicago *Chicago Post*

There is a right and a wrong place to begin any piece of work. The place to start a building is at the foundation; the place to institute a reform is at the root of an evil; and the place to begin beautifying Chicago and making it artistic and clean is in enforcing the ordinances against smoke and dirty, ill-paved streets.

Here is a practical line of work that the Municipal Art League might follow with some promise of securing results. It is to be proposed that clubs be formed throughout the city until a membership of 500,000 is secured. Each member is to pay an annual fee of \$2, and the \$1,000,000 thus secured is to be expended in statues, fountains, arches, etc.

We indorse in advance the proposition up to the point of securing \$1,000,000 a year for the furthering of the city beautiful idea; but the plan for spending this money should be rendered practical. What is the use of buying \$1,000,000 worth of public works of art annually while our anti-smoke ordinances are violated every hour of the day and our streets are never even half cleaned?

As no scheme for beautifying the city can be made effective with our present soot-laden atmosphere and dust and mud-covered streets, let the league go right along and raise \$1,000,000 a year, if it possibly can, but let the chief object of this fund be to furnish the sinews of war for a relentless prosecution of every violation of the smoke and other clean-city ordinances.

Let the man who poisons and loads the air with coal smoke, the man who sweeps dust into the

street, the man who litters up the walks and streets with papers, the drayman who feeds his horses in the streets—in fact, everyone who does what he should not do in a properly-conducted city—be prosecuted without fear or favor. And let it be the first business of the Municipal Art League to look after these prosecutions.

Following this practical and necessary course, the time will come when Chicago shall have pure, clean air and clean streets. Then, and then only, will it be wise to plan for public statues, fountains, triumphal arches, etc.; then only will it be possible to have these artistic embellishments and to preserve their beauty undefiled.

Our city beautiful must come through evolutionary, not revolutionary, processes, just as every other city beautiful has come. The basis of all plans in this direction must be cleanliness. Not until we have a thoroughly clean city—clean streets and alleys and pure air—will it be other than a waste of time to plan a beautiful city. The first work to be done is far from artistic, but without it the city beautiful will remain only a dream.

The Plan of the Model City....Charles Mulford Robinson....Criterion

Two months ago a newspaper from Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, reached New York, and before it had been tossed aside in the clipping bureau to which it came there was cut from it an article on the proposed Municipal Art and Science exhibit at the St. Louis Fair. It was just six months since the project was first formally presented to the public in a few brief resolutions, and in four months mention of the idea had swept through the press of this country and had gone so far into the Pacific, leaving everywhere behind it a train of approving comment and public interest. It is probable that no other idea presented to the directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has taken so well, has interested so many people, and has recommended itself as at once so novel, so reasonable, so promising of practical value and attractiveness.

As no definite area has, at this writing, been set apart for the Model City, the plan is liable to some changes in details, but it is unlikely that there will be any alteration in its main features. A circular space is inclosed. Upon this are laid the three familiar types of street planning which, in their combination, are held to offer the most convenient and potentially beautiful ground plan for a city. These are the radial, circular, and gridiron, and in this feature alone probably most visitors will learn a lesson that will set them to thinking. Around the circumference is put the circular boulevard, where one so often finds it in the Old World cities that have razed their walls

and, in these better days for cities, have transformed wall and moat into parkway. Half way around the town this will be made a beautiful park road, suitably planted. The rest of it, to economize space, must be devoted to another purpose; but there will be enough of it parkway to be suggestive. Midway on this boulevard, on a square just touching its outer edge, will be located the railroad station. The railroad station will thus front on an open space, as it were well for stations always to do, and it will make an unmistakable entrance to the town. Leading straight away from square and station and at a slight upward grade, there is a broad, paved street, terminating at its further and upper end in a plaza.

The plaza is to be the official center of the town. It will also be the actual center. Around it will be grouped the public buildings, the county court house, the town hall, the post office—the arrangement illustrating the advantages in convenience as certainly as in impressiveness, of grouping these structures. The plaza upon which they face will be treated with the care deserved by its importance, for it closes the vista of the leading street and frames the picture which greets the traveler issuing from the station and gaining in that moment's look his first impression of the town. In its center there will be a fountain or an important bit of civic sculpture, while the architecture of the abutting buildings will be such as to make it easy to transform the plaza on occasion into a court of honor where civic pageants can be officially reviewed. Behind this plaza, but apparently separated from it by far greater distance, because at a declining level and partly screened by the buildings, there may be an amusement and exhibition section. Here Mr. Kelsey has proposed a representation of the sewers of Paris, with a revenue-yielding grotto restaurant. In another part of the town will be the "educational center." Here will be located on a square the model school house, standing in its model school yard, and here will be the public art gallery and library.

Starting from the official plaza are the radial thoroughfares, one on each side of the main street and cutting it at sharp angles where it enters the square. Their prolongation will cut at angles whatever checkerboard streets are set out on lines conforming with the axis of the main street, and so will illustrate the advantages of radials in a general gridiron plan, both for convenience, as offering short cuts to traffic, and for beauty, as affording variety in street intersection, revealing pleasant vistas, and making easy the provision of little open spaces. It is hoped that these streets need not terminate with the encircling parkway,

but may be carried out until they reach the railroad, so that examples of railroad crossings may be given. If this be possible, it is designed to have one of the thoroughfares pass under the railroad, illustrating elevated track construction, and the other pass over it, to illustrate a railroad cutting. Yet another part of the town, as the topography may determine, will be treated as a "recreation district." Here there will be outdoor restaurants, a band stand (for the "municipal" band), and other amusement features.

A great deal of thought, then, has been expended merely on the street plan of the little Model City, and in that alone the visitor will find much of suggestiveness and much surely that he can carry home and think about when he visits other cities. But the lessons do not merely stop with the laying out of the streets. From their appearance quite as much is expected. They will, for one thing, be kept scrupulously clean. It has even been suggested that the Model City be called "Spotless Town!" They will be well paved, the sidewalks will be trim and even, trees will be planted, and on some, at least, of the streets there will be parking. There may be seats here and there beneath the trees along the wayside. There will be no overhead wires, the buildings will have no chimneys belching black smoke, the lighting apparatus will be decorative in its union of simplicity and dignity, and there will be no screaming of advertisements along the way. The streets will be named, and their signs will be artistic and legible. What has been called the practical basis of civic aesthetics will be emphasized with great care. It will be shown that the decoration of cities begins with the lowliest and most prosaic undertakings, with pavements and curbs and gutters, that the first step in the beautifying of a community is to have good streets, and then to keep them clean, so obtaining the appropriate setting for more ambitious decorative work. There will be no statues surrounded by mud, no parkways littered with papers and refuse, no vistas closed by screaming billboards. All will be orderly, cleanly, and dignified. The first great lesson of the Model City will be what city and town ought not to permit and the long step forward that may be taken by such purely negative action. In this, too, there will be something for the visitor to carry home.

As to the "positive" lessons, the distinctly decorative effort which, raised on the strong and clean foundation, forms the superstructure of civic art, it is proposed to have everything put on the streets the best of its kind, the most suitable for the place it occupies, and therefore the most artistic and decorative. This applies not only to

pavement and walk, but to all the furnishings of the street, to the hydrants, the post boxes (connected with the post office by pneumatic tube), the lighting apparatus, the seats beneath the trees, the trolley plant—for that also will be illustrated—to the refuse receptacles, and to the public convenience stations, for in at least this American community so important an adjunct of city life will not be ignored. But clearly it will not be possible to represent numerous types and styles in juxtaposition. In choosing what is best for the Model City, in the way of a lamp post, for example, it may be necessary to ignore posts of equally good design or that for a broader street might even be better than the post selected. The candelabra on the Place de la Concorde, for instance, would be out of place in Wall street, and if we were bringing municipal art into Wall street we would have to pass them by. This action would do for the city street, but it would too greatly narrow an exhibition. Here rose one of the problems.

So far there has been considered simply the exhibition side of the city, what may be technically called its "picture." Its great interest and its great value are scarcely less obvious than the considerable expense that would be involved in producing it. Fortunately, the first two qualities may be enhanced while the latter is largely reduced by what forms a distinct part of the exhibit, viz.: the revenue-yielding commercial department, where manufacturers of street fixtures, etc.—"the trade"—would exhibit.

As introductory to such a section, there will be devoted that still unused half of the encircling boulevard. This is to be called the "street of street sections" and has been very ingeniously arranged. Dug down to form a cutting, the parkway will pass into it on a descending grade. At its low level the banks on either side will be divided to represent the underground street sections of famous thoroughfares in this country and in Europe. Each division will show a section pierced by sewers, subways, and the different systems for distributing the public utilities as actually constructed in various celebrated streets. There would be, for instance, a street in New York, showing the management of the subway; one in Boston, one or two from London and Paris, one from Turin, perhaps, from Budapest, Rome, or Vienna. The interested visitor will have an opportunity to inspect these exhibits from three vantage points. He may look down upon them from the natural grade, at the top of one of the banks; he may descend into the cut, for a closer examination; or he may see sections of surface construction from an elevated promenade.

Policeman Flynn Arrests a Defaulter*

By Elliott Flower

Policeman Barney Flynn was on reserve duty when the captain sent for him. The policeman sighed, knocked the ashes from his pipe into a cuspidor, put his pipe away, and laboriously rose from his chair.

"Some felly's been makin' throuble fr' himself," he said, "an' fr' me. 'Tis a sha-ame that he sh'u'd be so lackin' in sinse as to shpoii a po-lis-man's r-rest be committin' a cr-rime."

He found a well-dressed, prosperous-looking man closeted with the captain, and the latter lost no time in explaining the nature of the business in hand.

"Flynn," he said, "this is Mr. Baxter, whose confidential clerk defaulted a few weeks ago, and has been hiding ever since the shortage was discovered. You remember the case, of course. Well, Mr. Baxter has just received reliable information that the man secretly returned to his home last night, and is there now. Here's a warrant for his arrest, and I don't want you to come back without him. Mr. Baxter will go with you to identify him."

Policeman Flynn took the warrant, and turned to Mr. Baxter.

"A despicable crime," commented the latter bitterly. "He had been with me for years, and I always had been his friend. I trusted him implicitly."

"Fr' sure," said Policeman Flynn, but without any enthusiasm. Then, as he picked up a pair of handcuffs, he added, "'Tis best to take th' bracelets along, fr' they ma-ay be handy."

A carriage was waiting, and as Flynn and Mr. Baxter rolled along the latter voiced his indignation.

"You can't trust anybody these days," he asserted. "The young men are utterly unreliable. They all want to live beyond their means, and in order to do it they naturally have to use another man's money. It's the age of high living and consequent defalcations."

"Mebbe 'tis so," assented Policeman Flynn, "but there do be la-ads I've thought was honest."

"Honest when there's nothing they can steal," grumbled Mr. Baxter. "Why, I taught this young fellow all that he knows about business—I

gave him his training—and you'd think that gratitude alone would make him faithful to me."

"Sure ye w'u'd," admitted Policeman Flynn. "'Tis a fine thing, is gratichude, whin we don't ha-ave fr' to feed a fam'ly on it."

Mr. Baxter's indignation did not permit him to note the sentiment underlying this remark.

"I have advanced him steadily," he went on, "and with increased responsibilities I have given him more money until at the time he stole from me he was receiving \$800 a year, and I intended to make it \$850 next year."

"Eight hundred dollars a year," repeated Policeman Flynn, reflectively, "an' iv coorse ye thrusted him with money."

"Certainly. He's had as much as \$15,000 or \$20,000 in cash in his keeping frequently, and practically all the money that came in or was paid out passed through his hands. Why, he began with me as an office boy, and I had absolute confidence in him. I liked him, too. I gave him \$25 for a wedding present when he was married three years ago."

"An' ye give him \$800 a year," said Policeman Flynn again, as he thoughtlessly jangled the handcuffs in his pocket.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Baxter irritably. "It annoys me."

"Ye're not th' only wan that's made nervous be th' clink iv thim things," retorted the policeman, in a tone that made Mr. Baxter straighten up suddenly and inquire sharply what he meant.

"Niver a thing," answered Flynn conciliatorily. "I wasn't thinkin' iv what I was sayin'. Me mind was on a shtry I wanst hear-nd iv a hungry ma-an. Ohoh! 'tis a shtrange story, an' most like 'tis wan iv th' fa-able kind that has no thruth in them, but it kind iv come to me now. I'll tell it to ye."

At first Mr. Baxter was inclined to protest, but he thought better of it. There was still some distance to go, and the story might prove amusing, while his thoughts were not.

"Ye see," said Policeman Flynn, "there was a hungry la-ad come to th' door iv a house an' asked fr' a bite to eat."

"Are ye a honest ma-an?" says th' woman iv th' house.

"I am," says th' ma-an.

"Thin," says th' woman, "I'll give ye a bowl iv porridge—a fine la-arge bowl—an' a shpoon, an'

*From Policeman Flynn. By Elliot Flower. The Century Co., New York. By kind permission of the publishers.

whin ye 've tuk three shpoonsful out iv th' bowl bring th' r-rest iv it back to me, fr' I'm thinkin' I'll ha-ave use fr' it.'

"Twas a ha-ard job, but th' ma-an brought th' r-rest iv it back, an' th' nixt da-ay he come to her wanst more. She gave him the gr-reat bowl an' th' shpoon ag'in an' tol' him th' sa-ame as befoor, an' he was shtill an honest ma-an. He kep' gettin' hungrier ivery day, an' fin'ly, be th' ind iv th' week, she wint awa-ay an' lift him in th' kitchen an' he ate everything in sight, so's she an' th' ol' ma-an had to go hungry till th' nixt pay-day."

"She was a fool," asserted Mr. Baxter, although the story had not interested him particularly, in consequence of his preoccupation.

"R-right ye are," acquiesced Policeman Flynn. "Whin 'tis nicissary to thrust food to a man, ye sh'd feed him fir-rst. Ye can't expect a hungry ma-an fr' to shtay hungry whin they's food unther his nose." Then, after a pause, he added thoughtfully, "Tis a shtrange thing!"

"What's a strange thing?" asked Mr. Baxter.

"I was thinkin' ye never hear iv enny iv me fri'nd J. Pierpont Morgan's confidential la-ads r-runnin' away with th' cash, an' he must ha-ave a lot iv felloes that handles money fr' him. An' I've hear-rd that me other fri'nd, Phil Armour, whin he was livin', had plinty iv min that he thrusted."

"They may have been exceptionally fortunate," suggested Mr. Baxter.

"Mebbe 'tis so," returned Policeman Flynn, "an' mebbe they've fed th' la-ads befoor they give them th' porridge to look afer. Iv coarse," he hastened to add as his companion tried to interrupt him, "Ye ha-ave fr' to wa-atch out fr' th' gluttons that's niver satisfied."

"Are you going to defend this defaulter?" demanded Mr. Baxter with dignity. "Are you so far forgetting your place and your duty that—"

"Niver a bit iv it," broke in Policeman Flynn meekly. "'Tis not fr' me to pass judgmint on thim that vilates th' la-aw, only th' idee comes to me—well, niver mind! Fr' why sh'u'd a po-lisman be botherin' with idees annyhow?"

Mr. Baxter looked at him sharply, and then turned away. Flynn's words and manner annoyed him, but the offense committed, if any, was intangible, and nothing was to be gained by engaging in a dispute. So he looked at the buildings they were passing and kept silent until Flynn nervously jangled the handcuffs again, when he again protested irritably.

"Tis onintentional," apologized Policeman Flynn. "There do be times whin I r-reach fr' them sort iv nat'r'l-like."

The fugitive was found in the little flat he had occupied with his wife and child, but the arrest was not made without trouble. The policeman on the beat was stationed at the rear entrance to prevent escape that way, but it proved to be an unnecessary precaution. The man saw them the moment the door was opened and made a rush for the rear; but Flynn was too quick for him. Brushing past the woman who opened the door he was on the fugitive's back before the latter had taken half a dozen steps. They went to the floor together, while the woman screamed and then began to pommel and scratch Flynn. In a trice, however, he had the handcuffs on his prisoner, and as they rose the woman retreated a little, although her eyes still flashed defiance and anger. During the struggle Mr. Baxter had stood in the doorway, trembling with excitement and anxiety lest the man should escape.

"Now that you have him," said the woman bitterly, "I suppose you will take me, too."

"She interfered with you," suggested Mr. Baxter, who felt that both his feelings and the majesty of the law had been ruthlessly trampled upon. "Look at your face."

Policeman Flynn drew his hand across his face, which was badly scratched, and then wiped the blood away with his handkerchief. Ignoring the employer, he turned to the wife of the former employé, and asked: "Fr' why sh'u'd I arrist ye? Fr' because ye thried fr' to help ye'er ma-an? I'm sor-ry fr' ye, an' I'm pr-roud iv ye."

She looked surprised; then, as Flynn turned to leave with his prisoner, she began to weep. He looked at her, at the modestly furnished flat, at the man who had caused the arrest, shook his head solemnly and marched his man down stairs.

"I'll not ride back with you!" announced Mr. Baxter, when the street was reached.

"Tis betther so," said Policeman Flynn in a tone that made the other flush, although it gave no chance for a protest.

When his prisoner was safely locked up Flynn retired to the squad room, and for a long time remained buried in thought, after which he treated some of his brother officers to this thoughtful commentary:

"An edjicated ma-an, with a business thrainin', an' a wife, an' a ba-aby, an' docthor's bills, an' manny years iv faithful wor-rk, an' slathers iv money passin' through his hands, an' him gettin' eight hundred a year. Accordin' to the la-aw 'tis the r-right thing I've done, but, layin' th' la-aw to wan side, th' idee do be r-runnin' in me head that I put th' bracelets on the wr-rong ma-an."

Will There Be Servants in 2000 A. D.?*

By *H. G. Wells*

They [i. e., the married couple of the future] will probably not keep a servant for two very excellent reasons, because in the first place they will not want one, and in the second, they will not get one if they do. A servant is necessary in the small modern house, partly to supplement the deficiencies of the wife, but mainly to supplement the deficiencies of the house. She comes to cook and perform various skilled duties that the wife lacks either knowledge of, training, or both, to perform regularly and expeditiously. Usually it must be confessed that the servant in the small household fails to perform these skilled duties completely. But the great proportion of the servant's duties consists merely in drudgery that the stupidities of our present-day method of house construction entail, and which the more sanely constructed house of the future will avoid.

Consider, for instance, the wanton disregard of avoidable toil displayed in building houses with a service basement without lifts! Then, most dusting and sweeping would be quite avoidable if houses were wiser done. It is the lack of proper warming appliances which necessitates a vast amount of coal carrying and dirt distribution, and it is this dirt mainly that has so painfully to be removed again.

The house of the future will probably be warmed in its walls from some power-generating station, as, indeed, already very many houses are lighted at the present day. The lack of sane methods of ventilation also enhances the general dirtiness and dustiness of the present-day home, and gas lighting and the use of tarnishable metals, wherever possible, involve further labor. But air will enter the house of the future through proper tubes in the walls, which will warm it and capture its dust, and it will be spun out again by a simple mechanism. And by simple devices such sweeping as still remains necessary can be enormously lightened. The fact that in existing homes the skirting meets the floor at right angles makes sweeping about twice as troublesome as it will be when people have the sense and ability to round off the angle between wall and floor.

So one great lump of the servant's toil will practically disappear. Two others are already

disappearing. In many houses there are still the offensive duties of filling lamps and blacking boots to be done. Our coming house, however, will have no lamps to need filling, and, as for the boots, really intelligent people will feel the essential ugliness of wearing the evidence of constant manual toil upon their persons. They will wear sorts of shoes and boots that can be cleaned by wiping in a minute or so. Take now the bedroom work. The lack of ingenuity in sanitary fittings at present forbids the obvious convenience of hot and cold water supply to the bedroom, and there is a mighty fetching and carrying of water and slops to be got through daily. All that will cease. Every bedroom will have its own bath-dressing room, which any well-bred person will be intelligent and considerate enough to use and leave without the slightest disarrangement. This, so far as "upstairs" goes, really only leaves bed-making to be done, and a bed does not take five minutes to make. Downstairs a vast amount of needless labor at present arises out of table wear. "Washing up" consists of a tedious cleansing and wiping of each table utensil in turn, whereas it should be possible to immerse all dirty table wear in a suitable solvent for a few minutes and then run that off for the articles to dry. The application of solvents to window cleaning, also, would be a possible thing but for the primitive construction of our windows, which prevents anything but a painful rub, rub, rub, with the leather. A friend of mine, in domestic service, tells me that this rubbing is to get the window dry, and this seems to be the general impression, but I think it incorrect. The water is not an adequate solvent, and enough cannot be used under existing conditions. Consequently, if the window is cleaned and left wet, it dries in drops, and these drops contain dirt in solution which remain as spots. But water containing a suitable solvent could quite simply be made to run down a window for a few minutes from pin-holes in a pipe above into a groove below, and this could be followed by pure rain water for an equal time, and in this way the whole window cleaning in the house could, I imagine, be reduced to the business of turning on a tap.

There remains the cooking. To-day cooking, with its incidentals, is a very serious business; the coaling, the ashes, the horrible moments of heat, the hot, black things to handle, the silly,

*From "Anticipations," by H. G. Wells. Harper & Bros., New York, \$1.80. Copyright, 1901, by The North American Review Publishing Co. All rights reserved.

vague recipes, the want of neat apparatus. One always imagines a cook working with a crimsoned face and bare, blackened arms. But with a neat little range, heated by electricity and provided with thermometers, with absolutely controllable temperatures and proper heat screens, cooking might very easily be made a pleasant amusement for intelligent invalid ladies. Which reminds

one, by-the-by, as an added detail to our previous sketch of the scenery of the days to come, that there will be no chimneys at all to the house of the future of this type, except the flue for the kitchen smells. This will not only abolish the chimney stack, but make the roof a clean and pleasant addition to the garden spaces of the home.

Random Reading: *Miniature Essays on Life*

The Changeless Mary Applewhite Bacon Harper's

The King had called together his counselors into the chamber where only cases of life and death were considered. From the tall window opposite the dais the heavy silk curtains were drawn back. Between their yellow folds shone the paler glow of the wide sunset sky. But the King's eyes saw nothing except the woman before him. Her back was to the light; the curves of her drooping head and tall, slender form were in lovely outline; the dark shadows below her eyes and around her lips seemed darker still.

"All the good things of life were yours," the King said to her, "but you gave nothing to him—no place at your feasts, no flowers from your gardens, no song to make him glad. And there was not a desire of your heart that was not precious in his sight."

The woman made no answer. Her long lashes drooped against the heavy circles below her eyes. Her white hands lay passive in her lap.

"You loved him not, and he died because there was no place for him in your heart."

The woman raised her heavy eyelids and looked for a moment into the King's face.

"Have you any defense to make?"

She shook her head. Her eyes had fallen again.

"My lord," one of the counselors said, a sudden pity breaking over his countenance, "the man had no comeliness of form nor grace of speech. The woman is not wholly to blame."

The woman lifted her head. "The sweet coming of the summer dawn was less sweet than the light of his eyes," she said. "His thoughts were those of an angel and not of a man."

"And yet you loved him not."

In the uncertain light her face seemed to quiver, but her lips framed no reply.

"She has caused the death of the innocent," one said; "let her also die."

"Rather compel her, clothed in sackcloth, to tell the story of her guilt from door to door, that she may receive the just abhorrence of men."

"In the Isle of Lepers," another counseled, "let her nurse the sick and bury the dead until a death as vile as theirs fastens its slow misery upon her."

The rest were silent, and in all faces save one there was approval. That was the face of a man past middle life, and there were deep and bitter lines upon it. "Shut her up for a year," he said, "from the sight and hearing of men. Let there be no ear to listen when she would confess her sin, nor voice of sorrow to crave her help. So shall Memory alone have speech with her."

A strange triumph settled about his mouth, but the other counselors shuddered even while they gave assent. It was as if each had seen unveiled before him the secrets of his own heart.

Once more the woman sat in the presence of the King and his counselors. Again between the parted folds of the yellow silken curtains shone the pale light of the wide autumn sky. The woman's beautiful face was in shadow as before, but the look that streamed from her level eyes was like the long beams of the lingering day. She might have borne within her some divine secret, so calm she sat; yet around her lips were the signs of an endless sorrow.

An awe came into the faces of the men that looked upon her—awe, compassion, penitence. Tears lay on their cheeks, but glistened not for the gathering darkness. Only the light from the woman's eyes shone in the dim chamber.

"I adjure you, my daughter," the King said from the long silence, "that you declare unto us this miracle, that, having fulfilled your punishment, you still live and are unafraid."

"It is even thus with me, my lord," she said: "Love dies not with the body, but through the

illimitable spaces returns to say: 'I forgive, because I still am Love.'

Motives of Misers.....Spectator (London)

It is a pity that there is no autobiography of a miser, for there is no kind of exceptional man whom average men find it so difficult fully to comprehend. Indeed, they generally give up the attempt to comprehend him, and when they come across an indisputable case like that of Mr. Batchelor, of Epsom, whose death in an infirmary is recorded this week, they avoid the difficulty by declaring that he must have been insane. No one, they think, in possession of his reason and two thousand pounds would suffer himself to be killed by personal privations. As, however, they do not pronounce any other kind of ascetic insane, but, on the contrary, frequently count his self-discipline to him for virtue, the explanation seems, when carefully considered, a little feeble. Whatever else a miser may be, he is certainly an ascetic. Under the dominance of an idea he deliberately refuses his body the indulgences it craves, limits food to the least which will support life, regards warmth as a sinful luxury, wears only the clothes without which the police might arrest him, and in extreme cases faces the elements with as much composure as ever did St. Simeon Stylites, who had a milder climate to contend with. The miser's soul certainly dominates his body, if there be such a thing as domination, and he himself is entitled to the credit of subduing the flesh through long periods of time—often, indeed, through all his mature years. It is not the self-subjugation of the miser, however, but the inadequacy of the apparent motive for it which has earned the contempt of the world, and it is worth while to consider for a moment what this motive may really be. It is usually explained as a thirst for gold, and though the majority of mankind have always thirsted for gold, and probably will always thirst for it, gold giving them at once power and freedom, they retain enough belief in the superiority of mind over matter to consider avarice a contemptible vice. It is to be noted, however, that, absorbing as their base passion may be, misers rarely surrender themselves to it so far as to lose all self-control. Usually they are honest enough, and refrain from stealing with commendable self-command. Misers are not insane or ungovernably avaricious, or they would run amuck at the shop windows; and we suspect that Sir Walter Scott exaggerated the want of self-control in the old usurer of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. But, being sane, what is it that induces them to act in so irrational a way? Why, with money at command, will they not buy clothes, or

food, or firing? They have clearly no magnificent hope to sustain them, like the monks of the Thebaid, for they know just as well as other people that they cannot carry money into the next world, and that, whatever counts to their credit there, unused accumulations will not. Yet they go on accumulating to the last gasp, a reformed miser—if a real one, and not a man who saves with a definite and attainable object—being a character more frequent in fiction than in real life.

We suspect that we get the best hint of the real truth from the gibe of the old laborer who told his master, "I be a braver man, Master, than you be, for I durst spend my last farden, and you dursen't." In other words, the root of miserliness is fear, fear of the extreme poverty to avoid which at some indefinite future time the miser faces all its consequences in the present. That is a state of mind not uncommonly displayed in other directions, as when a man shoots himself in terror of being shot, an incident occasionally recorded in the barrack-rooms of almost all armies. The instinct is perceptible in many animals, dogs, for instance, accumulating and burying bones, and guarding them with hot jealousy, though they know that good meals are awaiting them inside. The root cause of thrift, which we all admire and preach because it is so convenient to the community, is fear, fear of future want; and that fear, we are convinced, when indulged overmuch by pessimist minds is the most frequent cause of miserliness. The man does not want the gold so much as protection from the danger of wanting it. His terror gradually increases until it nearly masters him—not quite, or he would steal—and until it actually in a very singular way sweeps away part of his avarice. It is a notorious fact in the lives of great misers that so acute is their terror of robbery that they will sacrifice willingly large sums obtainable in interest rather than suffer their accumulations out of their sight. It is an imaginative terror which makes the thrifty man into the miser, and induces him to postpone all wants, even the most necessary, to the pursuit of a safety from want which he can never reach. We ask any man conscious of the saving instinct, which is as separate and as strong in some natures as any other passion, if this is not true. The fear once indulged and the habit set up, other motives come in, one being a kind of gloating pride based on the difference between the miser's real position and the estimate formed of him by his neighbors. He is always exulting to himself over their want of insight, their wasted pity, their recklessness, when he himself is so careful and forethoughted. The true miser exults in his treas-

ures, which have grown in value in his mind as he contemplates them, just as the treasures of the art-collector do, or of the book-lover.

There is a charm in bearing quietly what others have not to bear, in forcing oneself through the long, monotonous, and perhaps distasteful task, in suffering on without quailing when naturally one ought to quail. The motive may often be the sense of duty, strongly felt, for example, by coachmen as well as soldiers, but it is often also an inner pride in one's own capacity to endure without wincing under the painful or the disagreeable. The sentry in the snow perceives the snow and hates the snow, but in defying the snow credits himself with being more of a man than even he himself had thought. The miser who goes barefoot that the shillings may heap up feels his own firmness, his own steadfastness of purpose, his own self-domination, and, in a more or less chuckling way, is proud of them all. He has reason to be, too, the thing wrong with him not being so much his perfectly excusable acts, most of which are necessarily self-suppressions, as the baseness or irrationality of the motive for which they are performed.

The Art of Friendship.....J. G. L.....Macmillan's

There is reason for a suspicion, if not more than a suspicion, that the art of friendship is dead amongst us. The friendship of the ancients, both of Greece and of Rome, was very exacting. In modern times we should look a long day for such mutual regard as that of Damon and Pythias, which softened the heart of Dionysius himself. Friendship, in our crowded days, covers a wider area, but as in the case of all extensive developments it has lost intensively. It has become as Swift described it, "the friendship of the middling kind." But rarely do we see the stubborn, stoical, mutual regard which Cicero describes, self-annihilatory, seeking for excellence, priceless-rich in trust and confidence. Much of our friendship is wrecked, as Lysander says of love in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," by running "upon the choice of friends." Polonius bade Laertes to be deliberate, that is, to choose cautiously ere he grappled his friends to his soul "with hoops of steel." Herein we have the normal advice on the subject, distorted usually to such an extent that the kindly chamberlain would repudiate responsibility for our interpretation. Since our school-days it has been dinned into our ears. We were whipped for swapping peg-tops with the boy from the house beyond the hill, not that the bargain was a bad one, nor that our regard for him lacked sincerity, but that some one else regarded him as an undesirable companion. It may be that his

father once sold pork, by the pound, and not by the pig; it may be that his mother on one occasion wiped the dust from her own window. Whatever may be the ostensible reason, we were compelled to return the peg-top, which we did with an ill grace, for bitter is the first lesson in conventional friendship. It was an initiation into the lesson, the valuable lesson, that for the future our friends must not shake hands over the social barriers. Many hands have been torn by the broken bottles on the walls of social indifference.

INSISTENCE ON CHOICE OF FRIENDS

The emphasis of the element of choice in friendship, with its concomitant, the banishment of the element of spontaneous affection, has done much to render true friendship impossible and to bring about the present decay of the art. It is unfortunate in a utilitarian day that we cannot likewise choose our parents. Friendship is fallen from its ideal. The friendship described by Bishop Hall nearly two hundred years ago as "diffusing its odor through the season of absence," is exchanged for the slenderest of acquaintanceships whose value is duly marked by our indifferent nods of greeting. So ready are we to say that John Smith and William Brown are unsuitable friends, because we cannot see the tie which binds them, that the simple quality of affection is left out of the reckoning altogether. Were we to choose a friend for John Smith, there is Thomas Robinson who could assist him in business, or Joseph Jones who would be that priceless of friends, in the modern computation, the friend at court. We forget the primary necessity that John Smith must love his friend; we overlook the fact that as yet science has not discovered a process of vaccination whereby affection may be transplanted or infused. John Smith may choose a valet or a private secretary, and if by the same process he chooses a friend, that friend will be, in greater or less degree, an employé. Hence it is that the wide preaching of the doctrine of choice has ousted friendship from the category of tender relationships. In its stead we have visiting-lists. Not those whom we love, but those whom we would propitiate do we invite to dinner. Those who would propitiate us invite us in turn, and permit us to eat their food, air our views and even, by incredible patience, to sing our songs, not for their but for our own satisfaction. We have banished from our lives the tender confidence and the sweet counsel, of which Cicero spoke: "Where would be the great enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice in it equally with yourself? And adversity would, indeed, be difficult to endure, without some one to bear it even with greater regret than yourself." So far

has the axiom of splendid isolation infected not merely national but personal affairs that the Stoic who does not even confide in his wife is rapidly coming to be regarded as the hero instead of as the Turk, which really he is. The morning train finds us ready to cast our pearls of wisdom before—fellow-travelers, who see us morning by morning and scarcely know our names and could not spell them if they did. A solicitor gives us advice on law, a stockbroker on finance, a medicine-man on ailments, each for a convenient fee, until we have disseminated the whole of friendship into several professional acts. The morning, midday and evening newspapers bring to us the influence of humanity, where once tender and confidential personal intercourse would mould our lives into a true image with a clear superscription of loftier ideals. So far have we gone in our scorn for intimate, day-by-day personal contact, that we roundly declare we have no leisure for it, just as the American speculator impetuously, but not untruthfully, groaned that he had not the "durned time to live." Accordingly when we hear of Carlyle and Tennyson smoking together in silence for hours, we smile our lack of comprehension, since the unattainable is always a laughing matter. Thus do dogs bay at the moon.

Minds and Noses Louis Robinson Blackwood's

While admitting that the human nose, even if not always intrinsically beautiful, is a necessary adjunct to the ideal human countenance (what would the handsomest among us be without it?), let us see what can be said for its face value as a factor in determining the survival of the fittest.

I believe the key to the whole problem may be found in the statement that a fairly developed nose is absolutely necessary in the production of the distinctive human voice.

To quote the words of Sir Charles Bell (who, however, drew no historical inferences from the facts before him), "the prominence of the nose, and of the lower parts of the forehead, and the development of the cavities in the center of the face, are all concerned in the voice. This is ascertained by the manliness of the voice coming with the full development of these parts."

Hence the nose can legitimately claim no small share of the credit derived from any advantage which man gains from his unique vocal gifts.

Now it is a noteworthy fact that all savage nations where oratory is a power, have large and fairly well formed noses. Although the Bantus appear to be somewhat of an exception when compared with white men, we find that their noses are much better developed than those of the ma-

jority of blacks, while almost without exception the members of the ruling families among the Bantu tribes of South Africa have noses both larger and better shaped than the average Kaffir. On the contrary, the Hottentots, Bushmen, and other kindred races, whose speech is imperfect, and largely consists of clicks, have small, flat noses with an extremely low bridge.

These facts are of importance, because there seems a general tendency to regard the patrician nose among ourselves as a mark of Norman descent. This is equivalent to regarding it as purely racial, and as representative of a prominent trait in one of the many tribal units of which the modern British race is compounded. Although there may be some truth in this view—for many marked personal peculiarities, such as very red hair, seem to be survivals of ancient tribal characteristics—it does not help us toward the origin of large noses in the first place; nor does it explain their prevalence among the chiefs of such widely-separated families as the Aryan, American, New Zealand, Bantu, and Papuan.

SIGNIFICANCE OF PATRICIAN NOSE

Now what is the significance of the above facts and inferences from the standpoint of the rigid evolutionist? How can the possession of that prominent type of nose which ensures volume, timbre, and other commanding qualities to the human voice, give a better chance of survival, and of racial increase (in an environment where public oratory is a factor) than is enjoyed by those who have it not?

We must, I think, again go back to those primeval times when man was, so to speak, still in process of manufacture, if we would answer this question; and we may gain a fairly accurate idea as to the conditions of life among our primitive ancestors by studying the main conditions of life among modern savages who live chiefly by hunting, as did all the men of the earlier Stone Ages.

In the first place, it is found that among all primitive peoples—and among some not so primitive—the official functions of a pater patriæ are interpreted in a most literal and liberal manner. Even your exemplary savage potentate mates early and often, and generally manages to secure both the better favored women of his own tribe and pick of the female captives. Vociferous replicas of his rostrate countenance would thus become plentiful throughout the land; and as soon as a princely caste arose—such as we find among all more settled peoples—this manifolding process would augment in something like geometrical progression.

Now for the same reason, which we need not

discuss (but which is doubtless complementary to the naso-oratorical doctrine already expounded), it is universally agreed that the ideal feminine nose must be of strictly moderate dimensions. Hence our aboriginal pater patriæ, who was able to materialize his ideals in this direction more freely and fully than the primeval commoner, would, by so doing, ensure for posterity some mitigation of his own nasal exuberance.

A NOSE OF CULTURE

The molding influences already alluded to which render the patrician nose to some extent a product of culture, seem mainly traceable to a close association which exists between certain muscles attached to the more flexible parts of the nose and those in the immediate neighborhood. Nowhere is the lasting mark of dominant mental habits more plainly seen than in the muscles about the mouth. They are continually in action when we exercise the will—either in self-control or in attempts to control other men or things—and every time they come into play they give a chastening tug at our noses.

Finally, it may be said that, for the maintenance of a patrician nose at its best, a well-balanced mind is almost as necessary as carefulness in outward behavior. Its chastity of tint and outline is endangered, not only by high living and low thinking, but also by the habitual and unrestrained indulgence of emotions generally deemed innocent, and even laudable. These, through their strange secondary influence upon the nerves which regulate the circulation and nutrition of the skin of the face, are quite capable of inducing a certain coarseness of expression curiously akin to that induced by indulgence in vicious pleasures.

Herein, perhaps, may be found some sort of crude and general recipe for an aristocratic nose: which is offered, in all good faith—but with no absolute warranty—to every one with good powers of mental assimilation.

THE PLEBEIAN NOSE

There can be no doubt that the ordinary plebeian nose, with its somewhat low bridge, concave profile, and wide nostrils, is, above all others, the nose which is proper to mankind. All other types are developed from it. Even now the whole human species, of whatever race, possesses it in early infancy; and it is almost invariably found among savages of a primitive type.

This explains, perhaps, why its presence is found to be consistent with almost all traits and types of character; and also why, when it is present in an exaggerated form, the mental peculiarities which accompany it are always those characteristic of immaturity, such as thoughtlessness, conceit, instability, etc. In fact, the puerile shape

of the nose in such extreme cases is an index of a mind which has never properly developed. Where there has been but little exercise of self-restraint, as among the more careless section of the lower classes, the parts about the nostrils have a peculiar lumpishness of appearance very easy to recognize although difficult to describe, which, with the jaunty, upward turn of the tip, gives the face an expression of foolish self-satisfaction. In such faces the red surface of the upper lip is almost always freely displayed; this being due to the fact that the muscles which are habitually called into action when we exercise the will are relaxed from want of use.

There is one type of puerile nose common among the inmates of our workhouses which I must briefly discuss. In it we have a most instructive example of the way in which a small bodily defect may react disastrously upon the mind, and upon the whole moral nature; insomuch that the unhappy individual possessing it may thereby suffer defeat in the struggle for existence.

In this type of nose the nostrils are small, immobile, and inefficient; showing that they have not been used for respiration during the period of growth. Nostrils of this type, especially in children, are generally accompanied with certain other well-marked facial peculiarities. The root of the nose is broad and sunken, while the eyes often have a crescentic fold of skin covering the inner canthus, and usually present a heavy and somewhat stupid expression. In such children the mouth is always more or less open, so as to afford passage for the breath, and not unfrequently the tip of the tongue is visible. This state of affairs is often accompanied by a certain amount of deafness. The child's speech is somewhat thick and indistinct, and, if its mouth be examined, the palate is found to be narrow and high, while the arch of the jaw appears compressed from side to side so that the teeth are crowded together and the front ones thrust forward and outward. In the more extreme cases these unfortunates seem so dull of intellect that they are regarded as little better than imbeciles. On inquiry one almost invariably finds that they snore loudly whenever they are asleep, and that they seem especially heavy and stupid when they awake in the morning. From amongst this class are recruited a large number of those who become permanently deaf in early life from destructive abscesses in the ear (owing to partial obliteration of the eustachian tubes), and also of those who suffer from chronic bone disease in the contiguous parts of the skull.

It is only too easy here to trace the relationship between nasal defects and mental deficiencies.

C h o i c e V e r s e

The Passage.....George Cabot Lodge.....Atlantic

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the earth,
 With ever before us the perilous vista, behind us the laughter and light of the hearth.
 With the wind of the wilderness fresh in our faces, the rain in our hair like a chaplet of light,
 As the silent low light of the Dawn, like a dewfall, is sifted and shed through the raiment of night.
 And the airs shall be smitten in sunder
 Before us
 With lightning and voices of thunder
 In chorus.

We shall pass over desolate places, strange forest and measureless plain,
 And the moon shall relent and the spaces of midnight be severed in twain;
 Over meadows that murmur with fountains, where rivers like serpents lie curled,
 We shall pass to the wall of the mountains, crouched low on the edge of the world;
 Till the last low ledge of the lea
 Makes division,
 Till the wild wide waste of the sea
 Fills our vision.

* * * * *

And the bonds of allegiance that fetter the spirit, the oaths of obedience sworn in the past,
 Shall be words of the lesson of life we inherit, embraced, understood, superseded at last;
 We are done with the gods of our old adoration, we acknowledge they served in their turn and were fair,
 But we go, for behold! after long preparation what no man has dared to discover, we dare.
 Till the body and soul and all time
 Shall be blended,

Aspiration and virtue and crime
 Comprehended.

We must fathom the sense and the spirit till we stand self-possessed of the whole—
 Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the Soul!

Sierran Lullaby....Marion Warner Wildman.....Century

Sleep, oh, sleep!
 By a trail that is wild and steep,
 The last red sunbeams climb,
 Little child, from the purple vale
 At sunset-time.

Steep and wild,
 Up the forest-clad heights, O child!
 The manzanitas gray
 And the birches along the trail
 Have lost the day.

Rest, ah, rest!
 Now afar on the highest crest
 Great pines have caught the light;
 Now they darken, the gold rays fail
 And fade to night.

Hark, oh, hark!
 How the wind in the pine-boughs dark
 A wild, sweet music thrills!
 Sleep—sleep, till the stars grow pale
 Above the hills!

*Mute Opinion.....Thomas Hardy**

I traversed a dominion
 Whose spokesmen spoke out strong
 Their purpose and opinion
 Through pulpit, press and song.

*From Poems of the Past and Present, Harper & Bros.

I scarce had means to note there
 A large eyed few, and dumb,
 Who thought not as those thought there
 That stirred the heat and hum.

When, grown a Shade, beholding
 That land in lifetime trode,
 To learn if its unfolding
 Fulfilled its clamored code,
 I saw, in web unbroken,
 Its history outwrought
 Not as the loud had spoken,
 But as the dumb had thought.

Epitaph.....Fullerton L. Waldo.....Everybody's
 This man was one of the old fighting-fellows,
 Whose soul did choose to follow the Great Captain,
 And, following, has gone out into darkness.
 What has he won but darkness? Ask the Captain:
 You'll find the Captain out there in the darkness.

To One in Despair.....Bliss Carman.....Mirror
 O die not yet, great heart: but deign
 A little longer to endure
 This life of passionate fret and strain,
 Of slender hope and joy unsure.

Take Contemplation by the sleeve,
 And ask her, "Is it not worth while
 To teach my fellows not to grieve—
 To lend them courage in a smile?"

"Is it so little to have made
The timorous ashamed of fear—
The idle and the false afraid
To front existence with a sneer?"

For those who live within your sway
Know not a mortal fear, save one—
That some irreparable day
They should awake, and find you gone.

Live on, love on. Let reason swerve;
But Instinct knows her own great lore,
Like some uncharted planet's curve
That sweeps our sight, then is no more.

Live on, love on, without a qualm,
Child of immortal charity,
In the great certitude and calm
Of joy freeborn that shall not die.

We dream ourselves inheritors
Of some unknown and distant good,
That shall requite us for the faults
Of our own lax ineptitude.

But soon and surely they may come,
Whom love makes wise and courage free,
Into this heritage of joy—
Their earth-day of eternity.

The thought that I could ever call
Your name, and you would not be here,
At moments sweeps my soul away
In the relentless tide of fear;

Then from its awful ebb returns
The sea of gladness strong and sure.
By this I know that love is great;
But this I know I shall endure.

When I shall have lain down to sleep,
I pray no sound to break my rest.
No seraph's trumpet through the night
Could touch my weary soul with zest.

But oh, beyond the reach of thought,
How I should waken and rejoice,
To hear across the drift of time
One golden echo of your voice.

The Valley of Silence.....*Fortnightly Review*

In the secret Valley of Silence
No breath doth fall;
No wind stirs in the branches;
No bird doth call:
As on a white wall
A breathless lizard is still,
So silence lies on the valley,
Breathlessly still.

In the dusk-grown heart of the valley
An altar rises white:
No rapt priest bends in awe
Before its silent light:
But sometimes a flight
Of breathless words of prayer
White-wing'd enclose the altar,
Eddies of prayer.

A Gypsy Rover.....*Walter C. Howden*.....*Chambers's*

Whither away, O wandering wight?
What is the quest you follow?
Wherefore it leads you, day and night,
Clambering hill and hollow?
With never a pathway, never a guide,
You travel the world over:
Out o'er the moorlands spreading wide,
Out o'er the waters' trackless tide—
A wandering gypsy rover.

I heard you pass at the dead of night,
With cry like an infant wailing;
At break of day you had taken flight,
Out to the far woods sailing.
The larches swing in your wild embrace,
The birch sighs as to a lover;
But never a one can see your face,
And never a one may foot your pace—
O wandering gypsy rover!

You scatter the sweets of the wayside briars,
You pipe to the waves' vagaries;
You eddy around the sunset fires,
And dance with the moonlight fairies.
You sniff betimes the salt of the brine,
The scent of the bean and clover;
You sow and reap, yet give no sign,
And without you the mother-earth would pine—
O wind-brother, gypsy rover!

Blind Children.....*J. Zangwill*.....*Lippincott's*

Laughing, the blind boys
Run round their college lawn,
Playing such games of buff
Over its dappled grass.

See the blind frolicsome
Girls in blue pinny-fores,
Turning their skipping-ropes.

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is,
Sweet scent of grass and bloom
Playmates' glad symphony.
Cool touch of western wind,
Sunshine's divine caress.

How should they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But—O the miracle!
If a Redeemer came,
Laid fingers on their eyes—
One touch and what a world
New-born in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,
Hulls of white cloud adrift,
Ivy-green college walls,
Shining loved faces.
What a dark world—who knows?—
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch, and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid-universe!

Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?

The Sketch Book: *Character in Outline*

An Apt Pupil.....*New York Life*

When the A.'s went to California they rented a small furnished house and engaged a Chinese man of all work. The house was well situated and tastefully furnished, and Wing Lee proved to be a good cook, clean and respectful. As soon as the A.'s were settled the neighbors began to call, and it was then that the fact was discovered that Wing was absolutely devoid of any ideas as to the ushering in or out of guests. So one morning the ladies determined to instruct him. Providing him with a tray, Miss A. went out, rang the bell, was shown into the parlor, and waited while the calm Celestial carried her card to Mrs. A. This performance was repeated several times until the ladies were quite satisfied that Wing was perfect in his rôle.

That evening at half-past eight the bell rang. Wing scuttled majestically to the door, while mother and daughter hung breathlessly over the bannisters to watch the result of their teaching.

They heard a gentleman's voice ask if the ladies were at home. They saw Wing present his tray and receive a card with an air which made them mentally pat each other on the back, and then they saw him draw a card from his sleeve ("Mine," gasped Miss A., "the one we used for the lesson"), compare the two carefully, and returning his to the astonished guest, with a bland "Tickee no good, can't come in," calmly shut the door in his face.

Bobbie Unwelcome*Annie Hamilton Donnell*.....*Harper's*

Bobby had learned U that day in school, and he strutted home beside his nurse, Olga, with conscious relief in the swing of his sturdy legs. There was a special reason why Bobby felt relieved to get to U. He glanced up, up, up, sideways, at the non-committal face so far above him, and wondered in his anxious little way whether or not it would be prudent to speak of the special reason now. Olga had times, Bobby had discovered, when you dasent speak of things, and it looked—yes, cert'ly—as though she was having one now. Still, if you only dast to—

"It's the same one that's in the middle o' my name, don't you know," he plunged in, hurriedly.

"Mercy! What iss it the child iss talking about!"

"There! wasn't she having one? Didn't she usually say 'Mercy!' like that when she was?"

"That letter, you know—U. The one in the middle o' my name." Bobby hastened on—"right prezac'ly in the middle of it. I wish"—but he

caught himself up with a jerk. It didn't seem best, after all, to consult Olga now—not now, while she was having one. Better wait—only, dear, dear, dear, how long he had waited a'ready!

It had not occurred to Bobby to consult his mother. They two were not intimately acquainted, and naturally he felt shy.

Bobby's mother was very young and beautiful. He had seen her dressed in a wondrous, soft, white dress once, with little specks of shiny things burning on her bare throat, and ever since he had known what angels look like.

There were reasons enough why Bobby seldom saw his mother. The house was very big, and her room was so far away from his;—that was one reason. Then he always went to bed, and got up, and ate his meals, before she did.

There was another reason why he and the beautiful young mother did not know each other very well, but even Olga had never explained that one. Bobby had that ahead of him, to find out—poor Bobby! Some one had called him Fire Face once at school, but the kind-hearted teacher had never let it happen again.

At home, in the great empty house, the mirrors were all high up out of reach, and in the nursery there had never been any at all. Bobby had never looked at himself in a mirror. Of course he had seen himself up to his chin—dear, yes—and admired his own little straight legs often enough, and doubled up his little round arms to hunt for his "muscle." In a quiet, unobtrusive way Bobby was rather proud of himself. He had to be—there was no one else, you see. And even at six, when there is so little else to do, one can put in considerable time regarding one's legs and arms.

"I guess you don't call those bow-legged legs, do you, Olga?" he had exulted once, in an unguarded moment when he had been thinking of Cleggy Munro's legs at school. "I guess you call those pretty straight-up-'n-down ones!" And the hard face of the old nurse had suddenly softened in a strange, pleasant way, and for the one only time that he could remember, Olga had taken Bobby in her arms and kissed him.

"They're beautiful legs, that iss so," Olga had said, but she hadn't been looking at them when she said it. She had been looking straight into his face. The look hurt, too, Bobby remembered. He did not know what pity was, but it was that that hurt.

The night after he learned U at school Bobby decided to hazard everything and ask Olga what

the one in his name stood for. He could not put it off any longer.

"Olga, what does the U in the middle o' my name stand for?" he broke out suddenly while he was being unbuttoned for bed. "I know it's a U, but I don't know a U-what. I've 'cided I won't go to bed till I've found out."

Things had gone criss-cross. The old Norwegian woman was not in a good humor.

"Unwelcome—that iss what it must stand for," she laughed.

"Bobby Unwelcome!" Bobby laughed too. Then a piteous little suspicion crept into his mind, and began to grow. He turned upon Olga sharply. "What does Unwelcome mean?" he demanded.

"Eh? Iss it not enough plain to you? Well, not wanted—that iss what it means, then?"

"Not wanted,—not wanted." Bobby repeated the words over and over to himself, not quite satisfied yet. They sounded bad—oh, very; but perhaps Olga had got them wrong. She was not a United States person. It would be easy for another kind of a person to get things wrong. Still—"not wanted"—they certainly sounded very plain. And they meant—Bobby gave a faint gasp, and suddenly his thoughts turned dizzily round and round one terrible pivot—"not wanted." He sprang away out of the nurse's hands and darted down the long, bright hall to his mother's room. She was being dressed for a ball, and the room was pitilessly light. She sat at a table with a little mirror before her. Suddenly another face appeared in it with hers—a little scarred, red face, stamped deep with childish woe. The contrast appalled her.

Bobby was not looking into the glass, but into her beautiful face.

"Is that what it stands for?" he demanded, breathlessly. "She said so. Did she lie?"

"Robert! For heaven's sake, child, stand away! You are tearing my lace. What are you doing here? Why are you not in bed?"

"Does it stand for that?" he persisted.

"Does what stand for what? Look, you are crushing my dress. Stand farther off. Don't you see, child?"

"She said the U in the middle o' my name stood for Not Wanted. Does it? Tell me quick. Does it?"

The contrast of the two faces in her mirror hurt her like a blow. It brought back all the disappointment and the wounded vanity of that time, six years ago, when they had shown her the tiny, disfigured face of her son.

"No, it wasn't that. I moremember now. It was Unwelcome, but it means that. Is the middle o' my name Unwelcome—what?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said. The boy's eyes followed hers to the mirror, and in that brief, awful space he tasted of the Tree of Knowledge.

With a little cry he stumbled backward into the lighted hall. There was a slip, and the sound of a soft little body bounding down the polished stairs.

A good while afterward Bobby opened his eyes wonderingly. There seemed to be people near him, but he could not see them at all distinctly. A faint, wonderful perfume crept to him.

"It's very dark, isn't it?" he said, in surprise. "I can smell a beautiful smell, but I can't see it. Why, why! It isn't she, is it?—not my mother? Why, I wasn't specting to find— Oh, I moremember it now—I moremember it all! Then I'm glad it's dark. I shouldn't want it to be as light as that again. Oh, no! oh, no! I shouldn't want her to see—Why, is she crying? What is she crying for?"

He put out a small weak hand and groped toward the sound of bitter sobbing. Instinctively he knew it was she.

"I'm very sorry. I guess I know what the matter is. It's me, and I'm very sorry. I never knew it before; no, I never. I'm glad its dark now—arenn't you?—'count o' that. Only I'm a little speck sorry it wasn't light enough for you to see my legs. They're very straight ones—you can ask Olga. You might feel of 'em if you thought 'twould help any to. P'raps it might make you feel a very little—just a very little—better to. They're cert'nly very straight ones. But then of course they aren't like a—like a—a face. They're only legs. But they're the best I can do."

He ended wearily, with a sigh of pain. The bitter sobbing kept on, and seemed to trouble him. Then a new idea occurred to him, and he made a painful effort to turn on his pillow and to speak brightly.

"I didn't think of that— P'raps you think I'm feeling bad 'count o' the U in the middle o' my name. Is that what makes you cry? Why, you needn't. That's all right! After—after I looked in there, of course I knew 'bout how it was. I wish you wouldn't cry. It jobbles my—my heart."

But it was his little broken body that it joggled. The mother found it out, and stopped sobbing by a mighty effort. She drew very close to Bobby in the dark that was light to every one else, and laid her wet cheek against the little scarred, red face. The motion was so gentle that it scarcely stirred the yellow tendrils of his soft hair. An infinite tenderness was born out of her anguish.

There was left her a merciful moment to be a mother in. Bobby forgot his pain in the bliss of it.

"Why, why, this is very nice!" he murmured, happily. "I never knew it would be as nice as this—I never knew! But I'm glad it's dark,—aren't you? I'd rather it would—be——dark."

And then it grew altogether dark for Bobby, and the little face against the new-born, heart-broken mother's cheek felt cold, and would not warm with all her passionate kisses.

Polly-Powwows.....J. R. Crawford.....Smart Set

Note—this is based on the theory that dialogue has ceased to be an essential feature of modern fiction.

" . . ." said I, stroking the cat.

" . . ." she replied, vaguely. It was an evasion, but I decided to let it pass.

" . . ." She frowned ever so slightly. "After all," I thought, "what does it matter?" Which is almost an epigram.

" . . ." she ventured. There was nothing for it but to stroke the cat again.

" . . ." naïvely.

I kept silent.

" . . ." tapping her foot, which was a great deal under the circumstances.

" . . ." I remarked, stepping on the cat.

" . . !" Polly said, vexedly.

I felt I had been awkward.

" . . ." I hazarded, defensively.

" . . ." with a shrug. Polly is proud of her shrug.

" . . ." It was hardly an answer.

" . . ." Polly observed. Evidently she had not so considered it. I fear Polly when she is sarcastic.

" . . ." I said, appealingly. Polly broke a cup, thoughtfully. We were having tea.

" . . ." she replied, passing the cake. I eyed it doubtfully and then took a piece. Polly watched me with interest.

" . . ." I said, carelessly.

" . . ." she pouted, deliciously. I felt that this time I had scored. You see, she had made the cake.

" . . ." she continued, bitingly. I have said we were taking tea.

The curate entered. On the whole, he was rather a relief.

" . . ." he remarked, with a bow.

" . . ." Polly smiled. She is always equal to emergencies, which is the eternal compensation. I suppose.

" . . ." I laughed, passing the curate my cigarette-case. He lighted one and looked

pained. It was Wednesday. He smokes Wednesdays.

" . . ." I again observed, waving my cigarette.

" . . !" snapped Polly. The observation struck me as trite. The curate smiled, indulgently. It is the license of the cloth to be indulgent.

" . . ." he responded. I stole a glance at Polly. She looked bored, which was not surprising. I never look bored—it's too common.

" . . "

" . . "

" . . "

I have forgotten whose turn it was next.

" . . ." I murmured. The remark was ignored.

The curate took a piece of cake. We both watched him. There was a slight pause, then he asked me for another cigarette. It was Wednesday, I reflected.

" . . ." she said. It was evident that Polly was getting irritated.

" . . ?" the curate asked, deprecatingly. I looked at the ceiling and smiled.

" . . ." resumed the curate, nibbling his cake with great relish.

" . . ." Polly answered, absently. I stooped and rolled up my trousers. It had begun to rain.

The curate took the hint and rose.

" . . ." I observed, holding out my hand. Polly did not see it. I went toward the door. The curate followed me.

" . . ." —said the curate; whereupon I smiled at Polly.

" . . ." she answered, picking up a book.

" . . ." said I. It was a parting shot.

Money and DreamsMargaret Klein.....New York Herald

He settled himself in his roomy chair in his big, old house, where he had lived so long that the city had grown up away and beyond him, leaving the house, which had been in a fashionable neighborhood, so far down town that there was little more than the hum of business to be heard all day around it. The old man's housekeeper brought him a cool drink, and one of his nephews came in to inquire how he had stood the unusual heat of the day.

He had so many nephews and nieces to look after his comfort. Some even stayed in town all summer to be near him. When they tried to persuade him to go away for a little rest in the hot weather he would say:

"Rest! Who wants rest? If you let money rest it rusts—rusts! Turn it over, keep turning it over; it grows, it grows!" And he would add

that the summer was the best time of all for work. The old financier was the possessor of many millions. But he walked alone. This evening he sat in the twilight which settled itself hot and thick about him. The night was bringing no cooling breath. The roar of the metropolis was dying away in tired sobs outside. The city's life seemed sapped with the heat. Even the old man, who never stopped his work for anything, realized that it was unusually hot tonight. He fanned himself with his newspaper and took a sip from the glass which stood near him on the table.

He closed his eyes. He felt such a strange sense of oppression. No, he was not dizzy. It had passed. He opened his eyes and put up his hand to unfasten his collar. At his neck he touched a twisted cord of silk that was around it. He pulled at the cord and drew out its length. From it hung a ring—a silver ring—old-fashioned and worn, and on it two raised hearts lying against each other and rubbed smooth by time.

He sat now with his eyes closed again and his hand folded over the ring on his breast. He dreamed once more, and it was his last dream. It was summer—yes—but it was nearly fifty years ago. The dust and roar of the city gave way to the scent and quiet of an old garden; the heat to the dew of a country evening, its breeze lightly moving the leaves of the trees and fluttering the ruffles of a girl's muslin frock, with its pattern of summer blossoms upon it.

A boy—such a boyish country boy—took the silver ring, then new and shining, from his pocket and put it on the hand of the girl in the flowered muslin frock. Then they kissed each other, and the girl fell to sobbing, with her arms about her companion's neck, and he spoke:

"Never mind, dear; Annie, dear. I am going away to make a fortune, and I'm coming back for you, and we will be married, and I will take you away to the city, and you will be rich and have everything you want."

"But I don't like the city. I should be so afraid and so confused, and you might not love me there as you do now here in the country. People in the city forget each other so."

"No, they don't; not if they really love each other, and I love you. Nothing can ever make me forget you. See, not as long as evening comes after the day and the stars come with it."

They kissed each other again.

The ring came back to him in a letter with a flower from Annie's grave.

Never once did he go to seek the grave to rest by it a moment. Work became his love and gold the star that guided him.

Now he clasped the silver ring tighter, tighter. By and by he gasped and fell forward. His clasp relaxed; he sighed once, a deep sigh, then lay there quite still. And later they found him so.

An Object Lesson...Frederick M. Smith...Woman's Home Companion

Betty sat at the window looking across at me; I sat at the other window looking across at her. I was just home from Harvard for my spring vacation.

"Tell me what you have been doing," said I.

"Nothing," said Betty; "it has been very dull."

"Has it been dull for everybody?" I ventured.

"You have heard gossip, of course?"

"Do you know Ethel Barry?" I asked.

"To bow to," said Betty.

"It is a queer world," I announced.

"Ethel Barry has done something very ordinary?" questioned Betty.

"I heard she was engaged to a fellow named Proctor—"

"A nice boy," interrupted Betty, "but a trifle—er—quick-tempered."

"And that she has broken it," I finished.

Betty leaned toward me with wide eyes.
"No!"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it."

"It's not generally known. Her cousin, Charlie Robertson, told me."

"What has she done that for?" demanded Betty, offendedly.

"Who shall say; but he thinks—"

"What?"

"Some other woman—"

"Who?"

"How should I know? He didn't say, and I have not been here to see. But it is a pity, because she was very much in love with him."

"She is a silly thing," said Betty.

"I thought you didn't know her."

"Any girl who breaks her engagement for a little thing is silly."

"How do you know it was a little thing?" I protested.

"She is the sort of a person who would," said Betty. "Shall I make you some tea?"

She got out the lamp and gave me the alcohol to pour. Just then somebody knocked, and there entered a tall man who was very young and very good-looking. I thought he flushed when Betty admitted him, and I know he scowled a little at me.

Betty's eyes twinkled. "George," she said to me, "this is Mr. Arthur Proctor."

We shook hands. I looked at Betty; she was fiddling with the tea-ball, and there was more color in her cheeks than usual.

"How many lumps?" she questioned Proctor.

"One," and he nodded.

"You want two?" said Betty to me.

"Two," and I smiled. It was the first time Betty had ever done me the honor to remember about the lumps. She always pretended to forget.

"You see, I've been making tea for George for a long time," she explained.

What we talked about is not important. I am not sure that Mr. Arthur Proctor said anything. Betty talked a great deal, and her voice had for me the caress of rose-leaves. It seemed scarcely fair to Mr. Proctor.

At last she said, "George and I were going walking when you came, and now we will all go together."

This again seemed scarcely fair to Proctor; he promptly pleaded another engagement.

"Really!" said Betty, with her eyebrows up. "Of course it is with Miss Barry, and of course we really haven't any right to take you away from her. Well, if you will run off in this fashion—" She began putting pins through her hat.

"George," she said suddenly, "please button my glove; I can't get it buttoned myself." She put her hand in mine with that little air of confidence which she sometimes uses. I saw Proctor's lips tighten as I achieved the feat.

Then we all went out together. At the corner Proctor left us.

"You need not scold," said Betty suddenly. "I had no idea he would go so far."

"You always like to play with fire," said I.

"But I didn't, I really didn't. He would come. And I had no idea. I'm so sorry; but it will be all right now. He will make it up."

"After the glove," I answered.

"It was hard, really," said Betty; "but it was better to be cruel and nip it in the bud."

"Better not to have sown the seed," said I.

"I hate people who preach," said Betty; "but I am honestly sorry. I will hunt her up and be nice to her."

It was something like two weeks later. I was sitting by the window watching the sunset, and Betty was making tea.

"I see the cards are out for the Proctor-Barry wedding," said I. "Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Oh, they have been engaged for a long time," laughed Betty. "I am to help dress the bride. How many lumps? You know I never can remember."

I looked at her. "It was cleverly done," said I.

"Let us go and watch the sunset at the Jumping-off place," she answered, and she got up and began pulling pins out of her hat. Finally, when the pins were in place again, she turned from the mirror and smiled at me.

"Let me button your glove," I suggested.

"Thank you," she said, "they go on quite easily. I always button my gloves myself."

The Limit.....Frank V. Beckars.....Mirror

He had been known as a hopeless drunkard and "good for nothing" for so long that he believed it himself. His friends had argued with him until, at last, they had abandoned further effort and decided to let him drift on as he would. They were disgusted with him, and even he admitted they had cause to be. And yet, they still found something fine in his nature—perhaps it was his frank manner of confessing his faults or his humility in the face of criticism, or, perhaps, his sincere, if futile, desires to reform and, as his friends would urge, make something of himself—or, perhaps, with some, it was only the way he had of smiling when under fire. His friends told him he was weak and not viciously bad, and he himself believed he was weak and was very doubtful about the latter.

Finally there came one who had faith in him, abundant enough, he began to think, for both of them. He remembered their first meeting, in her own parlor; she standing at the side of the fireplace, with its glow illuminating her face. He remembered that she did not impress him as being so very pretty then—neat, sweet, and attractive, certainly—with a pleasant and sympathetic voice and "good-fellow" kind of manner. He drifted back again, he did not quite understand why, and soon, to his own surprise, found himself on quite an intimate footing, contented to sit silently studying her features and their ever growing beauty. As a result, he grew ashamed of himself and made determined resolutions to reform, which were as frequently broken as made and as promptly made again. He soon began to think that she understood him as no one else had ever done. She found so many good traits in his character, delightful surprises to him, that he finally decided to become the man that she believed him to be. He decided to start with a clean slate—and so told her one evening, as they were sitting before the cheerful fire, of his life, and spared nothing in the painting. Confession was sweet and, of all else, he had never been a hypocrite and he wanted to show her what good she had done him. Not a word she uttered during his recital. She simply had sat quiet, with her hands folded on her lap, gazing steadily into the fire. He wondered, now

and then, as his story progressed, of what she was thinking, whether his recital shocked her, if she was trying to read in the live coals the dreary future opened up to her, why the cat annoyed him brushing his leg.

When he had finished, he, too, sat quiet, vaguely wondering if he had been wise in telling, but then he did not want to be a hypocrite. Listening to the heavy clock ticks, he seemed to hear them set themselves to the words, "You have lost her." He wondered why he only now felt how very dear she was to him and how useless life seemed without her. What was the use of it all, anyway, of his good resolutions, of his strenuous efforts, of his abstinence? No matter now what he did or became, he had just shattered her good opinion of him and how could a woman love a man after that?

"Is there any more?"

Her mild question startled him out of his reverie. He was but dimly aware of the stillness of the house, of her quiet, constrained tones as she remarked how late it was, as she bade him good-night, of her saying that she wanted to think it all over. As he walked slowly homeward, he reviewed again all he had told her. Yes, he had certainly been frank, brutally frank, and made a clean breast of it. After all, had it been necessary? Well, he would leave it until to-morrow. The night's sleep would clear his thoughts.

The next day he received her answer and he thought that if he had loved her before, he certainly adored her then. Her faith in him remained unshaken and she loved him more than ever. How bright the world suddenly looked! How joyously his heart sang!

They had been secretly engaged for almost a year, a whole year of unalloyed happiness, for they knew there would be parental objections. His friends had noticed the change in his habits, but ceased to wonder, and accepted his reformation as complete. He felt that he had worked hard, but it had been a pleasure to work, thinking constantly of her. Her faith in him was firm. His progress was slow, but they were encouraged. He was steadily gaining headway and, this evening, he and she attended the play together. The evening passed quickly, as all such evenings had, and he gladly accepted her invitation to come in a moment and warm himself before going home. The moment had lengthened silently, as usual, when she said:

"I realize I've made a mistake. I've been wanting to tell you for some time, but did not have the courage. I'm so sorry—but I think it best to break our engagement, don't you? You know you don't like hypocrites."

He found himself trying to remember what the play they had just seen had been and dimly wondering why he couldn't.

"Why don't you say what you are thinking? Why don't you abuse me, as I deserve," she added.

He stood looking at her dumbly, numbly.

"I suppose," she continued, "you will go back to your dreadful drinking—to your old life?"

"I don't know," he muttered, "good-night."

The Man With the Black Whiskers..... New England

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of \$50 or being imprisoned for thirty days. Shortly after the passage of this enactment Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the court house.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. I ought, perhaps, to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of \$1 down here, I will let him off this time."

The judge paused, and a lawyer sitting just before him got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat, ivory handled six-shooter and laid it with \$1 down upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a dollar bill before the judge, who repeated his former observation. The process went on until nineteen pistols of all kinds and sizes and shapes lay upon the stand, together with \$19 by their side. The judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not yet come up, and, glancing at the far side of the court, he continued:

"I'll give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails, I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court arose and began to move toward the judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned their backs the judge said:

"This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."

Vanity Fair: *Fads, Foibles and Fashions*

Daily Life of an Ambitious Society Woman..... New York Times

The society woman of to-day is the "new woman" in the true sense of that term. She spends her waking hours abroad in the land, going to and fro, driving or riding over the earth. The "claims" upon her time, invited or succumbed to by herself, are varied and manifold. Entertaining and seeking entertainment are to her all absorbing. She lives in a chronic state of pressure for time, especially alluded to when things not particularly interesting and pleasurable are presented for her notice or consideration. Yet the women of fashion are not necessarily destitute of conscience. With them—as a class, as with other human beings—conscience is in various stages of culture or numbness, according to the degree of soul unfoldment reached by each. Among the new women are some who take a certain interest in, and give oversight to, their households, and who keep in touch with the general management through daily interviews with their superintendents.

They select for their children the best possible nurses, personal maids, governesses, and tutors. This is important, as the children of this class of people are as a rule more intimately and constantly associated with attendants and instructors than with their parents.

HER CHILDREN

The fashionable mother of to-day likes to travel at will, assured that her houses will be ready at any moment for her to resume entertaining, and considers that the care of her children and their education will continue without interruption while she enjoys herself in her chosen way on either side of the Atlantic, unhampered by household or family cares. She loves her offspring enough to prefer their welfare to that of any other mother's child, and has sufficient pride regarding them to wish her own progeny to be a credit to her by filling their positions in life becomingly. When at home she sees them daily, as a rule. If they are of suitable age, they may lunch with her when she is not entertaining. But this new woman's children never interfere with her programme. As she generally breakfasts in bed, those old enough call upon her before she is up mornings. If there chance to be a baby, the nurse takes it, at stated times, to be kissed and looked upon by its fond mother, or, if very devoted, she may pay periodical visits to the nursery. The child of a fashionable mother never is known to cry for its mamma. Babies in Fifth avenue mansions are much more likely

to cry for their nurses. An infant's nurse in one of these palatial residences once remarked of her mistress: "She does not know one-half of her baby's sweet engaging ways, because he is loveliest at bedtime. Then his mother is dressing for the evening." It seems to be the vogue in these days for young mothers to sail across the sea leaving babes of a few months at home, "well cared for," in charge of others. The ocean cable answers every purpose as a cord of connection for keeping the doting parents in touch with their offspring. Burdens of motherhood and house-keeping cares are alike shifted to other shoulders.

THE PARAMOUNT INTEREST OF HER LIFE

Old-time poetry and pictures concerning the mother and her babe would be incomprehensible to this modern society woman. "Domestic life" is to her an obsolete, meaningless term. She expends no vitality upon these "matters of antiquity." Personal enjoyment and keeping her good or youthful looks intact constitute the paramount interest of her life. These objects she pursues unremittingly, concentrating especially upon her appearance, aided by sundry devices and inventions of modern science. To the society woman a beauty sleep is impossible. The masseuse takes its place, and rejuvenates instead of nature's sweet restorer. That scientific manipulator's skill is in constant demand to exorcise wrinkles and other signs of age and dissipation. No more welcome person crosses the threshold of palatial mansions. She is the jaded pleasure seekers' fairy godmother.

HER CORRESPONDENCE

The daily mail of a woman of fashion is a formidable medley, not conducive to serenity. Invitations innumerable to luncheons, dinners, balls, musicales, receptions, etc., cost her considerable difficult planning and diplomacy. She receives requests for subscriptions to every variety of eleemosynary project, tickets for endless affairs to help along halting charities or to introduce protégés to public notice; circulars—advertising every imaginable business—seldom looked at, and, of course, begging letters of all descriptions pouring in a steady stream. Among her mail are the poor relation's reminders. None is so rich as not to have impecunious connections whose appeals for help are sometimes made in vain. The fashionable new woman relieves herself of much of her mail through the employment of one or more secretaries, acting under her instructions. She avoids combined appeals to her sensibilities and purse through their services and

the use of an ample supply of stationery engraved with one stereotyped response answering many kinds of appeal. The wording, though brief, is polite and decisive. It reads: "Mrs. — or Miss — is so constantly in receipt of applications for interviews and requests for aid that she cannot give them personal attention, and begs to be excused."

THE SOCIAL TYRANNY

The engagement calendar of a fashionable leader is a source of constant care. On its pages she forges invisible chains binding her to the routine thereon indicated. Engagements are entered weeks and months in advance. She consults it carefully if she be punctilious in keeping appointments, as she must be if seeking popularity. Not every society woman, however, keeps and is governed by an engagement calendar. Some are too indolent or careless to do so. Failure in this particular results in the hopelessly delinquent being consigned to an outer circle of balls and big promiscuous entertainments. Invitations to join the select few at exclusive functions become scarce in their experience.

A fashionable leader's weekly "at home" is inescapable. From 3 to 6.30 P. M. she is a prisoner in her own salon, while throngs of carriages and callers arrive at and leave her door. The receiving over, her butler delivers to her a heap of bits of pasteboard, important vouchers for those who have paid their social indebtedness to her and placed her in arrears. Of these cards she makes note for guidance in paying either in person or by card her own visiting debts. These reminders keep society's wheels revolving and preserve harmony in the world of conventional visiting and involve some bookkeeping. It cannot be denied that in many instances the card is more welcome than the caller would be.

A woman who succeeds in attaining the position of leader in fashionable society and who can hold it against other rivals, possesses talents and executive ability. She might easily succeed in a higher, more useful career. Should fate suddenly divest her of fortune and position, her talents, wisely used, would probably assure her a comfortable, if not luxurious, home, with independence and self-respect, in the ranks of the self-supporting sisterhood—a new woman of another type.

How to be Beautiful.....New York Commercial Advertiser

The best known actresses and singers of Paris have just been asked to reveal to the world the secret of eternal youth, and explain how each of them manages, while expending an amount of activity which two average women not of the profes-

sion could hardly furnish between them in other walks of life, to keep as fresh and as energetic as though her existence were a perpetual holiday. As a matter of fact, all play and no work would be the very last combination to suit, among other actresses, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who says that "the secret of her endurance is that she never rests." "Fatigue," she adds, "is my stimulant. Instead of pulling me down, it spurs me on." She goes to bed at 3 in the morning invariably, and always rises at 9. As for the usual prescriptions for the preservation of health, they receive scant attention from her.

She always drives, generally in a closed carriage, to and from the theater, where she spends eleven or twelve hours every day "without seeing the light of the sun, and without a breath of fresh air." Her diet consists of fish and eggs, chiefly the latter, of which she eats sometimes as many as ten a day, and she never drinks anything but champagne. During two months out of the twelve, however, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt "makes up," as she puts it, for the anti-hygienic conditions of her town life. At Belle Isle she is hardly ever indoors, and when she is, she keeps every window in the house wide open in all weathers. "Every year I make this abrupt transition from a cloistered existence to a life in the fresh air, and I have never suffered by the sudden change, much to the surprise of my doctors," adds Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Her rule of living, summed up as follows, "No precautions of any kind, and unceasing work ten months a year," can hardly, perhaps, be recommended for general practise. But then, everything Mme. Sarah Bernhardt does is extraordinary.

Mme. Bartet, Mme. Worms Barretta, Mlle. Boyer and Mlle. Cécile Sorel, on the other hand, are all great believers in fresh air. On the subject of diet, however, the four actresses of the Comédie Française agree that the best policy is to "eat when you are hungry and drink when you are thirsty," and that individual taste and appetite are the best guides. Mme. Jane Hading, unlike Sarah Bernhardt, has great faith in quiet and repose. Mme. Jeanne Granier has no idea what it is to consider one's health. "What is the good of following any hygienic treatment when you are well?" she inquired. "And when you are ill, there's the doctor. Mine is a very clever man." Singers in Paris do not appear to be any more careful of their health than actresses. Mlle. Delna's only precaution against chills is to put a silk handkerchief round her neck when she leaves the theater. Mlle. Ackté takes a cold bath every morning, walks out every day in all weather, and never touches a drop of wine or liquor, but fol-

lows no particular rule for the care of her voice. Mlle. Yvette Guilbert has likewise a great faith in cold water, and advocates particularly much scrubbing with the flesh-brush, "scrape off the paint and powder." For that matter, when off the stage, she "never paints, and does not even rouge her lips." Fresh air, ten hours' sleep, and no supper-parties, are the remaining rules in Mlle. Guilbert's code of health.

My Lady's Ring.....Margaret Leighton.....Home

Does my lady ever pause to think as she glances at her dainty fingers adorned with their flashing diamonds, rubies, pearls, opals and emeralds, of the antiquity of this form of decoration?

Thousands of years have the Egyptian princesses lain in their stately tombs ornamented with gold necklaces, pendants and rings of the finest workmanship, inlaid with turquoise, lapis-lazuli and cornelian.

Formerly rings were not used merely for decoration. After the most ancient days of mere barter, the Egyptians saw that some species of money was desirable. They chose the ring. Each ring was made of a bar of metal bent into the form of a circle, but not quite joined, so that they could easily be formed into a chain which might be increased or decreased as the owner paid out or received his ring money. These rings of gold and silver were also used for personal adornment. Ring money is still used in parts of Africa, having descended from the time of the Pharaohs. Other countries also used ring money, and the gold torques worn around the necks of Gallic warriors must have been highly valuable as coin, for a single one sometimes weighed four pounds. Upon the earliest Egyptian rings the name and titles of the owner were engraved. Poor people often wore rings of glass or pottery if they could not afford any better material. The Etruscans were great lovers of the ring, and decorated it often with the sacred scarabæus. A favorite device for the rings of Egyptian ladies was a representation of the cat, emblem of the Goddess Bast, the Egyptian Diana. Through all the ages there have been rings for the arms, legs, ears, neck, sometimes the nose and toes, as well as the fingers. According to the book of Genesis a ring was placed upon Joseph's hand as a symbol of rank.

The Italians first used the diamond for betrothal, as it is the stone of concord and signifies faith and purity. The early rings were "gimmel" or twin rings, and when used for an engagement were separated, each of the lovers wearing one of the hoops. The rings used by Luther when he wed the nun Catherine von Bora are still

in existence. They are of silver with Luther's and his wife's names and the date engraved in Latin on the insides. The designs represent Christ's passion, a cross, rope, ladder, leaf of hyssop, spears, etc. The Duke of Hamilton, being in great haste, was married to his bride with a curtain ring. The tiniest marriage ring ever used was that handed by Cardinal Wolsey upon the marriage of Henry the Eighth's daughter Mary, aged two, to the Dauphin of France, eight months old. One curious use of a ring was that employed by the Doge of Venice. As a wife is subject to her husband, so he wished to show that the Adriatic was subject to the Venetian Republic, and every year, on Ascension Day, he stood upon the ship Becentaur and cast a ring into that sea.

The Greek Church first decreed that the wedding ring be worn on the third finger of the right hand, but later it was altered to the third finger of the left, as a nerve goes directly from that finger to the heart. The Greek priest gives a silver ring to the bride and a gold one to the groom.

Rings have some importance in religious life. The Pope gives to each Cardinal a ring when he attains his high office. The Pope himself has two rings which descend from Pope to Pope. One is for sealing decrees, and the other, which he wears on state occasions, has a beautiful cameo of the head of Christ.

The mourning rings of our grandmothers' time and earlier were ghastly ornaments. Washington left several of these to women relatives and friends "as mementos of esteem."

It was at one time the curious fashion to set, instead of a beautiful jewel, a human tooth in the ring. One containing a tooth of Voltaire was for a long time worn by a French scholar.

The Romans probably found the fingers of some of the Sabine women they stole decorated with rings, for after that they too adopted the ring. Their signet rings, like those of the Lace-demonians, were made of iron. The early Roman ambassadors wore gold rings as a part of their official dress. Sometimes portraits of friends or ancestors were engraved on them; often subjects from mythology or religion. Engraving upon gems in those remote days was more perfectly and beautifully done than any at the present time. Some of the more sentimental Romans had different rings for the warm and cold seasons. The Romans had bronze rings of which the bezels were the keys to their treasure chests. The Spartans, always simple in their habits and tastes, passed a law that rings made of anything more valuable than iron should not be worn.

Magic powers were sometimes attributed to rings, such as the charm rings and cramp rings. The latter were blessed by the sovereign at high mass and then given to persons afflicted with cramps. The bachelor ring was given to persons suffering from St. Vitus's dance. It was made of six crooked sixpences, each donated by a bachelor, and welded together by a bachelor smith. We have all heard of the poison ring with its hollow needle beneath the bezel, which was operated by a hidden spring, when shaking hands with the victim. These innocent looking, though deadly, bits of ornament are still in use in remote parts of India.

The ring as a marriage emblem and also one of betrothal has been long in use. The custom was practised by the Jews before the coming of Christ. A very old Norse Saga describes the imposing of an oath or pledge. He by whom it was pledged passed his hand through a silver ring. In Iceland the old betrothal custom consisted of the man's putting his thumb and four fingers through a large ring and thus clasping the hand of the bride-to-be. In Orkney the man and woman used to plight their troth by clasping hands through the perforated stone of Odin.

The Chah of the Czar..... *Scientific American*

A diamond of large value is preserved at Moscow, which became the property of the Czar under the most dramatic circumstances. It has the form of an irregular prism, of the size and nearly the length of the finger, and bears the name of chah.

This diamond belonged formerly to the Sophi. It was one of two enormous diamonds, which adorned the throne of Nadir-Chah, and was called by the Persians the "Moon of the Mountains." When Nadir was assassinated, his treasures were pillaged, and his precious stones were divided between some soldiers, who concealed them.

An Armenian, named Shafras, dwelt at this time with his brothers, in the town of Bassora. One day, an Afghan came to him and offered for sale a large diamond, with a hundred other pieces of less value, the whole for a very modest sum. Shafras, surprised at this offer, begged the Afghan to call again, saying that he had not the necessary funds to purchase them. The diamond seller, apparently suspecting the good faith of Shafras, secretly quitted Bassora, and despite all the inquiries of the three brothers, could not be discovered.

Some years later, the eldest met him by chance at Bagdad, just as he had sold all his precious stones. The seller was induced to point out the dwelling of the purchaser, who was a Jew, and

who refused an offer of double the sum he had paid. Meanwhile, the two younger brothers had joined the other, and the three conspired and killed the Jew.

The following day they poisoned the Afghan, whom they had invited to take some sherbet with them. The two bodies, inclosed in a sack, were thrown into the Euphrates.

Soon a dispute arose among the three brothers over the division of the stones, and the eldest got rid of his two brothers in a similar manner. He then fled to Constantinople and passed a little time afterward into Holland.

There he made known his riches and offered them to the different courts of Europe. The news reached Cathrine II., who offered to treat for the "Moon of the Mountains" alone. He was invited to Russia and put in communication with the court jeweler. The conditions were: Letters of nobility, an annuity of ten thousand rubles, five hundred thousand rubles payable in tenths from year to year.

Shafras demanded six hundred thousand rubles cash. Count Pancin, then minister, delayed the trade for a long time, and launched the Armenian in a style of life which obliged him to contract considerable debts, and when he knew that he no longer had a sou wherewith to pay, he abruptly broke off the negotiations. Shafras, according to the laws of the country, could not leave the empire, or even the town, without paying his debts. His situation was embarrassing.

The jeweler of the court prepared to profit by this distress; the diamond was about to fall into his hands for only about a quarter of its value.

The Armenian came to understand the trap into which the minister had drawn him, and he secretly sold to his compatriots some inferior stones, paid his debts and suddenly disappeared.

It was after ten years that he was again discovered in Astrakhan, arranging to pass into Georgia and from there into Turkey. New offers were made, which he only accepted on the condition that the business should be transacted in Smyrna, where his treasures were deposited. This was a wise precaution. Cathrine accepted, granted him letters of nobility, six hundred thousand silver rubles, and more than seventy thousand rubles in assignats.

Shafras, unable to return to his native country, settled in Astrakhan and married there. Twenty years later one of his son-in-laws poisoned him with mushrooms.

The immense fortune realized by the assassin was dissipated in a few years by his children. Several of his grandchildren are still living at Astrakhan in abject poverty.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

Fun Among Birds.....Olive Thorne Miller.....New York Times

We find, on closer acquaintance with their ways, that birds are extremely frolicsome. Not only when young and naturally frisky, as are all creatures fresh to this world of ours, but after they have reached their full development. Like us they have their social festivities, their concerts and dances, sometimes on the ground and sometimes in the air, for they have the advantage of us in the command of two elements.

One of the whimsical ways in which birds enjoy themselves is by the swing, which seems very droll in the possessors of wings. There is a whole family—the titmice—common in both America and Europe, who simply revel in this amusement. Sometimes singly and sometimes in parties these little birds seize the tip ends of long swaying branches, and, hanging head up or head down, swing back and forth in the wind, the more violently apparently the more fun, calling to one another in the merriest way. The same trick is played by others who perch on a weather vane, swaying in a veritable wind, and showing their enjoyment by singing with glee as they bend this way and that to preserve their balance.

COASTING

Birds are often quick to avail themselves of new conditions, and the pleasure of being carried swiftly through the air, which we understand and appreciate ourselves, evidently actuated a party of auks in the far North, who improvised a coasting ground on the roof of a tent put up by explorers. The birds spent a great deal of time, and became somewhat troublesome, by laboriously and noisily scrambling up one side of the tent to the ridge pole, and coasting down the other. Doubtless the fun of the slide paid for the labor of the climb, as is the case of a boy in the same sport.

A tame mocking bird which had the freedom of the house was particularly fond of a paper of needles for a plaything. Finding this treasure in his mistress's work basket, he would work at it till he loosened the fold, then seize one corner of the paper in his beak, and, with one flirt, send the needles in a shower over the floor, to his great delight.

Lories, favorite cage birds of the parrot family, will play with one another in comical ways, hopping sideways in a circle with droll gestures, nodding their heads expressively, rolling over and over, shaking hands and many other gambols. A noble macaw, says Dr. Karl Russ, and an Ama-

zonian parrot played together like two puppies, wrestling and tumbling each other about.

GAMES AMONG WILD BIRDS

Wild birds are not less frolicsome. A party of crows were seen by Mr. Long to play a long time with a bit of china, one snatching it and flying away with it, while all the rest tried to make him drop it, flapping their wings in his eyes, flying in his face, and in every way teasing him. When at last they succeeded, there was a rush and a scramble, and the one who secured it became in his turn the butt of the party. Hawks, probably mates, play together with their prey, especially snakes. One will fly to a great height and drop it, when his playfellow will catch it before it reaches the ground. Then the parts are reversed, and the second one takes his turn at dropping. Ravens act in similar fashion with sea urchins, only this is a solitary game, where the bird who drops also does the catching, doing it before the urchin reaches the ground and is broken, thus showing that it is play and not desire to eat.

A strikingly human characteristic is shown in the play of birds amusing themselves at the expense of others—what we call “teasing.” A party of jolly bluejays were observed in Ohio engaged in this game. It was cherry time and a well-loaded tree invited all cherry lovers to partake. There were busily engaged robins, catbirds, red-headed woodpeckers, and others. The mischievous blue coats would stay quietly on a neighboring tree till everybody was absorbed in the feast, then suddenly descend upon them with loud cries. Of course, the cherry eaters would be panic-stricken and fly in disorder, when the fun-loving jays would calmly return to their tree and wait till all were back at their feast, and then repeat the performance.

FRENZIED SPORT

The great plover has a grotesque play described by Mr. Selous. Toward evening the birds will begin to run around in great excitement, waving their wings, leaping into the air, and then “pitching” about like ships in a rough sea, and threatening every moment to dig their bills into the ground. In a few minutes the paroxysm is past, and the birds resume their ordinary demeanor. Another bird, the kagu, in the London Zoölogical Grounds, carries this frenzied play a step further and actually does thrust his bill into the ground and holds it there, kicking and fluttering with legs and wings.

The last I shall mention is a "kicker" (though not in the newspaper sense). He is a cassowary, and when the playful fit seizes him he rolls on the ground with legs in the air more like a monkey than a great bird. Then he springs up and rushes madly about, leaping six feet into the air, and kicking everything he encounters with such violence that he often lands flat on his back. This is perhaps the drollest of bird plays.

Jimmy Gazzam and His Funny Woodchuck.....Pittsburg Dispatch

The day on which Jimmy Gazzam caught the woodchuck was a proud one for him. True, it was only a tiny bit of a woodchuck, but it is something to catch an animal so cunning and so well protected against its enemies as a woodchuck. Jimmy knew a great deal about woodchucks. He knew that a woodchuck is larger than the largest cat and that their skins make excellent leather, while there is nothing in the world better to oil a gun with than the grease from their fat bodies. Jimmy had often seen them feeding in the clover fields. He knew how they slip out of their burrows and creep into the tall grass. There they feast for a while, and every few minutes sit up on their haunches and look around on every side to be sure that no one is near enough to cause trouble. If they see anything in the least suspicious they sit perfectly still, looking like pegs sticking up out of the ground. When alarmed they run for their homes—and they run very fast, too.

A CLEVER TRICK

Once in the earth they are reasonably safe. No dog can dig out a woodchuck, and few boys or men care to undertake the job. The burrows often run many feet under ground and contain long passages leading to the snug nest where Mr. Woodchuck spends a large part of his time comfortably asleep. While a lazy fellow on general principles, the woodchuck gets very enterprising if he thinks his underground home is going to be disturbed, and starts to dig with all his might. He knows a trick, too; a clever idea which instinct taught him for his protection. As soon as he knows someone is trying to break into his home he starts to tunnel deeper into the earth and banks the dirt up behind him. The invader may dig to the point where the burrow formerly ended, and find to all appearances that it still ends there; while the woodchuck, having dug deeper, has packed the earth behind him, and lies snug in his little cell, waiting until all is quiet before he digs himself out again.

MR. WOODCHUCK'S FUNNY WAYS

All these things and more Jimmy knew, so he was more than pleased to be able to take a wood-

chuck home to add to his zoo in the back yard. Jimmy had quite a zoo by this time, and he arranged to put the young woodchuck in a box from which he could not escape and where he would be safe from the dog, the pet crow, and other mischievous inmates of the institution. The little fellow grew rapidly and was soon sitting up and whistling, as his father did before him. He got very tame, too, and would eat from his master's hand. He was fed on bread and milk at first, but as he grew older he was given vegetables and clover. When he was perfectly tamed he was allowed out in the yard to pick his own clover. He did many funny things, and when he took to visiting the house, came to be a nuisance. He once crept into a large crock and somebody put the lid on it without noticing him. That came pretty near being his last adventure. He was fond of sweet stuff, and upset the molasses jug one day, trying to get at the contents. After he got into the cupboard and ate the center of a loaf of bread he was forbidden to come into the house.

THE AUTUMN RETIREMENT

It was autumn when he began to dig in the yard. He started so many holes and then abandoned them that the yard was a sight, so Jimmy had to shut him up. When the weather began to get cold Jimmy fixed up a box, filled it with warm, soft straw, and put it under the porch in a dark corner. The woodchuck accepted this substitute for a burrow with good grace, and about the middle of November disappeared into his box and stayed there until April. He didn't come out even for "Groundhog Day." Jimmy didn't understand how the woodchuck lives so long without eating, but he didn't notice that when his pet went into winter quarters he was as fat as butter, while when he came out he was poor and thin. After the animal left his winter quarters he set to work to regain some of the fat he had lost, and the amount he ate was surprising. In the course of time he became fat and sleek again. He was a feature of the zoo for a couple of years, but one day he took it into his head to go traveling, and fell into the hands of some boys, and so never got back to his comfortable home.

Passing the Word Along.....Boston Herald

The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where chickens and turkeys roosting

on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitterly cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found, upon opening, two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and little terrier, asking admission to all appearances. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But with their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more. Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?

A Maltese Cat Mothers White Rats..... New York Sun

Mr. Blackwell is the village storekeeper at Bryam, Hunterdon County, N. J., and he lives on the North Baptist road. He says his two-year-old Maltese cat, Millie, has actually adopted a litter of white rats. She took them when they were wee eyeless and hairless creatures, and for more than seven months she has been caring for them as tenderly as the average feline cares for her kittens. The particularly interesting feature of this unnatural adoption is the display of extreme jealousy in the motherly Maltese cat of the rats' association with any other animal, and the jealousy of the rats of a pug dog the Blackwells keep about the house. The dog is on somewhat familiar terms with the Maltese cat.

Some eight months ago Millie, the cat, became the mother of four kittens, Mr. Blackwell says, and by some mistake they were not Maltese kittens. Each had fur of several colors except one,

which was snow white. The mother and kittens lived together for four days in a soap box in the wheelwright shop in the rear of the store, and when Mr. Blackwell directed Thomas Bowen, his bound boy, to drown the kittens Tom was glad of the job and soon despatched the mongrels, as he called them. He carried the kittens to Smith's Island in a flour bag and there dropped them into the Delaware River, first weighting the bag with stones.

A MOTHER'S SORROW

Young Bowen says that when he threw the bag into the water Millie, the mother cat, was near by, for he heard her meow, but he could not see her for the darkness. The soap-box home of the kittens in the wheelwright shop was not removed from its corner by young Bowen, and he removed the kittens when the Maltese cat was not present.

After creating a day's fuss about the wheelwright shop over the loss of her kittens Millie hovered around Smith's Island continuously for fully one week. She remained about the spot where young Bowen had dropped the kittens overboard, those who saw her say, and her doings were the nightly topic of conversation at the village store. Many thought the cat knew of the drowning and expected to rescue her kittens from the watery grave, if she had not already done so, and some freely predicted that she would return to the wheelwright shop some night with her litter of supposed-to-be-drowned kittens in her wake.

When the discussion as to the cat's intentions and expectations had taken the form of wagers between the store habitués, Mr. Blackwell one day, happening to enter the wheelwright shop, was taken aback to see in the soap-box four tiny white mice, as he supposed. The age of the mice was determinable by the fact that they had not as yet looked upon the world. So far as Mr. Blackwell or any of his neighbors knew there were no pet white Sumatra rats or mice kept by any one in the vicinity, and the presence of this brood was a mystery.

In crossing the yard from the wheelwright shop to the store Mr. Blackwell ran into Millie sneaking along the fence toward the shop, and noticing that she carried something in her mouth he followed the cat into the shop. The Maltese went straight to the soap-box and bounded in upon the straw bed; then she bounded out and ran from the wheelwright shop. Looking into the soap-box Mr. Blackwell says he counted five tumbling white mice where he saw only four a moment before. The Maltese cat had brought in a live mouse, he says, and deposited it in the box.

Becoming interested, Mr. Blackwell seated him-

self upon a bench beside the soap-box and, in a few minutes, Millie returned with a second white mouse. Again she left the shop, and again she returned with a third white mouse, making seven in all. Then the cat began to meow, and, still interested, he procured a saucer of milk and placed it in the box.

When the white mice began to grow large and fat they became quite frisky, yet for a time the high sides of the soap-box prevented their escape to the wheelwright shop floor. And when they had reached the age of one month Mr. Blackwell discovered that they were not mice at all, but rats, and, at the same time, he learned that the Maltese cat had undertaken the job of raising a, to her, extremely troublesome family.

A STRANGE FAMILY

Despite the efforts of Millie, the cat, her young rats would climb upon the edge of their soap-box home. In a twinkling the cat was alert to the danger of what Mr. Blackwell thinks she looked upon as her young offspring. She would bound to her feet, seize the young Sumatra rat and again drop him into the box beside her. The rat would be cowed and cuddle closer to its foster mother, Mr. Blackwell says, and then she would soothe the pain caused by her claws piercing the young rat's flesh by licking it gently after the fashion of a mother cat caressing her kittens.

Mr. Blackwell caused the cat and her strange brood to be removed to a room, and for several weeks, he says, the antics of the young white rats and the efforts of the cat to keep them within the soap-box home were both ludicrous and painful. Scarcely had the cat and rats reached the room in the house when all the rats bounded from the box at the same time, and the excitement of the motherly cat, together with her effort to replace them in their box home made a picture.

The seven young rats ran helter-skelter in all directions about the room, and the cat bounded after them. As soon as she would catch one of her young she would jump into the box, deposit the rat and then jump for another. About the time the well-intentioned Maltese cat succeeded in capturing the second rat the first would have again left the box. It was a case of in and out with the cat and the rats for a full hour and a half —first in and then out of the soap-box home—Mr. Blackwell says.

By and by the cat appeared to realize that her efforts were useless, and, seemingly exhausted as well, she sat upon her haunches near the box and gave one disgusted look about the room at the white rats scurrying hither and thither in gay frolic, and lay over on the floor for a rest.

Scarcely had the motherly cat keeled over in a

semi-exhausted condition, than all the white rats ran toward her and commenced scrambling playfully over her body. The Maltese struck at the rats with her paw and sent one or two of them in a hurly-burly across the room, but the rats returned to the cat. Mr. Blackwell says that this day he left both cat and the seven young rats sleeping quietly side by side in the sun on the floor of the room.

TROUBLES

But the poor Maltese cat was kept busy for several days, according to Mr. Blackwell, for every time he entered the room he found Millie fussing up. On one occasion he had forgotten to close a closet door, and on entering he heard the greatest kind of a scrambling commotion going on in the closet. An examination revealed one of the white Sumatra rats perched upon the strip that held the clothing hooks near the top of the closet, and the poor cat was attempting to climb the smooth wall to the rescue, and was meowing as if in great distress. He drove the rat from its perch to the floor, and the instant it landed, he says, the cat seized it and gave the rat such a shaking that he thought the strange family would be reduced by one right then.

The rat was badly hurt, and it long lay quite still when dropped by the cat, but after a time it crawled slowly toward the soap-box home. Never after that did any of the rats attempt to enter the closet, as far as he saw.

TRUANTS

One day while the cat was out Mr. Blackwell thought he would air the room by lowering the top sash of the window. When he returned a couple of hours later to let the meowing Millie in, he could not find a single one of the seven white rats. The Maltese cat raced about the room, apparently frantic with grief. Her meowing, he says, was calculated to make any person pity her distress. Suddenly remembering the lowered window, Mr. Blackwell looked out upon the tin roof of an adjoining shed and there, to his surprise, he saw the seven white rats gamboling about and having a high old time. He opened the lower window and out upon the shed bounded the cat.

"And I declare it to be true," said Mr. Blackwell, "that that cat had hardly lit upon that roof before those rats were in that room and scrambling into that box fairly shivering. They were really frightened. Millie soon followed, and one pink-eyed rat was given a thorough shaking. No rat ever went out that window after that."

The rats are now full grown, and they have the freedom of the entire house, and, in fact, the whole of the Blackwell premises.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

The Home of Song.....W. Wilfred Campbell.....London Outlook

Here in northern solitudes,
Sounding shorelands, glooming woods,
Where the pines their dreams rehearse,
Is the home of haunting verse.

Dreams of beauty here inspire
All the summer's radiant fire,

In the gleam of leaf and bird,
Ere the Autumn's voice is heard,

Fluting, soft, her woodland tune
Down the golden afternoon.

Where the seaward ships go down,
By some ancient Norman town;

Where the northern marshes lie,
Golden under azure sky;

Where the northern woodland glooms,
Luminous in leafy rooms,

With its ancient sunlit wine,
Under smoke of dusky pine:

Here the soul of silence broods,
Under haunted solitudes;

Here that spirit rare and pure,
Of the muses who endure,

Dreams with Wisdom's quiet eye,
While the phantom years go by.

Where far sunlands shine and drowse,
And great leafy, golden boughs,

Swaying, pendulous, within
A sleep diaphanous and thin,

Answer to the drowsy mind,
And loiterings of the thoughtful wind:

Here in seasons lone and long,
The spirit rare of northern song

Keeps in dreams, remote, apart,
The cadences of her own heart.

The Ship of Days.....Edna Kingsley Wallace.....Frank Leslie's

Once on a day,
With flying spray,
Swift into my harbor sailing,
A good ship came,
And it bore no name,
So this was the way of my hailing:

"O ship most fair,
Name the cargo ye bear—
Whence come ye, in sooth—whither go ye?
Say whence is your crew,
And your captain, too—
What flag at the masthead show ye?"

"I come from the East,
My crew to feast,
On the laughter and tears of mortals;
I brook no delays,
For my crew is of days,
And we're bound for the Sunset Portals."

"Why come ye?" I cried,
And the voice replied,
"Know ye then that I come for your saying;
There are days for work,
Which ye may not shirk,
And your portion be done ere your graving.

"There are days for joy
And for pain's alloy,
And days to be tenderly grieving;
There are days for thought,
And for kind deeds wrought,
And days of the dead Past's weaving."

But the days came sweet,
And they seemed not meet
For labor and striving and sorrow,
So in love's fond way,
In the arms of To-day,
I dreamed of great deeds for the Morrow.

And the ship at last
Sailed into the Past;
For the year that is gone I am sighing—
But the sails are set,
And the decks are wet,
With the shear of the white foam flying.

Good-Night.....Rochester Post-Express

And then, good night! We sometimes sigh
For brighter sun and bluer sky;
The Ariel days are all too fleet—
Like shadows on a field of wheat;
"Ah, had we only time"—we cry.

And one by one the hours glide by,
As swiftly as the shuttles fly;
We wake and work, we play and eat—
And then, good night!

And each his little trade must ply
In Life's great game of sell and buy;
Some play it fair, while many cheat,
But in the end all taste defeat;
'Tis but a little while we try—
And then, good night!

In the OrchardWilfred Wilson Gibson.....Cornhill

Does Love remember yet the little house
We builded ere the Summer's sun was set,
To shelter him forever 'neath green boughs,
That he might dream and all the world forget?
The world beyond the orchard, where men fret,
Serving strange gods, remembering not Love's
vows
Until the lonely afterdays that rouse
Within their hearts the serpent of regret,
And turn to lead the gold upon their brows,
Where once of old Love's circling roses met.
Does Love remember yet the little house?
If we forgot not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember how the apples hung
From drooping boughs above us, dewy wet?
And how all golden in the dusk they swung
Among thick branches, that in leafy net
Held the first stars—those stars that shall not set
While Love remembers? How the blackbird sung,
As in a bower, when Love himself was young,
He sang for Bacchus and Nicolette,
As still he sings in Love's clear silver tongue
For hearts that worship in green places yet?
Remembers Love how bright the apples hung?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember yet when boughs are bare
And moaning winds the naked branches fret?
When Winter tempest troubles all the air,
When ruin has the orchard overset?
When he must go through windy ways and wet,
Nor find him shield nor shelter anywhere?
When, cold on brow, and white among his hair,
December snow falls, where green leaves have
met?
Does Love remember flower and fruit that were?
Or dream how Spring shall stir to blossom yet
The boughs that Winter winds have stricken bare?
If we remember, how should Love forget?

Slain.....John Vance Cheney.....*Cosmopolitan*
War met him and fell pestilence,
Sore toil and want, all the dread foes of every
day;
These he struck down, then went he hence,
Sent by a soft cat-thing that clawed him in her
play.

His great thews slacked, his eye grew dim—
That death, how could it be!
A sweet hell-mouth thrice kissed him,
The nails in the cross were three.

A Little Way.....Frank L. Stanton.....*Indianapolis Sentinel*
A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way,
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With your heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine.

The Street Minstrel.....S. E. Kiser.....*Chicago Record-Herald*
His hands are soiled, his throat is bare,
His face is streaked with dirt and thin,
And many a slip is in the air
He plays upon his violin;
A sadness dwells within his eyes,
The shoes are ragged on his feet,
And scoffers stop to criticize
The little minstrel in the street.

There by the curb he plays away,
Where flakes float past and winds blow chill,
And maybe, as the critics say,
He lacks the tutored artist's skill;

But now and then a little strain,
Played faultlessly and soft and sweet,
Floats up from where he stands out there—
The little minstrel in the street.

Say, ragged little minstrel, why
Must people listen but to hear
The false note, ever passing by
The strain that rises soft and clear?
Oh, it were well with us if we
Might in our own ways sound the sweet
And faultless notes as oft as he—
The little minstrel in the street.

The Night Beautiful.....Clinton Scollard.....*Harper's*
Day-long the fiery and unpitying sun
Flamed in a sky that glowed like burnished brass;
Dun stretched the ribbon of the road, and dun
The reaches of the grass.

In the still willow shadows by the pool
The cattle herded, standing dewlap-deep;
And all the beechen aisles, erewhile so cool,
Were sunk in fervid sleep.
But with the dusk the vesper ecstasies
Of the charmed wood-thrush stirred our hearts
to hope;
And then there breathed the blessing of a breeze
Adown the western slope.

The graceful garden-primrose set alight,
Its little globes of lemon-gold, and soon
High in the deep blue garden of the night
Flowered the great primrose moon.

And we forgot the garishness, the glare,
The parching meadows, and the shrunken
streams,
And in the glamour of that magic air
We gave ourselves to dreams.

Because of Thee.....Edwin O. Grover.....*Independent*
No hint of bird songs in the hedge,
Or from leaf-barren boughs,
Yet I can hark a silver-throat
That sets my heart a-rouse.
"Love! Love! Love!" it sings,
And "Love!" the livelong hours,
Till all my happy heart is brimmed,
As beauty brims the flowers.

No glimpse of green upon the hills,
No promise in the sky,
Yet Spring is buoyant in my heart,
For Love has loitered by.
"Love! Love! Love!" it sings,
And "Love!" throbs all my heart.
The little buds in ecstasy,
And, hark! the daisies start!

Chill doth blow the Winter's breath,
Bitter the biting cold;
Yet snug to leeward of wind and rain,
The balmy breezes hold.
Love, Love, Love, they bear.
Love-laden from Who Knows?
No hand but thine, dear, set their sails
From Southlands to my snows!

Applied Science: *Invention and Industry*

Putting the Ocean in Harness *Scientific American*

The city of Santa Cruz, California, owns perhaps the only practical and efficient wave motor in existence to-day, and it has stood the test of four years' operation. At a point, unprotected by outlying rocks or shoals, are two wells, eight and five feet in diameter, sunk in the cliff, one behind the other, the foremost but five feet from the brink. These wells extend from thirty feet above high tide to below the ebb, and open at bottom in the ocean. The simplicity of the motor precludes the need of a long description. A counterbalanced float rises and falls between vertical guides in the foremost well as the swells outside raise or lower the water level. The plunger of a common force pump working in any part of a long pump barrel occupies the second well, which forces on the down stroke the salt water vertically 125 feet to a 5,000-gallon tank raised on a sixty foot derrick on the bank above, from whence it runs to tanks along the country roads for miles around and is used for sprinkling purposes. In ordinary weather the pump fills the supply tank in about one hour. The surplus will also shortly be utilized in the manufacture of salt.

But as to the motor. A thirty-five-foot, four-post derrick carries the vertical guides for pump and float, which are fastened at and near the outer end of a twelve-inch round timber sixty feet in length, the butt counterbalanced on the bank over two small iron car wheels rolling on a short track, and thus allowing the timber to recede and advance as well as to oscillate as its outer end follows the vertical guides. The stopping and starting contrivance, however, caps the climax for simplicity. A strong chain leads from the outer end of the beam above the float over two shelves at the top of the derrick, and suspends a large barrel in vertical guides at the side. To stop the motor the barrel is filled with water from a short garden hose attached to a convenient connection from the tank. The weight of the filling barrel gradually overbalances the float, raising it above the waves. When the motor is to start a plug is pulled from the bottom of the barrel and the float gradually goes into action.

The Sun's Heat *Dr. Albert Battandier.....Cosmopolitan*

One day George Stephenson, seeing a train drawn by one of his locomotives, asked of a friend: "What makes that train go?" "The engine," was the reply. "But what moves the engine?" "The steam." "And what makes the steam?" "The coal." "But what has produced

the coal?" His friend remained silent for a moment after this unforeseen question, and Stephenson replied to it in a word—"The sun." And, in fact, the whole earth is the gift of the sun. . . . Now we can ask regarding the sun a fourfold question. What is the quantity of heat that it sends to the earth; what is the quantity that it sends out into space; what is its temperature, that enables it to produce such enormous effects; and, finally, how is its heat kept up and preserved? It is not difficult to measure the quantity of heat that the sun pours on the earth. Herschel found, at the Cape of Good Hope, that in one minute a vertical sun could melt a layer of ice 0.1915 millimeter (about 1-125-inch) thick. Pouillet, trying the same experiment at Paris, obtained the figures 0.1786. There is a difference between the two, but it is easy to explain it by the difference of permeability of the atmosphere and by local conditions. If we take the average, or 0.1850, we reach the result that in one hour the sun's heat is capable of melting a layer of ice 1.11 centimeters (about 1-2-inch) thick. But this value is much below the truth. We measure thus only the effect produced by the sun's heat on the surface of the ground; now to reach us the rays must traverse the atmosphere, which abstracts a great part of the heat. This is shown by experiments made at various heights. If, then, we could do away with the atmosphere, the earth would receive on its surface almost twice as much heat as it does now. If we could distribute this uniformly, the amount received in one year would be sufficient to liquefy a shell of ice 30 meters (nearly 100 feet) thick around the entire globe.

Wireless Telephony : Is It Practicable ?..... Leslie's Weekly

Professor Frederick Collins has been making experiments recently at Narberth, a suburb of Philadelphia, in sending messages by telephone without a wire connection. "The system," says Marconi, in an interview on the subject, "is good only for short distances. Ordinarily the limit will be about a mile. I have tried experiments myself, but further than that the system is not successful." Professor Collins, with a number of assistants, has been working at the matter during the past year. His apparatus, a little way off, looks like a camera mounted on a tripod. It is, in fact, a telephone inclosed in a case, to be carried where one wishes to be used without wires. Though a longer distance than above indicated has not yet been overcome, Professor Collins has

made but a beginning in his experiments, and he claims that, alike on sea or land, the electric current for the transmission of telephone messages can be conducted as easily as where the wireless telegraph is used. While Marconi has used lofty elevations, and recently has sent and received messages by means of kites connected by wires with the earth, the Narberth experiments have been conducted close to the ground. If stations were established in tree tops or on towers 100 or 200 feet high it is believed that telephoning without wires could be done at a much longer distance.

In using the wireless telephone at Narberth the receiver is connected with a Crooke's tube, induction coil, and cell battery, all of which can be packed in a small leather case. The receiver and the transmitter are similar to those used for ordinary telephone work, as is also the case with the batteries. When communication is to be opened between one place and another, an operator goes to his position, takes the apparatus from the case, connects the battery with the instruments and the latter with two wires extending to the ground, not only to receive but to deliver messages. The other station is formed merely by taking the battery and other apparatus from the case and mounting the induction coil and transmitting instrument on a little table which screws into the top of the tripod. From the table extend two wires, one of which connects with another battery and the other with a perforated sheet of copper about twelve inches square. Throwing up two or three spadefuls of earth the operator places the copper sheet with its wire connection in the ground and covers it. The line is now ready for operation, and no other work is required. A mile off conversation can be heard as distinctly by the wireless system as with the ordinary telephone where wires form the entire circuit. The state of the weather and the nature of the country affect the articulation to a certain extent. On a rainy or misty day the sounds are not as distinct, though wet weather does not interrupt the communication. It is also found that the system works better across a fairly level space, like an open field, than where it is separated by woodland, a stream, or a valley. The wireless telephony meets, in a measure, the same difficulties as wireless telegraphy, and Professor Collins, in conducting his experiments, has made a study of the Marconi system.

The inventor predicts that eventually this method will take the place of the ordinary telephone circuits, and he believes that it will be especially valuable at sea, as vessels can be equipped with the apparatus and their officers engage in conversation while the craft may be miles distant. The

United States Navy Department has become interested in the matter, and has decided to test the Collins apparatus on board the North Atlantic squadron.

A New Terror of the Sea.....Hudson Maxim.....Metropolitan

It has always been acknowledged as a truism that if a high explosive could be produced sufficiently insensitive to enable its employment as a bursting charge for armor-piercing projectiles, and if a high explosive of the power of ordinary dynamite could be successfully fired through armor plate, carried through by a shell which would withstand the impact, then exploded on the inside of a warship, the victory of the gun would be complete, and that armored protection must give way to speed and mobility with the battleship, exactly as it had to give way with the individual upon the advent of firearms.

Maximite, the new high explosive which has been adopted by the United States Government, fulfils completely all the foregoing requirements, and should this country go to war to-day with any foreign power we should be able to fire maximite shells through their thickest armor plate and explode them inside their warships, while they in turn would be wholly unable to penetrate our armor plate, even of moderate thickness, with any explosive charge whatever. This means that the heavy armor clad must go, and be replaced by some form of craft which shall embody, in the highest degree, great speed and ease of management with the most powerful weapons for the destruction of the warships and fortifications of an enemy.

From the viewpoint of our present knowledge, the automobile torpedo of the Whitehead type, carrying a sufficient bursting charge for the destruction of a warship, is the most formidable weapon, and the weapon itself, then, must to a large extent be our guide in the determination of the type of fighting craft which shall best serve to bring these torpedoes within striking distance of a warship with the greatest rapidity, and to discharge them the most rapidly and with the greatest accuracy.

The writer has proposed a torpedo boat or torpedo cruiser adapted to travel along the surface of the water under steam, like the ordinary torpedo boat of the present time, but when going into action, or coming within range of an enemy's fire, the boat will be so constructed that it will practically dive under the surface to a nearly submerged position. The boat will be provided with a superstructure, in the form of an upward projecting ridge or flange running along the whaleback top of the boat, and which will serve the

purpose of giving it the necessary flotation to prevent its complete submergence. In other words, the boat proper will be deep under water, and the only part projecting above the surface will be the long and narrow flotation structure, through which the smokestack and ventilators and lookout tower will pass. This flotation superstructure is entirely dispensable or non-vital, and any portion of it may be shot away without the least injury to the vessel proper, the only effect being to lessen its flotation reserve, and which may be balanced by expelling a corresponding amount of water from the submergence compartments of the vessel. It is true that if the pilot house should be carried away by an explosive shell it might end the career of the boat; but the small target presented by such an object, especially when traveling at high speed, will be a most difficult thing to hit with heavy guns, while the pilot house may be provided with a thin plate of armor, sufficient to protect it from machine-gun fire, but it is doubtful if even this protection would be actually required. Furthermore, such an object would be practically invisible at night, and the craft would have all the advantages of the submarine boat without its disadvantages, as it would travel, under normal conditions, upon the surface of the water, and be provided with roomy compartments and portholes for ventilation, making it as comfortable as the present form of warship. It will therefore have the advantages also of the above-water boat, without offering a similarly vulnerable target.

The proposed boat, under normal conditions, would travel under steam, and only moderate speed would be required, and an auxiliary and reserve power should be available for forcing the boat through the water at express-train speed in emergencies or when going into action. It is one thing to propose driving a boat at express-train speed, and quite another thing to do it. It cannot be accomplished by the ordinary system of steam engines and boilers, because the bulk and weight of the system itself preclude the possibility. It cannot be accomplished by storage batteries, for the same reason; also, it is impossible of accomplishment by any system of internal combustion engines. How, then, can it be done?

The writer has developed a system for driving automobile torpedoes of the Whitehead type at very great speed. In the present form of Whitehead torpedo compressed air is used for its propulsion, and for the period of a run of one minute about thirty horse-power is available. The writer proposes to replace the ordinary air flask with an apparatus adapted to utilize a new invention called motorite as a fuel for the evaporation of water. This motorite resembles, to some extent, smoke-

less powder in composition, and does not, like ordinary fuel, require atmospheric air for its consumption, but will burn right in the water just as well as in the air, and the products of combustion and the steam produced in direct contact with the flame are both utilized as motive power. No boiler being required, an enormous saving in weight is effected.

So economical in weight and space is this apparatus that both fuel and apparatus are placed within the eighteen-inch space available in the Whitehead torpedo without exceeding the weight of the equivalent volume of water, and still this apparatus and fuel are capable of generating about two hundred horse-power for the period of the run, or for one minute.

Turbines must always be employed with motorite, as reciprocating engines are entirely out of the question.

To adapt this system to the propulsion of torpedo boats like that proposed, it is only necessary to apply the same system that is proposed for the automobile torpedo, only on a larger scale, with means for controlling absolutely the rate of combustion of the motorite, or the quantity consumed in a given time and the consequent energy developed. Sufficient motorite may be carried by a torpedo boat of ordinary size for its propulsion at express-train speed.

An Electric Clock..... Pittsburg Dispatch

During the latter part of the nineteenth century electricity has been applied in many ways to many things; but one of the most radical changes which it has ever made, of any description, seems to have taken place in clock making. Until this year clocks were constructed on practically the same principles as those of 100 years ago. Even the clocks in offices and factories synchronized by W. U. Telegraph wires are run by a spring and pendulum, and wound regularly. The En Holm clock, however, invented and patented by Oscar A. En Holm, is a radical departure from any form of clock now on the market. The application of electricity is in supplying a motive power in the place of the usual spring. In the base of the clock, concealed from view, are two sealed batteries whose capacity is ten ampere hours. In the place of the spring, and running through the center of an electromagnet or solenoid is an armature in the form of a rod composed of a magnetic material. This core is suspended from a lever, which is connected to the gear train by means of a small ball clutch guided by standards. The clock starts with the core or armature at its highest point, its own weight carries it downward; and, as it descends, it pulls down the lever

with it, which has a sliding motion insuring uniform driving power, thus giving the driving power to the regular machinery of the clock.

The circuit of the magnetic or solenoid coil is completed by switch. It is composed of a glass bulb attached to a pivot and moved by the armature weight, in one end of which are the two wires not connected. In the bulb also is a small quantity of mercury; and in its ordinary position the wires are at the top and the mercury at the bottom. When the core reaches the lowest point in its descent, it tips the bulb (with which it is connected) until the end with the two wires is the lower. The mercury completes the circuit, the electromagnet raises the core to its original height, and the bulb assumes its upright position again, thus disconnecting the circuit. By another ingenious device the driving power of the core is not stopped while it is being raised. There is nothing to wear in the mechanism, as the friction is reduced to a minimum.

The weight takes five and a fraction minutes to make the descent, and the amount of time necessary for the electricity to lift it is less than 1-3 of a second. The capacity of the batteries is ten ampere hours or 36,000,000 milliampere seconds. Every five and half minutes the clock requires for 1-3 of a second 350 milliampere seconds. As the electricity is only in use during the 1-3 of a second in which the core is being raised, it follows, therefore, that the batteries contain enough electricity to run the clock for more than 3,000 days.

Weighing Thoughts...John Elfreth Watkins .St. Louis Post-Dispatch

An instrument which will weigh thoughts and dreams or which will measure the exact amount of sleep an individual is enjoying is a unique product of the instrument maker's art now being sold to various gymnasiums, psychologic laboratories and other institutions.

I recently had my thoughts weighed by this device, and I have before me the scientific report of a specialist who, by its aid, has been weighing the dreams of men.

Blood, after all, is the food for thought. Sleep is now known to occur only when the brain is drained of blood. By some experimenters dreams are believed to be caused by small quantities of blood left in the vessels of the cerebrum—quantities insufficient to impair sleep entirely. The skulls of dogs have been trephined and the buttons of bone removed have been replaced by watch crystals. A specialist lately found a girl who had accidentally lost a portion of the front of her skull and a part of whose brain was exposed. Through the crystals in the dogs' skulls and

through the fissure in that of the unfortunate girl the behavior of the brain during sleep was studied. It was discovered that as sleep comes on the brain gradually turns pale. Upon a sudden awakening the blood as suddenly returns to it. Dreams cause it to grow pink, with a depth of color proportionate to their intensity.

This machine which weighs thoughts and dreams might be best described to the popular mind as a shallow coffin exactly balanced on knife blades so as to gently rock like a perfectly poised see-saw. The subject is placed supine within the shallow tray, and after his body has come to rest weights are shifted until an even balance is maintained, with provision for his added weight. Graduated scales, spirit levels and indicators betray the slightest disturbance of his equilibrium. But even the movement of his diaphragm due to breathing causes a continuous rocking of the board. A pointer scraping against smoked paper pasted upon a revolving cylinder shows at a glance the variation of the rocking within a known space of time. No weighing scales are more delicate.

WEIGHING THOUGHT

This is how my thoughts were weighed: I lay down upon the rocking board, and, after much turning of bolts, levers and the like, a reasonable balance was found. At each inhalation my head would rise, and vice versa.

"Let your mind be passive. Think of nothing in particular," the experimenter commanded.

I obeyed. More screws were turned until the balance became perfect.

"Now multiply 516 by 7," was the second command. I obeyed again, and as I made the multiplication, mentally, I observed that my head was gradually falling.

A mirror hypnotizer was now placed upon a pedestal at the side of the instrument. A trigger was turned and the instrument's wings were set in rapid motion.

"Count the flashes of the mirrors, take deep breaths, and try to go to sleep," was the third command. Again I did as I was told. The deep breaths set the machine to rocking like a cradle. Gradually I grew drowsier and drowsier and—the curve of the smoked paper told the tale. As Morpheus, summoned by the heliograph message of the flashing hypnotic mirrors, had approached nearer and nearer, my head had risen more and more, until finally I lay still, the board settling at an incline descending toward my feet.

In a nutshell this is what happened:

While I lay mentally passive the blood was evenly distributed throughout my brain and body. Consequently an even balance was maintained.

The instant I commenced to do mental work—to multiply 516 by 7—blood began to course into my brain for the nourishment of thought. Its weight was sufficient to cause the great balance scale to drop at the end of the beam where my head rested.

Sleep, induced by the monotony of the board's rocking motion and by the fatiguing of my eyes due to the flashing of the mirrors, caused the blood to leave my brain, which became, perhaps, entirely impoverished, so far as the vital fluid was concerned.

The Loud-Talking Telephone*

By *Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.*

The loud-talking telephone, or haut-parleur, has been recently invented in France. It means briefly that a man can sit at his ease in his arm-chair and talk to another man at a distance as though he were right there in the arm-chair opposite. This other man, far away at the other end, may be at his ease, too, or he may be footling it up and down his office pulling at a cigar, or, for that matter, he may be in his bed in the next room. But in any case these two men are talking to each other with as little effort as though their feet were perched on the same table. The words of the one are caught up by the transmitter on the wall or desk, hurried along the wire through the streets, and pushed into the room of the other with practically all of their original force. Neither party to the conversation need disturb himself to go to the telephone, and when communication is open between two points it is not even necessary to ring up. You have only to speak out, and ask if your man is there. Or, perhaps, you are in the midst of a discussion with some people in your office, when a new voice rises above the many voices in the room, begs pardon for interrupting, but desires to know if the bill of lading for that last car has come to hand yet. You recognize a customer over in Brooklyn, and the curious part of it is, he is over in Brooklyn at the moment he breaks in upon your office confab. Probably he wishes to ask you something privately. Then he has merely to say so. You shove a button of the switchboard on your desk, and the loud-talking 'phone is changed back into our ordinary, discreet whispering affair. To hear what your customer is saying now, you have to put your ear to the receiver.

VALUE OF THE HAUT-PARLEUR

At first glance the haut-parleur may not seem good for much outside of an amusing novelty. A message by telephone certainly cannot be worth

the sending it if it does not deserve the small trouble of lifting a receiver to the ear. That is to say, the haut-parleur would be a pamperer to laziness. However, a second's thought will reveal some very important as well as remarkable applications of this ingenious invention. There is quite a little exercise of imagination in figuring out even a few of its possibilities. In the case of a ship, for instance, particularly during a storm or a battle, the man at the wheel has a vital word of command for the man at the engines. He cannot leave his post even for a second, and the same is the position of the man below. Neither can go to the telephone. But if the boat is fitted up with haut-parleurs, then the pilot merely speaks out his command, the engineer hears him above the din of the storm and machinery, and answers from wherever he happens to be at the moment. Equally important would be the uses of this telephone in shops, factories, mines, etc. Again, consider the part it might play in business dealings. Agreements are made every day over the ordinary telephone. Often, also, either wilfully or through a misunderstanding, one of the parties denies that he has ever entered into any such contract. In the contention that follows, there is only the word of one man against the word of another. There is no recourse to proof, for the ordinary telephone cannot repeat the conversation that took place. The waves of sound have been dissipated into space and lost forever. Even if a phonograph had been there, it would have registered only what one of the men said and not what he heard. But the haut-parleur gives both sides of the conversation from either end. A phonograph takes down the whole transaction, and makes it as binding as a written contract. The mistaken party is set right, or the dishonest one nailed down to honesty.

With the ordinary telephone one can hear a concert or other performance, but the receiver must be held to the ear, so that a separate appara-

*Everybody's.

tus is necessary for each person. There are, for instance, the theatroscope salons of Paris, where one can hear most any opera or play that is going on at the time. But one single haut-parleur enables an entire gathering to listen at the same time. The music or the harangue or the sermon comes from the trumpet-like mouth of the receiver, or the same may be shut off as you would shut up a book. This is one instance where Edward Bellamy was looking accurately forward.

AS A DETECTIVE

Perhaps the most startling of the possible applications of the loud-talking telephone will be as a spy and detective. You can manipulate combinations of crime and dark dealings all day long wherein the haut-parleur will be the hero. Two "swell crooks" hold a rendezvous in the room of a hotel and plan a safe-cracking campaign. They do not know it, but every word they utter is heard downstairs in the private office. Not only that, but every word is recorded, and the two swell crooks are convicted, though they have not committed any crime. That will be the millennium of justice. It will be no longer necessary to wait for one man to be murdered in order to hang another man, which is one of the weaknesses of our present system. But we can go straight ahead and hang the other man, and the constructively murdered man may assist at the function. The state of affairs then will resemble the universal accomplishment of mind-reading. It is true that a man would still be able to think bad without being discovered, but he would have to take it out in thinking, which is more peaceable than doing it with an axe.

SYSTEMS

There are several different systems of haut-parleurs that have been constructed by Frenchmen. Three at least have been reported upon favorably by officials present at the explanations and trials. The telephone of M. P. Germain was tested some time ago by the Ministère des Postes et Télégraphes, with the result that it has been adopted by the state to some extent. Inside the transmitter of this instrument there are delicate membranes of silicate of potash and magnesium, which are extremely sensitive to every vibration of sound-waves. The ordinary induction coil, such as is used in the state telephones, completes the microphone. This coil has a resistance of 1.5 ohms for its primary circuit and 150 ohms for its secondary. The receiver may be lengthened by a tube a yard long, which is slightly conical like a slender trumpet, and throws the sounds a distance of fifteen or sixteen yards at their normal tone, even when out of doors. The voice is heard clearly, without any of that hazy snuffling so common to telephones and phonographs. Singing and musical instruments sound more intense than spoken words, though they are equally distinct. The Germain microphone supports currents of from ten to twenty-five volts and from one-half to twenty-five ampères. Five-tenths of an ampère suffices for ordinary conversations, but when there are many hearers, as around the theatroscope, the currents may have to be made stronger. M. Germain has recently obtained much more satisfactory results by substituting micro-telephones for the microphones that he first employed.

Matters Musical and Dramatic

A Marionette Theater in New York.... Francis H. Nichols... Century

In the stock company of the theater are more than sixty members, but their play is never the subject of reviews by dramatic critics; the players are indifferent alike to praise and to censure. While they cannot truly be said to work for love, they certainly work neither for money nor for praise. Lack of feeling in their acting is more than compensated for by the strenuousness with which they interpret their parts, and, above all things, the members of the company are faithful. They are marionettes worked by iron rods, and their home is in Spring street, near the corner where it crosses the Bowery.

The marionettes are about three feet in height.

They have wooden heads and jointed, stuffed doll bodies, and are entirely the product of the theater. With more truthfulness than any other theatrical manager in the country, their "director" can boast of "making actors." Their faces are carved, wigs are tacked on their heads, and their costumes are all made within the theater itself. The play is a continuous one. It began more than a year ago, when the theater first made its appearance in Spring street. The director will explain to you that he has an Italian book in three volumes called the "Seven Paladins." He familiarizes himself with one of its chapters every afternoon, and then, in accordance with its story, improvises the lines of the actors as he manœuv-

vers them from behind the scene. Feminine marionettes speak through the medium of Isabella, his eldest daughter. The same dramatis personæ appear every night, but their performance is never the same. The chapters in the last of the three volumes have not yet been seen in Spring street, and they must all be acted before the director turns back to the first chapter of Volume I and begins all over again.

Because the marionettes are operated from above, the number of their gestures is limited. Their acting is all in accordance with a sort of vertical Delsarte system which has to be explained before it can be understood. When a marionette wishes to show the audience that he is weeping he holds his hand to his forehead; when he is angry he wriggles his feet; and when he is tired he leans back. In a corner of the theater is a work-bench where the armor is made for marionettes. The shields and helmets are hammered out by hand, and some are really beautiful. The dignity and importance of a character are always indicated by his armor. If he is just an ordinary knight, his helmet is apt to show the long battering it has received on the stage and behind it; but if he is a paladin, like Rinaldo, his shield is invariably new and nickel-plated. About a dozen of the marionettes are Turks, who are to be regarded in the spirit of the crusades. The Mohammedans are all desperately wicked; their part consists chiefly in being killed gracefully by the Christian knights, who, with the exception of Ganelon, can do nothing unworthy of applause, no matter how much they may murder and rob.

The little stage is at the end of a long hall. The proscenium arch is low enough to hide completely the men who work the actors. The cost of admission varies from five to fifteen cents. Comparatively few of the seats are sold at the highest price; they are caned-bottom chairs in a short gallery dignified with the name of "box." At eight o'clock every evening the audience begins to swarm into the seats which fill the main body of the theater. All are poor, and, according to accepted standards, ignorant. Very few are able to read and write. They are the sort of Italians who push fruit-carts or dig the subway. They are of all ages and dialects: white-haired grandmothers who are being given an evening's treat by the second generation; children who are in the Third Reader and can speak English; Piedmontese and Sicilians. Many of the women have their babies in their arms, and almost without exception the men smoke the vile tobacco which is found nowhere in the world but between Houston street and Chatham Square. One all-pervading touch of garlic makes the whole audience

kin. Apparently that vegetable forms an important part of the supper of all present, not excluding the babies. The management of the theater is entirely a family affair. The husband and father is the director. He is assisted in manœuvring the marionettes by his elder son and daughter. The director's wife sells tickets at the door, while Rafael and Helena, aged eleven and nine, act as ushers and supernumeraries.

The two children granted my request to go behind the scenes and interpret the play. We passed through a gateway in the railing about the stage, then through a canvas door in the proscenium, and I was in the home of the marionettes. Around the walls they hung in such profusion as to overlap one another. Rafael and Helena spoke of them as beings endowed with more than ordinary intelligence.

"That is the giant of Asia," Helena explained, as she pointed to a marionette a head taller than the rest. "He is stronger than any of the other Turks; but Rinaldo is going to kill him in about a week."

In the center of the stage the scenery was hung over a sort of partition. On the back of it was a narrow scaffolding on which stood the director, only his head and shoulders being visible. As the curtain rose, his muscular bare arms were shining with perspiration. Rafael said that the crude painting of trees hung over the partition was a picture of the Forest of Pain.

"We sometimes have sorrows all around us, and sadness. We have a kind of lost feeling. That is the Forest of Pain. It is hard to explain to Americans, but Italian people understand it."

Mambrino wabbled as he advanced, holding his sword over his face. The hum had subsided among the audience, and in its place was a silence which was broken now and then by sighs. All over the hall women were rubbing their sleeves across their eyes, and the men were knocking the ashes out of their pipes. "Poor Mambrino!" they said. "Will he ever get out?" The director's face, which the audience could not see, was growing tense and drawn. It was apparent that he felt all of Mambrino's wooden sorrow. In his expression was reflected the despair of which the marionette was incapable.

Mambrino stopped in the middle of the stage, and told how he had become separated from Rinaldo and had lost his way in the wood. He leaned far back, and said that he was hungry, cold, exhausted, and tired of it all. He staggered over to a pasteboard rock, and was dropped on it as he announced his intention of lying down to die in the Forest of Pain. Tears were in the director's eyes; the hand which he did not use for Mam-

brino was busy in brushing them away. Most of the women in the audience were sobbing aloud, while the men tugged violently at their mustaches.

The wizard Malagigi was next manœuvred on to the stage. A smile overspread the director's face, and he wore an expression of relief as he pronounced Malagigi's discovery of Mambrino. He twitched the wizard's feet, and made him say: "He is a brave knight. I must get him out of the Forest of Pain. I will call my master."

His master, the devil, was by far the most popular character in the cast. He was thrown over the top of the scene instead of entering from the flies. As the director interpreted the rôle, the devil proved himself worthy of all the applause he received. In spite of his tail and horns, he was a good fellow, who at once set about devising some scheme for getting Mambrino out of the forest.

"There is only way," he said thoughtfully; "he must follow the thing he loves best."

"But the only thing he has left to love is his horse Bayard."

"Excellent," replied the devil, as he jumped up and down with joy. "Run away with Bayard, and Mambrino will follow."

Rafael and Helena, without any prompting from their father, began to beat with their fists intermittently on the armor of the marionettes not in use, puckering up their lips at the same time, and making a funny little noise that was something between a whistle and a moan.

"It's a storm now," said Rafael; "we are the thunder and the rain on the trees."

The storm was for the purpose of awakening Mambrino, whom the director raised up from the rock just in time for him to catch a glimpse of the wizard leading Bayard away. Bayard was made of white cotton, and was about two feet long. He was jointed only in his front legs, and was considerably smaller than the wizard; but that made no difference. The audience loved him. It was the climax of the play, and they were growing very much excited. They stood up on the benches, and cried: "Catch him, Mambrino! Run after him!" Great beads of perspiration stood on the director's face as he stamped on the platform to indicate that Bayard was galloping away. With the wizard he disappeared into one of the flies, where Rafael stroked his cotton ears.

"You are a good horse," he said, as he hung him on his hook. "You needn't worry; we'll save your boss all right."

Mambrino had now forgotten all about his troubles. He was making a great deal of work for the director by banging his sword against his shield and calling loudly for Bayard, who did not

appear. As he made his way through the wood, he halted suddenly, while the children ran into a corner and stamped and pounded and howled like little Indians.

"A battle is going on," said Helena. "Mambrino is listening to it. We are the battle."

The audience was listening, too, with bated breath. They maintained absolute silence as Helena and Rafael increased the noise. Meanwhile Isabella and her elder brother were rapidly detaching marionettes from the hooks, and piling them in a row beside their father. Mambrino now was in the battle, which was waging fiercely between the Turks and the Christians. In rapid succession the Turks would swing up against Mambrino. There would be a clash of brass armor, and then the antagonist would fall dead on the stage. Within a period of three minutes a heap of about twenty dead marionettes encircled Mambrino. It was too violent physical exercise to permit of much dialogue by the director. It was simply a pantomime of clash and victory. Rinaldo wabbled over the heap of dead bodies when it was all past, and embraced his old comrade in arms. The audience laughed as the curtain went down, and the children dragged away Mambrino's victims. The devil's plan had been successful. The brave knight was out of the Forest of Pain.

Music in the Dark..... *Mirror*

Musical Germany has recently been discussing in all seriousness the question whether it is true that a pernicious effect is produced upon music lovers at public concerts by feminine beauty, with its delightful accessories, as seen in a blaze of artificial light reflected by crystal, gold, and glittering diamonds? Germany answers yes, and declares that in future lights must be turned down; in fact, some of the bolder spirits have already put them out and left the audience in darkness.

The idea was first suggested to a concert reformer in Darmstadt, who took to reading Goethe, and came upon a chapter in *Wilhem Meister*, in which an eccentric lover of music is described: "He could not live without music, more especially singing, and he was wont to listen to it without seeing the singers." This quaint individual used to say that music is really intended for the ear only, whereas in concert rooms it is made to minister mainly to the eye, to accompany movements, not sensations. The gentleman from Darmstadt thereupon concluded that the first step in the way of rational reform would be to lower the lights and shut his eyes to the consequences, and as many people jumped at the idea, it has already been realized, first in Darmstadt, and then in

Frankfort-on-the-Main. Experiments are about to be continued elsewhere.

A man goes to a concert to hear music. But when he gets there he sees a great deal more than he hears, and his attention is distracted. The pillars, the statues, the lustres, all turn his thoughts away from the strains meant to soothe or inspirit. That is not as it should be, and yet it is not by any means the worst. He looks around at the ladies, many of whom come to be looked at. He sees the luxuriant tresses of one sylph-like figure before him, and as he cannot catch a glimpse of her charming face, he tries to guess at the features. His neighbor, a rich tradesman, is engaged in estimating the cost of the riviere of diamonds round her shapely neck. A third worshiper of Terpsichore finds himself behind the sweetest thing in hats, and must be content with hearing, since he can't see anything because of the beautiful obstruction. Now, all these things were brought to the concert for the purpose of being seen, whereas people come primarily to hear. Suddenly a burst of applause reminds them of this fact—and of the other, that they have not been listening to the sonata.

Opposed to the arguments above is the rather practical reflection that, being gifted with eyes, we should use them to some good purpose, even in a concert hall. When a number of people foregather for a common object, they ought at least to see each other. And, after all, the majority of the public are not better or more conscientious worshipers than those who go to church. Moreover, some light must be given to the musicians in order that they may read the score, and this light in an otherwise dark room is painful to the eyes. If, on the other hand, the person of the singer is hidden from view, as Wagner covered up his orchestra, much of the effect is marred. Lastly, it should not be forgotten that a good deal of modern music was written for the light. Haydn's "Seasons," for instance, were never intended to be performed in gloom. A cantilene of Chopin might, it is true, affect us more powerfully in the gloaming, but that is an experiment to be tried at home. If, however, in spite of all these arguments, the lights are to be turned down, then, adds the German critic, who might have hailed from Connemara, let the seats be turned round so that our backs may face the orchestra.

Not long ago Professor Kwast and some other celebrated musicians gave a concert in Frankfort in the dark. The programme was excellent, and the gas bill was nil. One of the critics left the hall with eye-ache before the second piece was performed, and some of the younger visitors waited in ecstasies of delight until all was over.

Another critic declares that the reform, to be successful, must be thorough, and the degrees of obscurity should be adjusted to the musical effects of each composition. For an allegro, therefore, the room ought to be inundated with light, for the finale twilight would be fitting accompaniment, while a slow movement should be played in absolute darkness.

Chinese Figurines . . . Margherita Arlina Hamm. . . . Art Interchange

The figurines may be divided according to the district where they are created or to the material out of which they are made. In general, these two classifications lap one another at several points. The Foo-Chow figures are nearly all of soapstone, as are those of Wenchow. Those of Amoy and Chang Chow are of wax or of composition in which wax is an ingredient. Those of Canton, Swatow and Chow Chow Foo are of porcelain made from the beautiful kaolin, of which the purest quality is found in the last-named city. The figures of Tien-Tsin are made of clay, moistened with some gelatinous preparation, which enables the material to be molded and thereafter to be dried without cracking. Wooden figures are common to all parts of China, the best belonging to Canton and Hankow. Metal work is uncommon, the Mongolian preferring to obtain metal effects by the use of foil, rather than employ metal itself.

The porcelain figures would alone form an interesting museum of ceramics. The ware is made from kaolin, which is ground, washed, dried and bolted. The siliceous elements are treated with equal care, and the burning is conducted by the artist in person. This preliminary treatment makes the molecular structure of the porcelain so fine that it may be compared with the thinnest rice paper. It enables the artist to mold finger nails so thin as to be almost transparent. At Chow Chow Foo and its port, Swatow, I have seen statuettes of the Goddess Quan Yin not more than five inches in height in which the nostrils, ears, fingers, finger nails and the hairpins in the hair were wrought with marvelous fidelity to reality.

At times a traveler runs across figurines made of tinted and colored porcelain. These are comparatively rare, and the art of making them appears to be dying out. Those produced to-day at Canton in the south and in the Nanking district in the north are bungling earthenware rather than art porcelain. A few kilns at Chow Chow Foo still do admirable work, but it may be questioned if their finest products are equal to the matchless figures which were produced during the Ming dynasty in both the southern and northern kilns.

One art they have not yet lost, and that is the making of crackle ware. They do this with as much ability as ever. So much so, that the piece of to-day can hardly be distinguished from a mate three hundred years old. When applied to statuettes the effect is rather odd and not unpleasant. The figure looks as if it had been broken by long years of use and was ready to fall to pieces. As a matter of fact it is just as strong as if a figure in solid color and body. At times there is an attempt to use color with reference to realistic effects.

For wax and composition figurines, the best market is the Port of Amoy, where these interesting little objects have been sold ever since the opening of the treaty port. Most of them are made in the interior at the prefectoral city of Chang Chow. They are of two classes: one a rich sepia brown, and the other in bright colors, mainly prismatic in tone. The figures are from one to three inches in height, and making allowance for the conventionalism of the country, are admirable specimens of modeling. They represent kings, queens, saints, philosophers, generals, heroes, sages, and mythical characters. The brown figures depend for their effect entirely upon the excellence of their workmanship. This in many cases is almost microscopic in detail. Under a magnifying glass the spectator can see the separate strokes of the tools which shaped the lips, teeth, eyelids, fingers, and toes.

The soapstone figures of Foo Chow and Wenchow vary in artistic quality. Most of them are roughly drawn, with but little regard for symmetry. A few, however, especially those that come from the up-country behind Foo Chow, are of remarkable beauty.

These soapstone figures should never be handled. The stone is soft, and will not stand the wear and tear. The mere touch of a hand will dull sharp lines and by degrees change a well-executed face into a series of rounded curves, more grotesque than beautiful.

The wood statues are at times of great excellence. Canton excels in this field, although fine pieces of workmanship come from Hangchow, a city of former wealth and power, where the fine arts flourished to a great degree. It is seldom that the wood is left undecorated. Out of a hundred samples only one will show the natural color and grain of the timber. All the rest are painted, gilded, silvered, or bronzed. Those which are gilded are handsome, but a trifle barbarous in appearance, while those which are painted are vulgar and repulsive to a sensitive eye. Occasionally one may be encountered in which the coloring has been done with skill and wisdom.

The majority of the wooden figures are of religious or semi-religious character. They are bought by the boatmen and junkmen, who place them upon a tiny altar in their craft and there propitiate them with joss sticks and prayers.

The most interesting of all the figurines of China are the clay figures of Tien-Tsin. The material is a silt brought down by the Pei Ho, which in fineness and uniformity compares favorably with any modeling clay known. Several varieties are employed, whose color ranges from light gray and pale yellow to brown, dark red and slate. The clay is washed, put through a sieve, and then dried. It is then rolled with a rolling pin and moistened with warm water in which some mucilaginous element is held in solution or suspension. With this material the artist models his figure, dries it, and then with a brush adds a little faint color to the points or surfaces where it will be effective. Red is applied to the lips and cheeks, brown to the eyes, and black to the hair. Then, oddest of all, comes the fitting of these figures with clothing, which is done with the accuracy of a Fifth avenue tailor. The art school of the guild is strongly realistic, and the little images are studies, representing the dramatic, pathetic, ridiculous or horrible sides of daily life. One figure is that of an opium smoker, whose bones are coming through his skin, and whose rags are scarcely decent. Another figure is that of a beggar, who exposes a ghastly wound or points with tea-stained face at the stump of a leg or arm. A third is a gambler, whose vices have ruined him. A fourth is a farmer endeavoring to lead a pig to market, a fifth is a porter staggering beneath his huge load. So the list runs, the little statues illustrating types, trades, and romances. As for the modeling, it is the best in the empire, and will compare favorably with that of the leading sculptors of Christendom. It is the only Chinese school of art which has not been crushed by conventionalism and historical motives.

Standing in the store where the figurines are for sale one can look out into the street and see the characters alive and real who are depicted here in miniature. The drawback to the figures is their extreme fragility. Although the clay is modeled on a little framework made of wood, or wire, or both, the material itself is inherently so uncohesive that a slight shock or a jar will often break off a hand, foot, or even head. To be exported would necessitate packing in cotton-wool and paper with as much care as is bestowed upon the finest crystal. The clay figures, inexpensive as they are in China when measured by American standards, would be cheap at five or even ten dollars apiece.

Among the Plants: *The Production of New Kinds*

Edited by *Robert Blight*

Not so very long ago—well within the life of one who cannot yet be called old—gardening was a matter of “rule of thumb.” It is by no means the least significant of the signs of progress during the last half of the past century that horticulture has become one of the arts based on science. This result, like all kindred ones, has been attained through experiment. The following passage, translated for Current Literature, describes one of the most curious experiments which one can conceive applied to plants:

The Etherization of Plants.....Albert Maumene.....La Nature

One of the most important and critical rules of forced cultivation in first season is the state of vegetation of the subjects submitted to forcing. It is absolutely necessary, and this has been recognized for a long time, that vegetation should be completely stopped and that the plant should have entered into a period of absolute rest, if we want to obtain a favorable result, that is, a satisfactory blossoming. If this condition is not observed, notwithstanding the employment of the best methods of forcing (perfected material, inducement to normal vegetation, and rational care) the plants produce leaves, but the flower buds do not open. Therefore, we have, under ordinary circumstances, to wait for a slight frost which destroys the leaves, while preparing and inducing this stoppage of vegetation. For this reason we uproot the plants early and expose them entirely to the action of the air. It is thus possible to advance in September this period of rest, which, in fact, does not exist until November, by placing the plants in a refrigerating apparatus or in an ice box. But we must expect many failures: the branches, being full of sap, often burst, and forcing is rendered impossible. This anticipated rest can, therefore, be resorted to only when the circulation of the sap is not very active, on account of a dry season. Moreover, this modus operandi is only practicable when we have at our disposal such refrigerating apparatuses as are erected in large flower gardens, like those surrounding Paris, London, Berlin, Hamburg, or along the Mediterranean coast.

EXPERIMENTS WITH ETHER

On account of the large demand for flowers out of season, scientists have investigated the elements which, outside of cold, could incite a stoppage of vegetation and the same symptoms of rest. After many experiments it has been ascertained that ether possesses a peculiar action, as it produces a great acceleration of vital func-

tions and is capable of modifying vegetable processes. In 1893 Mr. Johannsen, professor at the Danish Superior School of Agriculture, sent a very interesting communication to the Royal Academy at Copenhagen, and produced some lilacs in full bloom out of season, as a result of ether treatment. The results of his researches were printed in a volume which attracted a good deal of attention in Germany. The work of the distinguished professor formed the basis of numerous experiments, the results of which are very conclusive. According to Mr. Holm, who has continued the experiments of Mr. Johannsen, the ether used is sulphuric ether, or ethylic ether, the anaesthetic action of which belongs to the domain of medicine. Used in the treatment of plants, its properties consist in the fact that it accelerates the combinations and exchanges of nutritive and other matters which exist in the vessels of plants during the active period of the life, from March until October, and it stops the circulation of the sap.

If we place under a lilac, an azalea, a hydrangea, or an arbutus, consuming a certain quantity of water, a phial of ether, the following fact will occur: the vapor of this very volatile liquid in surrounding the branches will fade the leaves and accelerate the vegetation, which will in a given time stop under the action of the cold. Under these conditions the ether shortens the vegetative periods and produces about the same effect as the first frost, which makes the leaves yellow, causes their fall, and interrupts the circulation of the sap in the aerial parts.

ABNORMAL FALL OF THE LEAF

From the very moment a tree, an arbutus for instance (whatever may be the cause which has stopped the circulation of the sap), loses its leaves during the summer, its branches of the year cease to be herbaceous, and become ligneous. This fact is particularly observed in dry years. If at the end of August or the beginning of September a short period of rain follows dry weather, the buds, which should normally remain within their envelope to open only in the following spring, will develop and produce flowers and leaves. This phenomenon is yearly observed with lilacs and chestnut trees, which are seen to bloom again in August and September.

The editor may here interpose an instance that came under his observation during the summer of 1901. A “weeping” elm was deprived of all its

leaves by the ravages of insects early in the summer. By the end of August the tree had a full second crop of leaves which, although not as large as the first, made the tree a beautiful object. These leaves, however, did not ripen and change to the usual golden color of elm leaves, but fell at the first frost, black and shriveled.

The causes which determine the abnormal, as well as the normal stoppage of vegetation, and, therefore, determine also the comparatively long or short period of rest, are of internal order. They correspond with the external state of temperature, because drought and heat in hot climates have on certain plants the same effect that cold has on others in temperate climates. If the periods of drought in summer and cold in spring are longer, they act longer on the buds, which will remain inert, although the period of rest is virtually at an end. If the rain begins or the cold stops, these buds will open and develop. In this last case, the plants, or simply their boughs, placed in water and removed to the green-house, will expand and bloom.

THE PROCESS OF ETHERIZATION

Etherization seems to give better results from July until the beginning of September. Experiments made in October were less conclusive.

It is necessary to operate in the following manner when submitting plants to the action of ether, in order to obtain the best results: In the first place, etherization should be practised in a medium free from humidity, taking care that the soil in which the plants stand is absolutely dry. This can be readily done by depriving the plants in pots of watering or exposing to the sun the clod of the uprooted plants. As humidity absorbs ether, we know that the product would penetrate to the roots and damage them, and that its action would be decreased on account of the neutralization of its vapors.

The plants are placed in a room, or rather an air-tight box, the temperature of which should not be below 17° or 18° Centigrade. Ether is poured from the outside into a receptacle suspended inside. The aperture is then tightly closed to avoid a loss of vapor. This operation must be performed during the day, the vapor of ether being highly inflammable.

Four hundred grammes of ether are sufficient for each cubic meter of air, and the plants should be exposed to the etherization during fifty hours. This lapse of time is amply sufficient, as it has been noticed that the buds swell and sprout, so rapid is the action of the ether.

As soon as the plants are taken from the box they are transplanted in the green-house, watered, and taken care of like the other plants. They grow and bloom more rapidly than the plants

forced by the ordinary process, which can be readily understood, the time required for the vegetation to begin being shortened by the process of etherization.

Mr. Johannsen obtained, during the first part of September, the blooming of lilacs submitted to etherization during the preceding months. Similar results were obtained with other flowers, among them *Viburnum tomentosum plicatum*. Mr. Franz Ledien hopes to apply etherization to shrubs. So far, however, etherization has only given good results with plants naturally blooming in spring, which are at rest during the month of July. Among them are azalea, spiraea, the snowball, the false pistachio-tree, the glycine, the peony, etc., all of which have given satisfactory results. Who knows if this discovery will not lead to the successful forcing of fruit trees in pots, such as the grape-vine, the cherry tree and other trees of the same kind?

The preceding passage well illustrates the scientific skill which is now applied to the fascinating art of horticulture. Let us turn in the following one to the historical aspect. One testimony in favor of the writer's claim that gardening originated in subtropical regions is that the banana is probably the oldest of cultivated plants, seeing that it has wholly lost the power of perpetuating itself by seed, and even in the "wild" state increases by suckers:

Plant-Growing and Human Culture.....Country Life in America

The earliest records of civilization were made amid the splendid vegetation which sprung naturally from the rich soil in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, supplemented probably by the acquisition of fruits and flowers made by barbaric tribes returning from their excursions into distant parts of Asia. Before the pyramids uprose, before the most ancient Chaldean records were inscribed, mankind had learned to love plants and flowers, and history dawns upon people skilled in horticultural arts and moved by horticultural sentiment. All the wonderful, erudite researches of the last half century, which have brought to light so much about ancient peoples, have disclosed nothing more capable of demonstration, nor more lofty in significance, than the simple declaration of Genesis, "and the Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He planted the man whom He had formed."

SEMI-TROPICAL REGIONS THE ORIGINAL SEAT

Traditionally, the semi-tropical is the pioneer garden. Of half a dozen sites of Edens for which theologians have contended, all were in semi-tropical situations. Historically, the greatest gardens of the world have been made in semi-tropical regions. Naturally, the grandest results in acclimatization and the widest diversity of

beautiful forms of plant, flower, and fruit are to be found in that favored belt of the earth's surface to which both the temperate and tropical zones have given many of their best plant treasures and where these refugees from killing frosts or burning heat assume, in some respects, at least, a perfection of form and fruitage which they do not attain in the regions of extremes whence they came. It would appear, then, that when man or nature, or both together, would achieve the highest results of gardening art, they have chosen a location "having characteristics intermediate between, or common to, both the temperate and tropical zones."

THE GIFTS OF THE SUB-TROPICS

Again, the semi-tropical garden can claim eminence for the gifts it has made to gardening in the temperate zone. The migrations of the Aryan nations from Western Asia toward Europe, which began about 2500 B. C., carried into the more northerly regions of the temperature zone the plants, fruits and grains which had been gathered into the East-Mediterranean countries from all other semi-tropical regions of Asia, by tribal conquest or interchange, during more remote times. From as far east as China and as far south as India the choicest plants had been collected to enrich the gardens of Phoenicia and Egypt. These passed on the arms of conquest into barbaric Europe, and upon these fruits and grains was established European civilization. What we have come to look upon now as the natural products of the upper regions of the north temperate zone originally came from the south and were the achievements of ages of prehistoric semi-tropical gardening. Very creditable is it to the enterprise of the more northerly latitudes that they have done so well with these legacies from an extinct Asiatic civilization, and they have ennobled them by centuries of selection and have added to them the grand developments made from their own indigenous plants. They have accomplished wonders also in devices for protecting these semi-tropical wanderers from the inclemency of northern climates. They have erected walls to ward off Arctic blasts and to concentrate upon them the heat and light from the southern sun. They have spread over them thousands of acres of glass and have caused them to grow in an artificial summer-heat born of stoves and furnaces. Thus the indulgent North men have cherished their tender visitants from semi-tropical lands; thus have they learned their nature and their needs, and their reward has been rich and ample.

The horticultural wealth which flowed out from the semi-tropical regions adjacent to the Mediterranean was carried ere long by European discov-

ers to the New World. In return therefor American and Australia have made rich donations to European horticulture from their own indigenous flora. The arts of peace, such as commerce, scientific exploration, and missionary enterprise, have, during the last few centuries, made all the world akin and brought the plants of all the world to the hands of those who will properly care for them. The result is that semi-tropical gardening at the present day belts the globe and delights all nations. Though our later day has no instances of sumptuous gardening, such as Asiatic potentates secured at fabulous cost of gold and slave labor, we have something inexpressibly better in the wider dissemination of taste, refinement and ennobling recreation. The hanging gardens of Babylon were the logical culmination of horticultural effort under the half-lights of ancient pagan civilization. They gave embodiment to ambition, artifice, oppression; the full light of Christian civilization fills our horticulture with humility, truth, humanity. The central idea in the old garden was the palace; in the garden of to-day it is the home.

Probably we can have no better instance of the way in which a native of one climate is made a staple subject of cultivation in another than the pineapple. It is a native of Brazil, and has spread thence to the West Indies, the East Indies, and even Africa. It was not known to Europeans until 1555, when a monk named André Thevet saw it in Peru. The first allusion to it in England is in the diary of John Evelyn, who says that the fruit was sent, in 1661, to Charles II. In European countries it is very extensively cultivated under glass in the gardens of the wealthy. In the following quotation we have an account of its successful cultivation in Florida:

The Florida Pineapple.....Florida

Pineapples do not grow on trees. Imagine a plant four feet in extreme height from the ground to the tip of the leaves. A single stalk at the surface, but dividing at once into sword-like blades or leaves, fifteen in number, from the center of which appears a stiff, upright stem, at the top of which is the fruit. This stem is short, and the crown of the fruit when fully grown is a foot or more below the points of the leaves. At the end of a year and a half from planting each plant produces a single fruit, even as a cabbage plant produces a single head. But the pineapple does not die after fruiting once. Down on the stem below the fruit and among the long, narrow leaves, a sucker appears. If allowed to remain, this will soon become the head of the plant, and within another year it will yield another fruit. This process may go on for a term of years. In the meantime, however, other suckers will make their appearance.

These are broken off, and when stuck into the ground they put out roots and become other plants. Thus a single pineapple plant may produce a dozen or more others while it is yielding fruit from year to year. There are as many good varieties of pineapples as of other apples. All of them are good, but some are better than others. To ascertain the best variety, and then to environ and cultivate it so as to produce the highest grade of fruit is the ambition of the high grade pineapple growers of Florida.

MODE OF CULTIVATION

In its natural habitation the pineapple thrives best under a partial shade, in a moist situation and in a tropical or sub-tropical climate. To meet these conditions is the aim of the growers of Florida, at the same time aiding nature by judicious cultivation and liberal supplies of such plant food as experience shows will be productive of best results. The partial shade is secured by erecting above the plants an arbor or half shade, the roof of which is built of slats one by three inches, with three-inch space between. It is established, beyond all question, that plants under shed grow more uniformly in size, fruit more uniformly and in less time, while the fruit of the same variety will attain at least one-quarter greater size than when grown in the open air. The fruit, too, when so grown is softer and more juicy, has less of woody fiber and is superior in flavor to that grown in the open air. The pineapple plant will produce about three pines, when it should be taken up and replaced by a vigorous slip, which in turn will produce its first pine in fifteen to eighteen months. In the meantime, the plants will produce slips, at the rate of two to five per year per plant. With these the grower can enlarge his plantation, or, if he so desire, find a ready sale for them. The demand, thus far, has kept in advance of the supply, and promises to do so for many years to come. Few investments will pay better than a well-cultivated pinyery.

It takes a few thousand dollars to get into the business, unless one wants to start in a small way and grow into it. This can be done by the man who has an income upon which he can rely while he is raising plants and making a slow start. Any man who has a suitable piece of land can secure a few hundred plants and thus get started. The rest will come in time.

Curiously enough, the next selection affords us an instance of a plant neglected in the country of its origin, while foreigners have discovered its economic value and prize it accordingly. The genus *Helianthus* is essentially American, and we recognize to some extent, though far from sufficiently,

the value of *H. tuberosus*, the "Jerusalem" artichoke, but the sunflower, a few years ago beloved of aesthetic maidens, is worthy of far greater attention than it at present receives.

A Useful American Plant.....*Youth's Companion*

The sunflower, although it originated in this country, in the region of the great plains, is not used so extensively here as in some other countries, especially Russia. It is a long time since the plant first delighted the eyes of Europeans, being then cultivated in the gardens of Madrid. The early Spanish explorers had found it in this country and taken it home with them. The plant was utilized by the American Indians long before the days of Columbus. When Champlain visited the Georgian Bay in 1615 he found the natives growing it and using the oil for their hair. It was raised chiefly, however, for the food afforded by the seeds.

In Russia at the present day the seeds are eaten in immense quantities, raw or roasted, as peanuts are in America, and the oil obtained by pressing the seeds is an important article of diet. The frequent religious fast days in that country restrict the use of meat, and lead to a large consumption of vegetable oil; and the manufacture of sunflower oil has consequently grown to considerable dimensions. The best seeds yield an oil which compares favorably with olive oil for table purposes.

Even the upper classes in Russia eat the seeds, the larger and finer ones being quite equal to most nuts in respect of palatability and wholesomeness. The stalks and dried leaves are highly prized for fuel, being in some parts of the empire almost the only available substitute for wood. An acre of sunflowers will yield many cords of good fuel.

The oil appears to have more of the general properties of olive oil than has any other known vegetable oil. It takes about a bushel of seeds to make a gallon of oil, and fifty bushels of seeds can be grown on one acre of land. As the oil sells at a dollar a gallon, the profit is large. Of late years purified sunflower oil has been used quite extensively to adulterate olive oil. It is of a pale yellowish color, and decidedly palatable. In a crude state it is used by painters to some extent, but it is inferior to linseed oil for use in paint.

In addition to the oil from the seeds, the stalks, when green, and the oil cake make excellent fodder. The fiber of the stalks, which is fine, silky, and very strong, also has a value. In China it is woven into beautiful fabrics, and it is believed that, by the use of proper machinery, it might be utilized most profitably in this country.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

The Angler's Wish.....Isaac Walton

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
 Sit here and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
 Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverlock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
 And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

Emmeline Talbot.....Thomas Davis

'Twas a September day;
In Glenismole,
Emmeline Talbot lay
On a green knoll.
She was a lovely thing,
Fleet as a falcon's wing,
Only fifteen that spring—
Soft was her soul.

Danger and dreamless sleep
Much did she scorn,
And from her father's keep
Stole out that morn.
Toward Glenismole she hies;
Sweetly the valley lies,
Winning the enterprise—
No one to warn:

Till by the noon, at length,
High in the vale,
Emmeline found her strength
Suddenly fail.
Panting, yet pleasantly,
By Dodder-side lay she;
Thrushes sang merrily,
 “Hail, sister, hail!”

Hazel and copse of oak
Made a sweet lawn,
And from the thicket broke
Rabbit and fawn.
Green were the *eiscirs* round,
Sweet was the river's sound,
Eastward flat Cruachy frown'd,
South lay Sliabh Bán.

Looking round Barnakeel,
Like a tall Moor
Full of impassioned zeal
Peeped brown Kippure;
Dublin in feudal pride,
And many a hold beside,
Over Finn-ghaill preside—
Sentinels sure.

Is that a roebuck's eye
Glares from the green?
Is that a thrush's cry
Rings in the screen?
Mountaineers round her sprung;
Savage their speech and tongue,
Fierce was their chief and young—
Poor Emmeline!

“Hurrah! 'tis Talbot's child!”
Shouted the kerne;
“Off to the mountains wild,
Faire, O'Byrne!”
Like a bird in a net
Strode the sweet maiden yet
Praying and shrieking, “Let—
Let me return!”

After a moment's doubt,
Forward he sprung,
With his sword flashing out,
Wrath on his tongue.
“Touch not a hair of her's—
Dies he who finger stirs!”
Back fell the foragers—
To him she clung.

Soothing the maiden's fears,
Kneeling was he,
When burst old Talbot's spears
Out on the lea—
March men, all staunch and stout,
Shouting their Belgard shout:
“Down with the Irish rout,
Prêts d'accomplir!”

Taken thus unawares,
Some fled amain,
Fighting like forest bears,
Others were slain.
To the chief clung the maid—
How could he use his blade?
That night upon him weighed
Fetter and chain.

Oh! but that night was long,
Lying forlorn,
Since 'mid the wassail-song
These words were borne:
“Nathless your tears and cries,
Sure as the sun shall rise
Connor O'Byrne dies,
Talbot has sworn.”

Brightly on Tambloch Hill
Flashes the sun;
Strained at his window-sill,
How his eyes run

From lonely Sagart slade
Down to high ligh-bradán glade,
Landmarks of border raid
Many a one.

For well the captive knows
Belgard's main wall
Will, to his naked blows,
Shiver and fall,
Ere in his mountain-hold
He shall again behold
Those whose proud hearts are cold,
Weeping his thrall.

"Oh! for a mountain-side,
Bucklers and brands!
Freely I could have died
Heading my bands;
But on a felon tree"—
Bearing a fetter key,
By him all silently
Emmeline stands.

Late rose the castellan
He had drunk deep,
Warder and serving-man
Still were asleep;
Wide is the castle gate,
Open the captive's grate,
Fetters disconsolate
Flung in a heap.

'Tis an October day,
Close by Loch Dan
Many a *creach* lay,
Many a man
'Mong them in gallant mien,
Connor O'Byrne is seen,
Wedded to Emmeline,
Girt by his clan!

*Old Maids.....Hans von Sprengel**

I am a lover of all womankind,
And maidens old are not old maids to me;
Though beauty flees there still remains the mind!
And mind is surely better company!
What tho' the harp be new and trimmed with gold?
Does sweeter music tremble in its tone,
Than when the gaudy polish has grown old
And nought is left but sweet accord alone?
Or is the gem held in less high esteem
Because the casket is defaced by time?
A woman's mind a priceless gem I deem,
Her heart a harp that music yields sublime.
So wonder not that years hide not from me
The jewel's glow—the harp's sweet melody.

Too Late.....Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve you,
I'd smile on you sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

*Printed by request.

O, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few.
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows,
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Boys.....John Godfrey Saxe

"The proper study of mankind is man"—
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman,
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human!

But of all studies in the round of learning,
From nature's marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning,
The very queerest one is that of boys!

If to ask questions that would puzzle Plato,
And all the schoolmen of the Middle Age,
If to make precepts worthy of old Cato,
Be deemed philosophy—your boy's a sage!

If the possession of a teeming fancy,
(Although forsooth, the younker doesn't know
it.)

Which he can use in rarest necromancy,
Be thought poetical, your boy's a poet!

If a strong will and most courageous bearing,
If to be cruel as the Roman Nero;
If all that's chivalrous, and all that's daring,
Can make a hero, then the boy's a hero!

But changing soon with his increasing stature,
The boy is lost in manhood's riper age,
And with him goes his former triple nature—
No longer Poet, Hero, now, nor Sage!

Welcome Me Home.....Thomas Haynes Bayly

Gayly the Troubadour
Touched his guitar,
As he was hastening
Home from the war;
Singing, "From Palestine
Hither I come;
Ladye love! ladye love!
Welcome me home."

She for the Troubadour
Hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him
When others slept:
Singing, "In search of thee
Would I might roam;
Troubadour! Troubadour!
Come to thy home."

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour
Breathing her name,
Under the battlement
Softly he came,
Singing, "From Palestine
Hither I come,
Ladye love! ladye love!
Welcome me home."

Sociologic Questions of the Times

Anarchism : Its Cause and Cure.....Lyman Abbott.....Outlook

There are three doctrines—if the first can properly be called a doctrine—which are quite distinct, but are often confounded in the public mind: those respectively of Assassination, Anarchism, and Socialism. The first is the doctrine that all rulers are criminals, robbers of the people, wild beasts, whom any man may kill at sight. To act upon this doctrine is to commit murder. What methods should be taken to prevent or punish assassination of rulers, and what to punish or to restrain the criminal insane who incite to the assassination of rulers, is a question of criminal law which I do not propose here to discuss. It must suffice to say that this crime is not to be condoned as political, nor this class of criminals given a refuge as patriots, reformers, or even misguided agitators.

ANARCHISM

Anarchism is defined by E. V. Zenker, in his monograph on the subject, as "the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and consequently the absence of any kind of external government." It rests upon the doctrine that no man has a right to control by force the action of any other man. In its extreme form it was expressed by the declaration made by an Anarchist to me once at a dinner-table: "Of course I never think of giving my child a command." By its advocates Anarchism is defended on philosophic grounds: the sanctity of the human will, the inviolability of the personality entrenched in and expressed by that will, the immorality of attempting ever to overawe that will by fear or force of any description. Anarchism is defended on historic grounds: the evils are recited which have been wrought in human history by the employment of force compelling obedience by one will to another will, as they are seen in political and religious despotism, in the subjugation of women, in every form of brigandage from that of the Italian bands to that of the Napoleonic armies. It is conceded that evils might grow out of the abolition of all government; but it is insisted that they would be insignificant in comparison with the wrongs which have been perpetrated on mankind by the authority of government. Anarchism is defended on religious grounds. Jesus Christ is cited as the first of Anarchists; for did he not say, "Resist not evil; if one take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also; and if one smite thee upon the one cheek, turn to him the other also?" What is this, we are asked, but a denial of the right to use force even in defense of one's plainest rights?

STATE SOCIALISM

Socialism, which is curiously confounded by the indiscriminating with Anarchism, is its exact opposite. Anarchy is the doctrine that there should be no government control; Socialism—that is, State Socialism—is the doctrine that government should control everything. State Socialism affirms that the state—that is, the government—should own all the tools and implements of industry, should direct all occupations, and should give to every man according to his need and require from every man according to his ability. State Socialism points to the evils of overproduction in some fields and insufficient production in others, under our competitive system, and proposes to remedy these evils by assigning to government the duty of determining what shall be produced and what each worker shall produce. If there are too many preachers and too few shoemakers, the preacher will be taken from the pulpit and assigned to the bench; if there are too many shoemakers and too few preachers, the shoemaker will be taken from the bench and assigned to the pulpit. Anarchy says, no government; Socialism says, all government; Anarchy leaves the will of the individual absolutely unfettered, Socialism leaves nothing to the individual will; Anarchism would have no social organism which is not dependent on the entirely voluntary assent of each individual member of the organism at every instant of its history; Socialism would have every individual of the social organism wholly subordinate in all his lifework to the authority of the whole body expressed through its properly constituted officers. It is true that there are some writers who endeavor to unite these two antagonistic doctrines by teaching that society should be organized wholly for industry, not at all for government. But how a co-operative industry can be carried on without a government which controls as well as counsels no writer, so far as I have been able to discover, has ever even suggested.

THE REIGN OF LAW

Let us return to Zenker's definition once more: "Anarchy means, in its ideal sense, the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and, consequently, the absence of any kind of external government." It means, then, what is absolutely impossible, what is almost unthinkable. Man is born in a physical world, and his self-government is limited very narrowly by the laws of the physical universe in which he lives. Let him try to fly like a bird or swim under water like a fish, and

he will soon discover his physical limitations. He is born in a body the laws of which put further limits upon him. Let him decide that, in the exercise of his perfect, unfettered self-government, he will eat no more, and see what happens. He is born as a babe in a family. He is subject to the ethical laws of the first and most fundamental of all social organisms. And now, as the exercise of his perfect, unfettered self-government brings his will into collision with other wills—those of his parents, or of his brothers and sisters—he finds that other wills impose limitations upon his will—absolutely necessary limitations. One will or the other must yield. He is born into society, and in society his will comes in contact with other wills. If he and his neighbor want the same piece of property at the same time, one or the other must forego his perfect, unfettered self-government. A man may disregard law, he may grumble at law, he may resist law; but he can by no possible means escape law. Law is the condition of life: physical law of physical life, bodily law of bodily life, social law of social life. We have absolutely nothing whatever to do with the question whether we shall be under law or not. We are under law, and we cannot help ourselves. Law comes neither from the divine right of kings nor from a divine right of democracies; it is eternal, immutable, divine.

THE CURE FOR ANARCHISM

What shall we do with Anarchism and the Anarchists. We are to protect society from assassins by whatever methods men wise in the penal code can suggest to us. But Anarchism is not identical with assassination, and the Anarchists are not necessarily assassins; what are we to do with those who are assassins?

I. We are to treat Anarchism seriously; give it a patient hearing; answer it with fair and honest reason. However absurd it may seem to us, it is generally true that he who takes himself seriously is to be taken seriously by his fellow-men.

II. Such serious discussion will discover for us the secret of Anarchism in the apotheosis of humanity of which Rousseau was the prophet and of which Thomas Paine was the chief literary and Thomas Jefferson the chief political exponent in our early national history. If Thomas Paine was right in contending that the less government we have the better, it is not extraordinary that the Anarchist concludes that no government would be best of all. If Edmund Burke was right in supposing that the basis of civil society is a convention, the Anarchist is logical in concluding that he has a right to disown the convention. If man makes law, man has the power and the right to unmake it; if government rests on the consent

of the governed, when the consent is withdrawn the government topples over. We need journalists to affirm, instructors to teach, ministers to preach the sanctity of law—its divine, inviolable, eternal sanctity; especially we need that our legislators should recognize the fact that they are appointed, not to make the laws of the social order, but to ascertain what those laws are, and to conform the life of the nation thereto. For—

III. Whenever laws are enacted which violate the divine laws of life, they breed Anarchy. Anarchism is always a revolt against unjust and unequal laws. Let the legislators recognize the fundamental truth that what is an injury to one is an injury to all, and what is a benefit to the many is a benefit to all; let them seek only the welfare of all by their legislation; let them recognize the truth that law is divine and to set the nation against it is to invite disaster, and to conform the nation to it is to insure prosperity, and we shall have little cause to ask, What shall we do with Anarchy? It will disappear of itself. On the contrary, let legislators legislate for special classes, let them encourage by their legislation the spoliation of the many for the benefit of the few, let them protect the rich and forget the poor, let them estimate the prosperity of the nation by the accumulation of its wealth, not by its distribution, let them intrench an industrial system which means long hours, little leisure, and small rewards for the many, and accumulation of unimagined wealth for the few, and men in the bitterness of their hearts will cry out, If this is government, let us away with it.

IV. But just and equal laws will not be enough without just and equal execution of those laws. Let the courts delay to administer justice, let the rich be enabled to keep the poor waiting till their patience and their purses are alike exhausted, let crimes go unpunished until they are forgotten, let the petty gambler be arrested but the rich and prosperous one go free, and Anarchism will demand the abolition of all law because it sees in law only an instrument of injustice.

The place in which to attack Anarchism is where the offenses grow which alone make Anarchism possible. Let us secure the just, speedy, and impartial administration of law, let us elect legislators who seek honestly to conform human legislation to the divine laws of the social order, without fear or favor, let us teach in our churches and our schools and through the press the divine origin, the divine sanctity, and the divine authority of law, and let us from this vantage-ground meet with fair-minded reason the wild cries of men who have been taught by the monstrous misuse of law to hate all law, both human and divine,

and our question will be solved for us, because both Anarchy and Anarchists will disappear from American society. The way to counteract hostility to law is to make laws which deserve to be respected.

The Return to the Soil Country Life in America

The first days of spring are days of unrestraint. We long to be up and away. The first spring flowers are the handsomest of the year. There is joy in the resurrection of the earth. There is release in the song of the bird and the first hum of the bee. Every man smells the soil and will be afield or will plant a seed. Agriculture is reborn every spring, and therefore it is always young. Even the city man would make a garden or he would burst his shackles and fly to the country to buy a farm and make a home. The "spring fever" is no trivial whim or passing emotion. It is a genuine awakening. Every man is better for having felt it, even though it bring no tangible result in gardens and lands. It is an inspiration.

WILL IT PAY TO GO TO THE COUNTRY?

Whether it is worth while for the city man to go to the country to make himself a home for part or all of the year depends wholly on the man himself; and yet this question is always asked. Everything depends on the man's outlook, point of view, and on his means. The man of abundant means can make things come his way, and he, therefore, needs no advice from these pages; but there are hundreds of men of small means who would have a suburban home if they thought that the country place could partly or wholly pay for itself. We have many inquiries from city men who desire to go into farming as a business, hoping to find relief from the pressure of town life, but needing, if they make the change, that the land support them. Most of them have read books of rural life or alluring tales of great profits in special industries, or have become interested through summers and holidays spent in the country. They are aware that most farmers do not "make money," yet they reason that farmers often are ignorant, and that the man who is well read and "keeps up with the times" can make a financial success on the farm. Here, as elsewhere, experience is the best guide.

THE RISKS

Farming is a business. Every good and truthful book and magazine article, and every experiment station bulletin, will help to good results; but if the man does not know the business of farming, he will most likely fail. Nowhere are there so many contingencies and unpredictable factors. Farming is not like keeping store or running a mill, where the business is comprised within four

walls and the constituency is a definite and somewhat constant line of consumers. The farm is exposed to every wind that blows, to every frost that falls, to every vagary of sky and rain. These very uncertainties constitute much of the charm of country life to the sensitive mind, but at the same time they add to the difficulties of farming. Only by actual experience can one learn how to meet these difficulties and perhaps overcome them. That is, the man must learn farming. The difficulties of many kinds are so much a part of each particular soil and climate and market and location, that no book can ever expound them or even forewarn. We know of a man who has been a farmer all his life, who is yet struggling with the problem of handling a particular piece of clay land lying shallowly on a bed of sloping rock. He will master the situation if he persist, but in the meantime the land makes no return. Many men live a lifetime before they determine just what is the best series of crops for their particular soil and exposure. If the reader asks our advice as to whether he should go into farming for a living, we ask him two questions: Do you know the business of farming? Do you like it? Both answered in the affirmative, we say unhesitatingly, Go. If either or both are answered in the negative, we say, Wait and learn.

IS THERE AN OPENING IN FARMING

There is undoubtedly an opportunity to make a pleasant and respectable living from a very small investment in land. This is particularly true in much of the eastern country, where the individual and special market can be reached. The special crops are the profitable ones of the small farmer. The intenser and more compact the effort, the greater will be the rewards. The beginner will be likely to buy too much rather than too little land. Yet, the novice is likely to fail in the fancy and very special products, because these things require special skill in the raising. It is best to produce those things for which there is always a good demand, but to produce a better article than any one else and then to place it before the best customer. It rarely pays the beginner, or in fact the expert, to try to create a demand for any unusual article. In respect to its producing power, land is probably the cheapest of all investments. One can often buy a farm for two thousand dollars that supports a family year in and year out. But land itself is worth little: the real investment is in the skill that is applied to it. The past generation has been a difficult time for farmers. This pinch of adversity is the lack of complete adjustment to the times: agriculture has been conservative, while the trades have been wonderfully progressive. But agriculture is catching up. Farm

values are slowly increasing. The poorest farmers are being weeded out. There has never been a time when farming has been so well done as now, nor when the profits have been so commensurate with the skill and effort employed. The old régime was one of haphazard: the new is one of definite purpose and accomplishment. Despite all that is said to the contrary, we are convinced that American agriculture has never been uniformly so successful and resourceful as it is to-day. Tremendous educational influences are behind it.

HOW TO BEGIN

How shall the city man begin if he is to run a farm? He must first determine whether he wants to run it. If he does, the battle is half won. Then, by some means, he must learn the business. He should spend a year on some good farm, employing his leisure time in reading and in visiting other places. He should then take a course, long or short, in some good agricultural college; or, if he already has a fair amount of practical experience, he may take the course first. Having completed these preliminaries, he will find his ideas to be crystallized and he will develop specific and definite ambitions. Too often the city man goes into farming with vague notions as to what he is to do and to produce; and he fails, as he would in any other independent business under like circumstances. He must remember that he is to be his own boss. This fact may captivate him at first, but it means that he must rely on himself and be the employer. Often it requires an entire change in one's point of view to be transferred from an employé to an employer. It does not follow that because a man is successful when working for another that he is equally successful when working for himself. If the man has limited means and little experience, it is best for him to hold to an uncongenial position rather than to plunge headlong into the country. Perhaps he can buy a place and stock it gradually and economically before he wholly gives up a present livelihood. This gives him an opportunity to gain experience and to study the many questions connected with the farm. However, he must not expect profits from the place until he can himself give the larger part of his time to it. Farming can rarely be done by proxy. If one is to run a farm for profit, it is economy to buy good land, and that which is accessible to markets. Waste land may be best for the suburbanite or summer resident, for in this case scenery is a distinct asset; but in real farming the best land is none too good. After all, would the city man best go to the country permanently? We think not. In these times of intense competition, the man who

is bred to a business has the greatest chance of success. Very few city men make thoroughly successful commercial farmers. But we urge every city man to know the country. We want to see the suburban-home idea extended. We believe that it will add immensely to the joy of living and that its reflex influence on the country will be immense by elevating all the ideals of life.

The Socialistic Eskimo Public Opinion

The natural helpfulness of the Eskimo is the basis of the socialistic state in which he lives. He will risk his life to save that of another, even his enemy. He will share the spoils of the hunt with his neighbors. If his neighbor dies, and his wife is left alone with children, he will provide for her until she marries again. He does not slander or tell tales; he does not abuse any one; and he does not fight. He is a man of peace. He loves peace for its own sake, and his life is one long, laborious attempt at happiness for himself and his people. No wonder that the fierce Norse vikings, who first landed in Greenland, nicknamed this kind, tender-hearted people "Skrallingar," or cowards, for the Eskimos did not show fight, and when the vikings beat them, they did not strike back. In fact, their natural toleration is so great that many Christian Eskimos, understanding the Bible literally, turn the right cheek when hit on the left. There are no chieftains in the Eskimo community. They all regard themselves as free men, with an equal right to hunt and fish and sleep and eat. Everybody shifts for himself. He is absolutely and unconditionally independent. His only ambition is to be a good hunter, and to rear sons who will inherit his skill with lance and harpoon. He has helped himself against the elements for centuries, and the white man descending on his shores ostensibly to confer the blessings of a superior civilization has never been able to improve his conditions, but only to detract from the old-time happiness and advantages of the aboriginal Eskimo community. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Captain Holm, Dr. Salager, and several other explorers have pointed out that an approach to civilization means to the Eskimo a slow but certain process of deterioration. In almost every instance where the experiment has been tried, such as around the Godthaab settlements, the Eskimo, confounding the virtues and vices of civilization, has even been made a victim of the latter at the expense of his own native virtues. In his natural state he leads a natural life on natural principles. No law tells him he must not lie, yet he never lies; no law tells him he must not kill, steal, or cause suffering among his tribe, and yet he never kills, steals, or causes trouble.

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

The Koreans a Queer Folk.....Plattsburg Dispatch

We would naturally expect to find the people of Korea, lying as it does between Japan and China, bearing some resemblance to the people of one country or the other, and we are totally unprepared to find a people with a cast of features and a figure more Occidental than Oriental. In fact when we stepped ashore at Fusian we found ourselves in a new and intensely interesting country, though on a clear day the coast of Japan is visible to the southeast.

The first thing that strikes the stranger is the absence of all color. Every one, men, women and children, is dressed in pure white or what was originally white. The men wear loose, baggy trousers and the women large flaring skirts and very short jackets, and no provision seems ever to have been made by the Korean dressmakers for the resulting gap. The feet are encased summer and winter in padded shoes several inches thick. The men wear a most peculiar headdress which bears a strong resemblance to the woven wire fly cages one sees on the counter of a grocery store in summer. It is in two pieces, both of stiff woven horsehair, with the meshes about the size of ordinary screening. The first of these is a tightly fitting skull cap which is worn indoors and out and the second somewhat resembles a regulation high hat except that the brim is wide and straight. This is worn over the skull cap and held on by a string tied under the chin. Many of the men wear enormous bone spectacles which give them a most learned look. The young boys are extremely handsome and wear their hair in a long braid down the back, which gives them such a feminine appearance that several of the passengers on the boat took them for women and returned on board with that impression.

The houses are mere small mud huts. The ceilings are but a few feet high and the flues pass under the floors in such a way as to warm the houses in winter. The houses are collected in small groups, each group being surrounded by a low mud wall. The whole effect is indescribably squalid.

SEOUL, THE CAPITAL

Fusan was but our first glimpse of Korea, and we were anxious to reach Seoul, the capital of the country, which is half way up the peninsula on the western side, 360 miles from Fusan. In rounding the lower end of the peninsula the boat passes through a myriad of small rocky islets, of which there are said to be 4,000 along the coast.

The boat anchors at Chemulpo, and from there

we take a train to Seoul, which is twenty-six miles inland. The ride is a dreary one over barren and desolate hills with scarcely any sign of life until we are almost to the walls of the capital, which is a city of 250,000. The town lies in a valley, and the large city wall, which is built of mud, faced with granite on the outside, runs high up along the crests of the mountains on either side and dips down into the valley at the other end of the place. The South Gate is the main entrance, and a massive wooden tower surrounds it, not unlike those of Peking.

Inside the gates a number of broad avenues run through the city from wall to wall, and they present a most curious sight, thronged with white-robed figures. Apparently in Seoul no one has anything to do but loiter along the main streets or sit and smoke in the shade of the buildings. They have no carts or beasts of burden in Korea, and things are transported chiefly on the backs of the coolies.

THE WOMEN

The women in Seoul wear a remarkable garment, cut like a man's coat and of a vivid green. The arms, however, are not inserted in the sleeves, and the coat hangs from the head, completely shrouding the wearer. The Koreans have a story to account for this strange garment to the effect that years ago there was a war and the men of Seoul were compelled to go away in such a hurry that they left their coats behind them. The women thereupon set to work and made them a supply of green coats, but by the time they were ready the war was over, and so in order that the coats might not go to waste the women decided to wear them themselves. The people will tell you, if you ask them, why they all dress in white; that this is the Eastern color of mourning and that during a certain period, ages ago, so many of the imperial household died and the people of the country were forced so frequently to don mourning that they had a great meeting and decided that it would be much more economical and convenient to continue to wear that color permanently.

We were fortunate enough to see a bridal procession passing along the streets of Seoul. First walked two little girls with golden embroidered dresses and painted faces. They were followed by a dozen bridesmaids similarly gowned and carrying on their heads the presents of the bride. Behind these came the bride in a closed chair, covered with a tiger skin. Some distance behind came the groom, preceded by twelve men clad in

dark-green robes and bearing bright red lanterns aloft. The groom rode on a small pony, and an attendant walked beside him holding over him a large black hood which completely concealed the upper part of the body.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

The Korean people are very restless at present, and though indolent and unambitious themselves, they dislike the idea of being an object of barter and sale between Russia and Japan. They are so lazy and shiftless that they wish to do nothing themselves, and yet with it all have enough independence not to want any one else to do what they will not do. Unlike either the Chinese or the Japanese they are extremely quarrelsome people, and street brawls are frequent.

The Emperor lives in complete seclusion in the imperial palace, surrounded by his wives, and afraid to move out of doors for fear of meeting the knife of one of the large element who are thirsting for his blood. The Korean soldiers, of whom there are about 14,000, are a motley looking crowd, and do not look as though they could be depended upon even for what seems to be their sole duty, guarding the gates of the palace.

"Tin Church" and Atelier.....Floy Campbell.....Kansas City Star

All Paris is divided into two parts. To the north of the river is the "Rive Droite," the "Right Side," which is Philistia, the land of respectability, of elegance, of beauty, of good clothes and splendid shops. To the south is the "Rive Sanche," the left side, which is Bohemia, the land of squalid or commonplace dwellings, of shabby garments, of artists, of students, and of freaks. On the "Rive Sanche" lies the old Latin quarter, in the crescent of land between the Luxembourg Gardens and the river. It gained its name and its dubious reputation in the long ago days when Louis IX. founded the Sorbonne there, and the turbulent students and learned doctors used their Latin more familiarly in conversation than their native French. To the south of the Latin quarter is the artists' quarter, where American students most congregate. It was in this part of Bohemia that we spent the most un-American, yet the least Parisian, Sunday that could be spent in Paris.

"HENRIETTE'S"

We went for breakfast to "Henriette's," a queer little "cremerie restaurant," with a frontage some ten feet across. One enters a tiny room with a counter and two tables for the entire furniture, passes through a dark and devious hall and emerges unexpectedly into a square salon, with a skylight for a ceiling. A big stove, red hot these cold mornings, holds the center of the

room. On each of the small tables is a basket of "petits pains" (French rolls and crullers) and a little bunch of fresh flowers. The rolls are frescoed—and, for the sake of these frescoes, every Paris visitor should go to Henriette's—with a charming series of tableaux from "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, all on a summer day." We drank our coffee and ate our rolls and eggs almost in solitude. Breakfast finished, we went again through the erratic hall, stopped at the desk, and itemized to Henriette—who is some six feet tall, thin as a pole, and all angles, even to her most angular smile. The things we had consumed—"Cafe au lait, deux pains, un oeuf." She jotted down the prices on a slate, added the list, and announced the total—nine cents! We dropped our sous in the saucer that stands on the counter for waitress's tips, as we went out, with a most cordial "au revoir, mesdames—monsieur," sounding in our ears.

THE "TIN CHURCH"

Just around the corner from Henriette's is the only American church on the Rive Sanche. It is familiarly known as the "Tin Chapel," because it is covered with corrugated iron. It has a quaint little interior, with its stoves, its red curtains, screening the doors, small stained-glass windows, skylights, chairs instead of pews, a plain wooden altar and rail, and, behind the altar, a mystic white vision of the risen Christ.

The dear old minister, whose name is Van Winkle (to which the irreverent students prefix the cognomen "Rip"), but whom they all love for his endless kindnesses and his untiring labor among his ever-changing congregation, reads the Episcopal service and starts the old hymns, which are sung by the congregation to the accompaniment of a piano.

LUNCHEON AT THE "ANARCHISTS"

Service aid the hour of chatting over, we repair to the "Anarchists." This is a small restaurant in the quarter, named from the many Russians who used to frequent it in its gayer days, when the dinner in the evening ended by the floor being cleared for a dance or by a girl's mounting on one of the tables for a "pas seul." The society there is somewhat quieter now, but a more varied crowd than one meets in the small, be-mirrored rooms, with their glass shelves of liquors and wine glasses and their cases of bottles behind the counter, it would be hard to find in Paris. An important illustrator for a prominent paper sits next a street cleaner. Charming English girls, over for study, are cheek by jowl with models. Russian, Spanish, German, Italian speech mingles in inextricable confusion with the prevailing French and English, and above the din rise the

tones of the American lad in the outer room who, through a cloud of cigarette smoke, is loudly confiding to a companion what a very, very bad lot he is.

While we consume our luncheon we watch the queer habitues of the place—the long-haired artist, who smokes a pipe carved in the form of a skull, the short-haired Russian girl, with strong, characteristic hands and an intellectual face, who finishes her repast with black coffee and two cigarettes, the over-affectionate French mother, who stops her small daughter's luncheon every two minutes for a kiss, the cat and dog that wander familiarly about, jump on the laps of their friends and demand toll; or, their hunger satisfied, go and sit on the pile of clean napkins in the windows and watch the passers-by. While we eat, and watch and wonder, three street musicians entér, with a harp and two fiddles. They sit in the middle of the floor, where the customers stumble over them, and Maria, the waitress, spills soup and coffee down their backs, and they play most divinely, gems from operas, "Faust" by preference. They are greeted with a round of applause, and the saucer they pass about, when the concert is finished, is well filled with coppers.

BOHEMIAN SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Sunday afternoon in Paris is the time for walking in the parks, and watching the puppet shows and the merry-go-rounds; for going to the galleries, museums, or concerts. The streets are thronged, the Louvre and the Luxembourg crowded. If one is rightly Bohemian, one goes to some theater or concert hall and "fait queue"—"makes tail"—that is, stands in line at the gallery door, sings songs, stamping to keep his feet from freezing, reading his Matin or Journal until the door is opened. Then he rushes madly upstairs, grabs his one franc ticket and piles into the best seat he can secure among the gallery gods. Sunday in Paris is a day of relaxation and pleasure—a feast day, not a fast day. And the thousand artists who make the pleasure for these hundred thousand spectators take their rest on Monday, when all galleries and museums are closed, and there are no matines.

THE ATELIER

After dinner we go to "Atelier services" at the Académie Vitti, which consists of two great studios at the top of an old house. The outer one is lighted by a single candle; the inner one is flooded with light. It is a great barn of a place with wooden beams and rafters, a piano in an alcove; a stove, red hot, of course, on which is a great copper pot of water.

Painting aprons of every color hang along one

side wall, like a variegated dado, and among them appears, incongruously, the top coat and stiff hat of the pastor of this extraordinary chapel. Pallettes, with dabs of paint on them, drawings and paintings from the nude, and posters advertising the costume balls held here in past years, cover the walls in most unchurchly fashion. Easels and portfolios are stacked in the corner; stools and chairs are ranged in rows for the congregation. First, various familiar hymns are sung—My Country, Tis of Thee; Jesus, Lover of My Soul; Nearer, My God to Thee—all old, old familiar tunes. Then there is violin music; airs from an opera, a waltz, anything the player may know; vocal solos, also on any subject, from a love song to a lullaby; only one requirement here—that the music must be good.

Then the pastor makes a short, practical address, simple, touching, manly, unaffected; there is a prayer; more music; and, with an invitation to everyone to call upon him, and a request that all stay and talk a while, the pastor ends this most unusual church programme in this most remarkable church.

Way Down Upon the Suwannee River.....Mary A. Denison.....Florida

When Foster wrote his deathless song I had never seen the Suwannee River, but not many years ago I beheld it in all its glory. I do not know the history of the composition of the song. I only feel that it must have come hot from the soul of the composer—that he sang because he must. Doubtless he had lingered upon the Suwannee shore and feasted his eyes upon its incomparable beauty—its long, fairy-like reaches, its wonderful coloring. A moonlight sail up the river, listening to the "tum-tum" of the banjo, and the familiar songs of the negroes, chanting their old plantation melodies in the midst of that most exquisite scenery, might well stir the soul of the singer to ecstasy. The river itself is an inspiration. The cabins along its banks are many, and the swarms of children, always out of doors with old granny or grandpap, give one the idea of a happy idyllic race, having few cares and fewer sorrows.

Foster has shown in his song the deep-rooted love which the typical negro has for his family and home. The old folks are frequently objects of the greatest veneration, and though the people to strangers may seem harsh and thoughtless toward each other, their affections are deeply rooted in the soil of domesticity, and family ties are seldom neglected or forgotten. The mention of "brother," and "kind old mother," the little hut among de bushes," testify to all the fond yearnings of a heart tired and sick among

strangers and longing for the humble associations of home.

ON THE RIVER

Only a few weeks ago we stopped on our way from Florida at one of the most beautiful bends of the lovely Suwannee, and walked down to its edge. For a long distance it widened and glittered between its banks, reflecting the tall pines and the bending willows below—the blue sky, and the white clouds drifting in a thousand delightful shapes above. Outside one of the cabins sat a stalwart African, enjoying his leisure under the shadow of his own vine and fig tree. A tub at his left hand was filled with sparkling water, and the traditional gourd hung upon the wall. The little darkies took drinks occasionally out of an old tin dipper near the tub.

The picture was full of homely suggestions, and the old man smiled a patriarchal greeting. A little further on the family of some rich Northerner, sojourning in Florida for a season, were seated under the shadow of the trees, the handsome mother at work on a rug that shone with divers colors, while the river flowed placidly on.

"Was there ever anything more enchanting?" one of our party exclaimed as we wandered foot deep in the moss-like herbage. "I'm glad I came a thousand miles to see it."

"Have a boat, miss?" a voice said, and coming out from the shadows was the tall negro we had just seen sitting at the cabin door. By his side stood a big white dog eyeing us with friendly glances.

The old man might have been the very identical grandfather, one of the "old folks at home," that Foster has immortalized. Tall and lean, the wool, where his head was not bald, white as the driven snow, he still stood erect, bearing the weight of years but lightly. The boat at which he pointed rocked almost at our feet, and it needed but a word of assent from our little company to determine us to go. It was a roomy boat, and very soon we were floating down stream to the music of the oars from which dripped pearls and diamonds as they came up out of the clear water. Such nooks and shadows as we passed! Such coy little hiding places, where rivulets ran away from the mother stream between thick beds of moss. The setting sun threw belts of splendor from shore to shore, bathing all the herbage in rainbow coloring and soft west winds blew delicious draughts of cool refreshment.

WITH "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

We spent nearly an hour on the beautiful river, and as we went back there on the bank close by a gigantic water oak, dead and white to the roots,

stood a group of dark skins, the old granny towering above them all, her head turbaned in a flaming red and yellow bandana. She was the old man's wife, with her three or four grown daughters, all grinning as they surrounded us. The old grandma, with all the dignity of a queen, invited us to take supper in the cabin. So we sat down to white bread, freshly fried bacon, and a big pone, flanked with the best apple sauce I ever tasted in my life, and were waited on by the whole family.

When we mentioned Foster's song they all took it up and sang it as only those people can sing—a splendid quartette, and not one element of harmony missing.

"We're right on de banks," said the old grandfather, "but de chillen done sing it all the time, same's if it wor far, far away," and he laughed merrily.

Floating Islands.....Theodore Waters.....Ainslee's

Of all passengers carried by ocean currents, floating islands are the most interesting. Many of them have been found voyaging on the Atlantic. These islands were originally parts of low-lying river banks which broke away under stress of storm or flood and floated out to sea. The Orinoco, the Amazon, the La Plata, and other tropical rivers often send forth such pieces of their shores. Some of the bits of land are of large size and carry animals, insects, and vegetation, even at times including trees, the roots of which serve to hold the land intact, while their branches and leaves serve as sails for the wind. Generally the waves break up these islands shortly after they put to sea, but sometimes, under favorable conditions, they travel long distances.

The longest voyage of a floating island, according to government records, took place in 1893. This island was first seen off Florida, and apparently it had an area of two acres. It bore no trees, but it was thickly covered with bushes, and in one place it was thirty feet high above the sea level. It was in the Gulf Stream, traveling slowly and with occasional undulations to show where the ground swell was working beneath it. Probably it got away from its river anchorage in the spring of the year, for, toward the latter part of July it had reached the latitude of Wilmington, Del. No large animal life had been seen on it, though there must have been myriads of the small creeping things which abound in the tropics. By the end of August it had passed Cape Cod and was veering toward the Grand Banks. It followed the steamer lane routes quite accurately, and several vessels reported it. One month later it was in midocean, northwest of the Azores, and

its voyage evidently was beginning to tell on it. It was much smaller and less compact. It was not seen again, and probably it met destruction in the October gales. But it had traveled at least 1,000 miles, and if, as was thought, it came from the Orinoco, it must have covered twice that distance. It is quite possible that floating islands larger than this one, under more favorable circum-

stances, might during past ages have made the complete journey from America to Europe or Africa and so brought about a distribution of animal species. Of course, it is not absolutely certain that this island went to pieces in October. It might, though this is not probable, have floated down into the region of calms and seaweed, where it would be longer preserved.

The Mystery of Justice*

By Maurice Maeterlinck

But what does it matter, some one will ask, whether man do the thing that is just, because he thinks God is watching—because he believes in a kind of Justice that pervades the Universe—or for the simple reason that to his conscience this thing seems just? It matters above all. We have there three different men. The first, whom God is watching, will do much that is not just, for every God whom man has hitherto worshiped has decreed many unjust things. And the second will not always act in the same way as the third, who is, indeed, the true man, to whom the moralist will turn, for he will survive both the others; and to foretell how man will conduct himself in truth, which is his natural element, is more interesting to the moralist than to watch his behavior when enmeshed in falsehood.

It may seem idle to those who do not believe in the existence of a sovereign Judge to discuss so seriously this inadmissible idea of the Justice of things. And inadmissible it does indeed seem when presented thus, in its true colors, pinned to the wall as it were. This, however, is not our way of regarding it in every-day life. When we observe how disaster follows crime, how ruin at last overtakes ill-gained prosperity—when we witness the miserable end of the debauché, the short-lived triumph of iniquity, it is our constant habit to confuse the physical effect with the moral cause; and, however little we may believe in the existence of a Judge, we nearly all of us end by a more or less complete submission to a strange, vague faith in the Justice of things. And though our reason, our calm observation, prove to us that this Justice cannot exist, it is enough that an event should take place which touches us somewhat more nearly, or that there should be two or three curious coincidences, for this conviction to fade in our heart, if not in our mind. Notwithstand-

ing all our reason and all our experience, the merest trifle recalls to life within us the ancestor who was convinced that the stars shone in their eternal places for no other purpose than to predict or approve a wound he was to inflict on his enemy upon the field of battle, a word he should speak in the assembly of the chiefs, or an intrigue he should bring to a successful issue in the women's quarters. We of to-day are not less inclined to divinize our feelings to suit our interests; only, the gods having no longer a name, our methods are less sincere and less precise, but other difference there is none. When the Greeks, powerless before Troy, felt the need of supernatural signal and support, they went to Philoctetes, deprived him of Hercules' bow and arrows, and abandoned him, ill, naked, and defenseless on a desert island. This was the mysterious Justice, loftier than that of man; this was the command of the gods. And similarly do we, when some iniquity seems expedient to us, cry loudly that we do it for the sake of posterity, of humanity, of the fatherland. On the other hand, should a great misfortune befall us, we protest that there is no Justice, that there are no gods; but let the misfortune befall our enemy, and the Universe is at once repeopled with invisible Judges. If, however, some unexpected, disproportionate stroke of good fortune come to us, we are quickly convinced that we must possess merits so carefully hidden as to have escaped our own observation. And we are happier in their discovery than at the windfall they have procured us.

"One has to pay for all things," we say. Yes, in the depths of our heart, in all that pertains to man, Justice exacts payment in the coin of our personal happiness or sorrow. And without, in the Universe that enfolds us, there is also a reckoning; but here it is a different paymaster who deals out happiness or sorrow. Other laws

*From North American Review.

obtain, there are other motives, other methods. It is no longer the Justice of the conscience that presides, but the logic of Nature, which cares nothing for our morality. Within us is a principle that weighs only intentions, without us a power that only balances deeds. We try to persuade ourselves that these two work hand in hand. But in reality, though the spirit will often glance toward the power, this last is as completely ignorant of the spirit's existence as is the man weighing coals in Northern Europe of the existence of his fellow weighing diamonds in South Africa. We are constantly intruding our sense of Justice into this non-moral logic; and herein lies the source of most of our errors.

And further, what right have we to complain of the indifference of the Universe, to declare it incomprehensible, monstrous? Why this surprise at an injustice in which we ourselves take so active a part? It is true that there is no trace of Justice to be found in disease, accident, or most of the hazards of external life, which fall indiscriminately on the good and the wicked, hero and traitor, poisoner and sister of charity. But we are far too eager to include under the title of "Justice of the Universe" many a flagrant act that is exclusively human, and infinitely more common and more destructive than disease, hurricane, or fire. I do not allude to war; it might be urged that we attribute this rather to the will of nations or kings than to Nature. But poverty, for instance, which we still rank with irremediable illness, such as shipwreck or plague; poverty, with all its crushing sorrows and transmitted degeneration—how often may this be ascribed to the injustice of the elements, and how often to the injustice of our social condition, which is the crowning injustice of man? Need we, at the sight of unmerited wretchedness, look to the skies for a reason, as though a thunderbolt had fallen? Need we seek an impenetrable, unfathomable Judge? Is this region not our own; are we not here in the best-explored, best-known portion of our dominion; and is it not we who organize misery, we who spread it abroad, as arbitrarily, from the moral point of view, as fire or disease scatter destruction and suffering? Is it reasonable that we should wonder at the sea's indifference to the soul-state of its victims, when we who have a soul, the pre-eminent organ of Justice, pay no heed whatever to the innocence of our own wretched victims, the countless thousands whom we ourselves sacrifice? We regard as beyond our control, as a force of fatality, a force that rests entirely within our own hands. But does this excuse us? Truly we are strange lovers of an ideal Justice, we are strange Judges! A judicial error

sends a thrill of horror from one end of the world to another; but the error which condemns three-fourths of mankind to misery, an error as purely human as that of any tribunal, is attributed by us to some inaccessible, implacable Power. If the child of some honest man we know be born blind, imbecile, or deformed, we will seek everywhere, even in the darkness of a religion we have ceased to practise, for some God whose intention to question; but if the child be born poor—a calamity as a rule no less capable than the gravest infirmity of degrading a creature's destiny—we do not dream of interrogating the God who is wherever we are, since he is made of our own desires. Before we demand an ideal Judge we shall do well to purify our ideas, for whatever blemish there is in these will surely be found in the Judge. Before we complain of Nature's indifference, or ask at her hands an equity she does not possess, let us attack the inequity that dwells in the homes of men; and when this has been swept away we shall find that the part we assign to the injustice of fate will be less by fully two-thirds.

Where had men conceived the mystery of Justice to lodge? It pervaded the world. At one moment it was supposed to rest in the hands of the gods, at another it engulfed and mastered the gods themselves. It had been imagined everywhere except in man. It had dwelt in the sky, it had lurked behind rocks, it had governed the air and the sea. It had peopled an inaccessible Universe. Then at last we peered into its imaginary retreats, we pressed close and examined: its throne of clouds tottered, it faded away; but, at the very moment we believed it had ceased to be, behold it reappeared, and raised its head once more in the very depths of our heart; and yet another mystery had sought refuge in man, and embodied itself in him. For it is in ourselves that the mysteries we seek to destroy almost invariably find their last shelter and their most fitting abode, the home which they had forsaken, in the wildness of youth, to voyage through space; as it is in ourselves that we must learn to meet and to question them. Whatever we take from the skies we find again in the heart of man. But, mystery for mystery, let us prefer the one that is certain to the one that is doubtful, the one that is near to the one that is far, the one that is in us and of us to the harmful one from without. Mystery for mystery, let us no longer parley with the messengers, but with the sovereign who sent them; no longer question those feeble ones who silently vanish at our first inquiry, but rather look into our heart, where are both question and answer—the answer which it has forgotten, but some day, perhaps, shall remember.

Educational Topics of the Day

Educational Value of Play..John E. Bradley..Amer. Monthly Review

The late President Barnard, of Columbia University, in answering the question, "How was I educated?" begins by raising the counter-question, "Was I, in fact, ever educated at all?" Not that he had not teachers enough, but that their relations to him had been such that he doubted whether they had really educated him. While he honored and loved many of them, he attributed most of his "education," such as it was, to certain incidental molding influences and to "contact with the other fellows." Text-books and school-room drill are only one factor in education.

In a paper read before the National Superintendents' Association, at its last annual meeting, Dean Briggs, of Harvard University, said that "while the football player gets a little culture from his studies, he gets his education from his football," and that "the whole drift of the present time is to turn work into play and play into work." His position was promptly challenged, and in the discussion which ensued the perils of football, mechanical drill, and mental discipline were all vividly portrayed.

MODERN EDUCATION

Without stopping to inquire exactly what is meant by "mental discipline," or whether Dean Briggs' critics differ from him as radically as they suppose, let us note some of the changes which the present "drift" has produced, and then consider the service of play in education. We have been rather strenuously engaged for twenty years or more in introducing the "new education," as it is inaccurately called. What has it brought us? It has given us the kindergarten, that beautiful vestibule to education, in which the child's love of play and his active impulses are gently directed and utilized. It has carried the spirit of the kindergarten and some of its methods into the primary grades, making the schoolroom attractive and relieving school life of its old-time severity. It has simplified and extended the work of the middle grades, yielding opportunities and results which were unknown a few years ago. It has multiplied high schools, raised their grade, and greatly increased the number of their pupils; added normal schools and technical schools to our educational system, and disseminated the idea that men and women must be specifically trained and equipped for their future calling. It has developed the elective system in higher education, bringing hundreds of modern topics within reach of the student. It has sought out and applied the "natural method" in elementary education and

developed it into the "scientific method" of the college and the university, encouraging the student to undertake investigations, gather facts, and reach conclusions which shall be, in a way, first-hand.

THE FUNCTION OF PLAY

Why has a "drift" which has brought such valuable results tended to turn work into play and play into work? Because we have been trying to learn the lessons which nature teaches and to apply them in our work. In the growth of the child, nothing is more remarkable than his ceaseless activity. Every waking moment is filled with action. His frequent mishaps and bruises cause little concern, but a premature sedateness is a matter of serious import. Activity which before seemed aimless is now vigorously directed to a definite purpose. His impulse to play constantly asserts itself. If toys and companions and cheerful surroundings are lacking, the play instinct may be modified, but will not be suppressed. The purpose of nature in this insatiable love of play is obvious. It is to develop her children and prepare them for their life-work. The law of growth is use. Play is nature's mode of securing practise in necessary acts. No sense-organ, no muscle or nerve, can be fully developed and made available for effective service without long-continued exercise. Play indicates the growth of powers and capacities which require exercise for their complete unfolding. The muscles become firmer, the bones tougher, the lungs larger, and the heart stronger because of the love of play. Every function is improved, and the whole body is built up and strengthened.

No less valuable is the mental stimulus of play. The child is trained by it to quick perception, rapid judgment, prompt decision. His imagination cunningly suggests a thousand things to be done, and then trains the will and every power of body and mind in the effort to do them. The sports of childhood are admirably adapted to quicken the senses and sharpen the wits. Nature has effective ways in her school of securing the exercise which is needed to develop every mental and every bodily power. She fills the activity brim-full of enjoyment, and then gives her children freedom, assured that they will be their own best teachers.

Professor A. H. Yoder has made a minute study of the boyhood of fifty eminent men of modern times—most of them men of the nineteenth century. It is related that every one of them was fond of play, active in it, in his boyhood. Many

of them were leaders in outdoor sports. Not one of them carries out the idea, formerly so prevalent, that great men were sickly or physically inactive in youth.

Turkish-American Woman's College...M. M. Patrick...Leslie's Weekly

There are few institutions in the world that hold a place of so much importance in educational influence as the American College for Women, for the wonderful Straits of the Bosphorus are the key to the Eastern situation educationally, as well as geographically and politically. This American college is the only women's college of western Asia and southeastern Europe, and draws its students from many different lands, uniting various races and blending opposing types in the world of American college training. Here we find Greek maidens, with their delicate grace, from sunny Athens and the islands of the Mediterranean; sturdy Slavs from the north, together with their darker sisters from the south and far east. Within the college walls many different tongues fall upon the ear, for there is no woman's college in the world where so many languages are taught. The language of the college is English, but there are well-organized departments besides in French, ancient and modern Greek, ancient and modern Armenian, Bulgarian, Slavic, Turkish, German and Latin. Race prejudices are, however, forgotten in the bond of common collegiate interests, and in the class rooms and clubs, on the tennis court and ball ground, all unite in the work and recreations of a happy college life.

The American College for Women is situated in Scutari, the Chrysopolis, or Golden City, of ancient Byzantine times, where the caravans from the East unloaded their wealth. It overlooks the shining waters of the Marmora, the Princes' Islands, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul, while in the distance appears the snow-topped Asiatic Olympus. The air is odorous with the perfume of tropical flowers, and hazy with the dreamy mist of sea and sky that characterizes the cities of the far South. All is Oriental and picturesque in the environment, but in the college itself the languor of the South yields to Western energy and college enthusiasm: for real work is done in this college of the East, and the standard of scholarship is constantly being raised to keep in line with other American colleges.

This college is an outgrowth of a high school founded in 1871; as a result of steady internal growth, and in response to an increasing demand for higher education in the East, it was incorporated as a college in 1900, and empowered by its charter to grant such honors, degrees, and

diplomas as are granted or conferred by any university, college, or seminary of learning in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There have been one hundred and thirty graduates of the institution, of nine different nationalities, many of whom are holding positions of honor in this and other lands.

The one Albanian graduate of the college founded the first school for girls ever taught in the Albanian language. Another, a Dane, passed the government examinations for the position of official translator in Denmark, in English, French, Danish, German, and Italian. A graduate of last year has entered the medical department of the University of Berne with honors, and others are writing for the press or engaged in teaching. One of the class was the first Turkish woman in the empire to receive the degree of bachelor of arts, and the subject of her graduating thesis was Sophim in Persia in Relation to Omar Kháyám, to write which she consulted authorities in Arabic and Persian in the original.

The alumnae of the college organized some years ago an alumnae association, and during the last year they have purchased a piece of land adjoining the college, on which stand two buildings, one to be used for a music hall and the other as a cottage. One of the most interesting phases of the development of the college is found in the musical department. This is organized after the plan of a German conservatorium, and adds greatly to the opportunities for culture offered by the college, and also to the aesthetic side of the college life. Frequent concerts are given, including chorus, piano, violin, and organ music, and music by the college choir and chorus forms a decided feature of all formal public occasions.

The Home and the School.....New York Commercial Advertiser

In one of the recent annual meetings of the National Educational Association a superintendent of schools in one of the Western cities read a paper on the "Usurpation of Home by School." In this he claimed that material greed had so encroached upon American social life that the family had given over its care and training of children to the public school; that parents were absorbed in bread winning and social duties; that home life is reduced to a minimum compared to what home life was fifty years ago. The remedy offered for this state of things was that the state should avowedly and professedly assume the responsibility and training of the child for ten hours of each day, and this should be accomplished by so increasing the corps of teachers that part might have charge of the pupils in the school house, part in their out-of-door life.

This sounds quixotic, but it nevertheless points to a social problem that is as interesting as it is important. It is true that Americans have so magnified the power of their school system that many parents delegate to it functions that it was not originally designed to exercise. It is true that the power and scope of the school system has been so enlarged that it is now performing work which once the home shared with it. The girl used to learn to cook and sew at home, and the boy received his manual training at home. The truant child was formerly disciplined by his father, but to-day he is attended to by an officer of the law. Teachers in the meantime are complaining that they are overworked, that they teach too many hours, and in consequence have too little healthful leisure; that they have so many pupils as to be unable to give but little attention to any one. Yet the demands of the parents seem insatiable, for the complaint is often heard that the public schools do not teach enough subjects, nor teach them well. There is a flagrant social evil somewhere here, and the question is, Where does it lie, and what is the remedy?

The trouble is not to be met by making invidious comparisons between present American society and "the good old times." In general early American home life offered little that was distinctly aesthetic and cultural. It was a semi-patriarchal family life, in which the child worked for the father until he became of age. The education that he got was, on the whole, meager, and, in the main, obtained from short sessions of school. The undoubted fact is that the school system has improved, but that while well-being is more generally diffused among families, the cultural influence of the family has not kept pace with the cultural influence of the school. The school has not so much encroached on the home, but the home expects too much of the school, and has willingly become a silent partner in the education of the child. While the new styles of American homes, with their artistic arrangements and conveniences, are in themselves educative, still the American parents have yet to learn the important share they must have in the education of the American child. No socialistic school machine, however admirable and smooth its working may be, can take the place of the individual interest of the parent in the child.

An educator of long experience recently said: "The American child gets his education from the school, his manners from the street, his religion from the Sunday school, his victuals from his home." Between the hours spent at school getting his education and those spent at home getting his "victuals," there is a long hiatus of wasted time

upon the street or in intercourse with companions he may meet at haphazard in play. The question is how is that time to be so profitably filled in getting "manners" that the best manly and womanly qualities may be brought to expression. There is the borderland in every child's life that is yet to be reclaimed and civilized—the hours when he is not at school and not at home. Machine schooling, the whole socialistic theory notwithstanding, cannot fill in this gap even though the school hours be increased. The personal needs of the child and the limitations inherent in any "system" obviously forbid it. It is even probable that such an extension of school authority over the unclaimed hours in a boy's life would result in a tyranny in which no manhood could develop.

Education in France and England..... Times (London)

A new volume of the "Special Reports on Educational Subjects," published by the Board of Education, gives an interesting account of the system of primary education in the rural districts of France, with its bearing upon the problems of rural life in that country, from which may be drawn, by way both of illustration and of contrast, suggestive lessons for similar problems elsewhere. The volume comprises two reports; one on the rural schools of northwest France, the result of a tour through the Departments of Calvados, Orne, Sarthe, Indre-et-Loire, and Loir-et-Cher, by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton; the other on rural education in France in general, by Mr. John C. Medd. Both these gentlemen appear to have made a careful study of rural education in France and in England, and to be familiar with the differences between French and English life. To a certain extent the rural problem is the same on both sides of the Channel. How to account for, and if possible to counteract, the exodus into towns, and consequent depopulation of the country side, is a question as urgent there as here. The causes of such exodus are partly the same that we are familiar with—viz., emigration to find higher wages and a less monotonous life. But to these must be added in France the low birth-rate, due mainly to French land laws, and, according to Mr. Brereton, the effect of the conscription carrying off village lads to the life of the barrack and the town, from which half of them, apparently, never return to cultivate the soil; besides, what may perhaps surprise English readers, the growth of alcoholism among the population. Fifty years ago France was one of the most temperate countries in the world. To-day, according to a French statistician quoted by Mr. Brereton, it stands at the head of European nations as the greatest consumer of alcohol under its various

forms, the consumption per head being half as much again as in England or Germany, four times as much as in Norway (once the hardest drinking of peoples), and nearly seven times as much as in Canada.

If we turn from the problems of French rural life to what education does to meet them we find, as might be expected, a more carefully planned and uniform system than our own. The co-ordination of grades and groups of education, after which English statesmen are even now dimly feeling, has long been an accomplished fact in France, owing partly to the French habit of tackling administrative problems in a more philosophical spirit than our practical English minds are accustomed to. "The one," says Mr. Brereton, "starts with a pattern; the other makes its pattern as it goes along." There is more symmetry and less confusion of aim in such a system than in one that has grown up haphazard like our own. But it is clear from these reports, which put the French system in the most favorable light, that there is also more red-tape and less encouragement to personal initiative than even at Whitehall or South Kensington. The foundation of the present system was laid by M. Guizot in 1833. In 1850 the Second Republic drew up a new programme for primary education, consisting of the "three R's" and religious instruction, and appointed "conseils académiques départementaux" to supervise all kinds of education. But the complete organization and almost re-creation of French primary education has been the work—perhaps the most permanent and enduring work—of the Third Republic, which, beginning with measures to set school buildings in order and raise the occupation of a teacher to the rank of a skilled profession, proceeded to carry out the great triple change associated with the name of Jules Ferry, the abolition of fees, compulsory education, and laicization of the school. The first two changes were carried out in 1881 and 1882. The third and most drastic of the three, which has left behind it an amount of ecclesiastical bitterness, compared with which our own "religious difficulty" is mild and harmless, was carried out in 1886. In view of certain solutions of the religious question that are now being mooted in England, it is interesting to note the remark made by an intelligent primary school inspector to Mr. Brereton that "perhaps Jules Ferry went too far; that had he allowed the curé (i. e., the parish priest) to enter the school in order to teach the catechism to those whose parents wished for it, the result would probably have been peace in the long run. For if the curés could have given up their schools with honor,

they would have done so long ago." This may or may not be correct. But if even in Republican, anti-Clerical France to grant security for religious teaching at the wish of parents might have led to educational peace, much more surely may such an inference be drawn in England.

In France the state pays the salaries of all teachers, and in addition the cost of the élèves maîtres in the normal or training schools. The teachers are thus state officials, divided into six grades with a rising scale of salary and pension rights. The advantage of this plan, which many would like to see adopted in England, is that salaries are dependent not, as here, on the locality, but on the teacher himself; and that there is consequently less tendency for good teachers to migrate in search of a higher wage, thus providing the towns at the expense of the country. There is in France nothing to prevent a small country commune from having a teacher fully capable of taking a large town school; and the effect of such a system upon the average standard of country schools is evidently considerable. The high standard of average efficiency on the part of the teachers, even in remote country places, is, says Mr. Brereton, one of the first points that strikes an English observer. Whether the methods by which this result is produced in France would be suitable in England we cannot undertake to say. But that the result is worthy of imitation, and that if it could be attained, it would do much to close up the gulf that at present exists between urban and rural schools, their methods, their curricula, and the remuneration of their teachers, there can, we think, be no manner of doubt. The responsibility for providing schools is thrown in France upon two local authorities, the department and the commune, corresponding roughly to our counties and parishes. The conseil du département (county council) maintains the normal or training schools, with the exception of teachers' salaries, defrays certain administrative expenses, founds scholarships, and grants prizes, etc. The commune provides and maintains the school buildings. Thus, though France was some ten or twelve years behind England in making education free and compulsory, she is long before us in regarding it as a function of local government. What is suitable for one country cannot be transferred bodily to another; the single fact that, whereas in an English village no children of landed proprietors are in the elementary school, in France at least one-fourth of the children of the peasants will have land of their own, is enough to remind us of this. But it will profit to see how a neighboring country has met problems very similar to our own.

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

Since We Got the Mortgage Paid R. F. Greene Agriculturalist

We've done a lot of scrimpin' an' a-livin' hand-to-mouth,
 We've dreaded too wet weather an' we've worried over drought,
 For the things kept drawin' int'rest, whether crops were good or bad,
 An' raisin' much or little, seemed it swallowed all we had.
 The women folks were savin' an' there ain't a bit of doubt
 But that things they really needed lots of times they done without.
 So we're breathin' somewhat easy, an' we're feelin' less afraid
 Of Providence's workin's, since we got the mortgage paid.
 I wish I'd kept a record of the things that mortgage ate,
 In principal an' int'rest, from beginnin' down to date!—
 A hundred dozen chickens, likely fowl with yellow legs,
 A thousand pounds of butter an' twelve hundred dozen eggs,
 Some four or five good wheat crops, an' at least one crop of corn,
 An' oats an' rye—it swallowed in its life-time, sure's you're born,
 Besides the work an' worry, ere its appetite was stayed!
 So we're feelin' more contented since we got the mortgage paid.
 We've reached the point, I reckon, where we've got a right to rest,
 An' loaf around, an' visit, wear our go-to-meetin' best—
 Neglectin' nothin' urgent, understand, about the place,
 But simply slowin' down a bit an' restin' in the race!
 In time I'll get the windmill I've been wantin', I suppose;
 The girls can have their organ, an' we'll all wear better clothes,
 For we've always pulled together, while we saved an' scrimped an' prayed,
 An' it seems there's more to work for since we got the mortgage paid.

Spanish American New York Times

Me mucha bueno hombre, si,
 Talk poco Engleesh way,
 Me sabe 'Merican, si,
 Me sabe all him say.
 Me sabe cuss, me sabe booze,
 Me sabe jag all right,
 Me sabe dat an say him jag,
 Be vera out of sight.
 Him soldar señorita lik,
 Me amo mucha good,
 Me spik to her, she kissa him,
 And say me block of wood.
 Me love him girl, no like soldar,
 Me spik him dat one day.
 Den him go loco mad, and dam
 Him vera mucha say.
 Him soaka me in nose and spik:
 "You git a pronto gait,
 Upon yourself or by the guns
 I'll crack yer blasted slate!"
 Me mucha buena hombre, si,
 Talk poco Engleesh way,
 Me sabe soldar him get mad
 Me vamoose right away.

xcel'sior (As the Chinese Tell It) New York World

That nighly tim begin chop-chop,
 One young man walkee, no can stop;
 Maskee snow, maskee ice,
 He cally flag with chop so nice—
 Top-side galow!

* * * * *

Ole man talakee: "No can walk;
 Rim-by lain come, velly dalk;
 Hab got water, velly wide."
 Masker, my must go top-side—
 Top-side galow!

"Man! man!" one girlee talkee he;
 "What for you go top-side—look, see!"
 An' one tim more he plenty cly,
 But allec tim he walkee high—
 Top-side galow!

"Take care that spoilum tlee, young man!
 Take care that icer! He want man, man!"
 That coolie chin-chin he "good night."
 He talakee: "Me can go all light"—
 Top-side galow!

That young man die. One large dog see;
 Too muchee bobbely* findee he.
 His hand b'long flag, allee samee ice;
 Hab got he flag with chop† so nice—
 Top-side galow!

When Judy Sings Richmond Despatch

Whin Judy sings,
 Sure, quanes an' kings
 Attind wid looks surprisin',
 The woods an' hills
 Sind jocund thrills
 Horizon to horizon.

The ichoes mate
 To cerculate
 Her honey-laden quavers,
 An' angels pause
 To give applause
 To her entrancin' favors.

The little thrush,
 Wid many a blush
 For his own song-creations,
 Cocks up his ear,
 Surprised to hear
 Sich heavenly modulations.

*After great trouble. †Device.

The brazes lay
Their flutes away,
As be some myst'ry ha'nted,
An' Music's sifl
Gets on the shifl
An' howlds her brith enchanted.

Hut man! So schwate
Her v'ice 'twud bate
Fantazy or aytudy,
An' Suzy's band!
They'd quit the land
Ef once they'd hear my Judy.

Stop Fussin' *Atlanta Constitution*

Fussin' at de worl'
En a-frettin' in yo' soul,
'Spose you wuz a-burnin',
En de devil shovelin' coal?
Bimeby,
Bimeby,
You'll be whar de big waves roll!

Fussin' at de worl'
En a-groanin' 'bout yo' woes,
'Spose de devil had you
Whar dey never turn de hose?
Bimeby,
Bimeby,
En de big fire'll scorch yo' cloze!

A Desert Romance *Dis Dunbar* *What To Eat*

"Dot Arabic notation,"
Said Peter Finkelkraut,
"Vas made to safe dose Arab's life,
Ven all his foods gifed out.

"Der camels might lie down und die;
Der Arab took von seat,
Und mit dot pencil und dose pen
He made him dates to eat!"

Wearyin' for You *Frank L. Stanton* *Pittsburg Bulletin*

Jes' a-wearyin' for you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jes' can't stand the sight of it!
Go out doors an' roam a bit;
But the woods is lonesome, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Comes the wind with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footsteps sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Mornin' comes the birds awake;
Used to sing so for your sake!
But there's sadness in the notes
That come trillin' from their throats;
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Evenin' comes; I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
Seems jes' like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin', thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you!

Jes' a wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Vagabond *J. E. Masefield* *London Outlook*

Dunno a heap about the what and why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are;
Can't say's I ever will.
Dunno about God. He's jest the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life. It's jest a tramp alone
From wakin' time to doss.
Dunno about Death. It's jest a quiet stone,
All over grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed.
My mark's the gipsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

Go On Away *B. B. Garrison* *New Orleans Picayune*

I got a raisin' hand,
An' I got a strong back
But nuffin but a mule
Could tote dis sack!
A mule or a poor
Ole nigger, I say,
So come an' git yo' load,
An' go on away.

O, come git a sack,
Come git an odder one!
De night time comin',
When yo' trouble is done.
De bookkeeper's waitin'
To hand yo' yo' pay,
So shoulder yo' burden,
An' go on away!

O, here am a bag,
Dat will lay on yo' head!
It looks like rice,
But it feels like lead.
'Tain't no use to try to dodge it,
Got to tote it, I say,
So step up an' take it,
An' go on away.

Got to make a little money,
An' earn a little dough,
To git yo' Christmas licker
An' blow in, beau!
An' de cranberry sauce,
An' a turkey on de tray;
So take dis bag to git it,
An' go on away!

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

Tuberculosis Fakirs *Medical News*

There is rarely a stirring medical subject discussed, but the quacks, who are always alert to turn popular interest to their own advantage, begin to do a little song and dance on their own account. The announcement made by Koch at the London Congress, seeking to modify the widely accepted view that tuberculosis can be contracted by drinking the milk or eating the flesh of tuberculous cows, has given the tuberculosis fakirs a brass band and an audience. This is their opportunity. The fakirs are so-called physicians who perform startling experiments, in the daily press, that outrival Koch. Reporters' interviews and testimonies of patients all contribute to swell the interest and the subject being legitimately started by the London Congress bears the stamp of respectability.

One man in New York, claiming to be a homeopathic practitioner, announces in the reading columns of one of the best dailies that he has a cure for consumption. He uses a mysterious preparation of his own, which is said to be a preparation of cacodylate of soda, which is being extensively tried in the hospitals abroad. For each treatment of this patent charm he is said to charge \$500, but so charitable is this benefactor of the race that the newspaper accounts say that he is thinking of giving it free to the public. The medical society to which he belonged has expelled him, and the hospital in which he says he performed his experiments has asked his resignation and has declined to acknowledge or certify any of the favorable results he claims. These formal denunciations in medical circles do not prevent him from using the name of the hospital on his circulars, or of representing himself as the interpreter of Koch.

Exposure of Food in the Streets *Lancet (London)*

In busy and crowded thoroughfares the practise of exposing food for sale is open to the greatest objection. The air of such places presents a terrible bacteriological history and the contamination of food sold in open places becomes an easy possibility. Street dust is full of tubercle bacilli from the detestable habit of spitting; it also may contain the microbes of pus, malignant cedema, tetanus, and septicæmia. It is true that the taint deposited on food exposed for sale may be purged in the process of cooking and micro-organisms may be destroyed, although it has been pretty strongly asserted that the cookery of fish, in particular, has not been effectual in destroying

the typhoid bacillus, instances of typhoid fever having been traced to contaminated yet cooked fish. The avidity with which certain foods would appear to absorb noxious odors is well known. Milk is peculiarly liable to take up unpleasant odors and so, also, is fish. The former is employed when exposed in shallow trays to reduce the smell of paint in a house. Fish cannot be placed in the same parcel as coffee or other pungent-smelling articles of food, as it so rapidly absorbs the odoriferous principle. Busy streets are seldom free from offensive effluvia, and it is reasonable to conclude that these would easily affect many articles of food exposed to them. In our own knowledge quite recently complaint was made that a salmon tasted strongly of creasote. The fishmonger might easily have been charged with selling fish brushed over with a powerfully smelling antiseptic. But it subsequently proved that the Strand (as usual) was "up" and that the stacks of black wooden bricks were giving off a strong naphthalene odor corresponding exactly with the taste of the salmon bought in a Strand shop at the very moment when the bricks were being dumped down on the pavements. This explanation was convincing, but we only quote it as a proof of the liability to contamination of food exposed for sale in the streets under an environment which can seldom be described as hygienic. The fish was probably not injurious to health, but it possessed a decidedly unpleasant taste. Butchers' meat might easily get tainted in the same way. It has been recorded that meat exposed to a current of tobacco smoke has proved powerful toxic, and this again affords a further illustration of the dangers involved when food is indiscriminately left in contact with air of doubtful purity. It is not desirable that food offered for sale should be exposed to the free influx of air from the streets. If it must be presented to view to attract customers it should be exhibited behind a glass screen, and adequate provision should be made for ventilation with pure air.

The Physically Perfect Man *Edward W. Lee.....N. Y. Herald*

It is not given to every man to make himself an athlete, but it is possible for every one to make the body stronger, and by understanding the various weaknesses of one's own organism, to set about correcting it.

The chief thing is to eliminate poisons from the body—the effete matter which clogs liver and kidneys and tends to vitiate the normal blood

purity and life. This can be done by systematic exercise, by a proper method of breathing and by correct habits. Without these one can never attain a high standard of physical health and vitality, even with exceptional advantages of natural vigor and heredity.

Musicians have various systems of breathing which for the most part are good in that they force the lungs to open up the tiny air cells which otherwise remain closed, and thus expose a larger surface to the purifying influence of the oxygen in the air, oxygen composing a large part of the active blood element. Deep and full breathing in the open air any one may take without the least interference with the routine of life, and even those confined by the nature of their work may derive benefit from this, engaging in it for a few moments each day before an open window.

This exercise persisted in will develop the chest amazingly, and each day it will be noticed that air can be contained longer in the lungs. Breadth of chest does not necessarily mean great lung power. On the contrary, I have known men and women with comparatively shallow and narrow chests to have lungs under such perfect control that the expansion was enormous.

Another advantage in deep breathing as a constant exercise that may be indulged in without conflicting with daily duties is that the abdominal muscles are brought into full play, and consequently a reduction in the girth measure, which usually comes with advancing middle life, is immediately perceptible. In fact, it is possible to bring these muscles so actively into play that they will eliminate entirely the fatty depth of useless tissue which surrounds them. The reason that fat seeks that part of the body is that the muscles there are worked less than elsewhere, and flesh piles on like a parasitic growth just where the least exercised muscular development fails to eliminate it. If one worked the abdominal muscles as thoroughly as those muscles used in walking or in manual labor, fatty tissue, which is in no wise a storehouse of health and strength, as many believe, would disappear.

It is for this reason that I especially counsel women to take to deep breathing for the development of the abdominal muscles, as, with modern corsets and other civilized abominations, the upper part of the lungs is taxed at the expense of the lower, and the abdominal muscles brought very little into play, accounting for the accumulation of fatty tissue where it is both unsightly and unhealthy when in excess.

I believe that whereas it is difficult to find the ideally normal type, our present physical standard is above that of ancient Greece and Rome,

signal instances of physical perfection as perpetuated by the sculptors of the elder day notwithstanding. We have certainly taken advantage of all the accruing knowledge gained from centuries of intelligent study of the human anatomy, and I believe that not only are our leading athletes finer specimens of manhood than were the victors of the Olympiad, for instance, and that in a fair contest with these of later day those historic examples would stand a poor show, but I also maintain that the average standard of physical excellence is now higher than ever before.

The physical is ever the bulwark and strength of the intellectual and the spiritual, for it is impossible to do sound thinking in an unsound body or summon a high inspiration from a low vitality, and, as Americans lead the world in commerce and in many of the arts and sciences, so I believe we stand in the van, considered physically, and are the peers of even the Greeks in the palmiest days of Pericles.

The physically perfect man should be in absolute control of every function and faculty of the body, with a heart action regular and sustained, not unduly accelerated by a little exercise; with lungs broad and deep, capable of large expansion, and the whole muscular framework soft as velvet in relaxation, but hard as oak when brought to tension. There are few men who attain the age of forty that have not one or more weaknesses which require watchful care in order to prolong life. Either the lungs, the heart, the kidneys or some other vital organ is impaired or strained (for a close watch is necessary to keep the healthy functions from overworking the weaker), or else sedentary life and apathy as to physical development, coupled with luxuries and indulgences, leave the entire constitution vitiated and an easy prey to the pathogenic germs that breed disease with great rapidity in such an excellent medium.

Again, with the advance in years the arterial system begins its slow disintegration, and a man is only as old as his arterial system. It is dangerous for one who has neglected physical development for the first forty-five years of life to take to violent training at that age, for the reason that one's arterial system cannot bear the strain, and an enlargement of the ventricles of the heart is inevitable, causing a leakage which is very often serious. Little by little, however, exercise may be indulged in even by those who think they have passed the period when physical perfection is possible, and it cannot be too earnestly enjoined.

Coupling with this intelligent exercise a curtailment of heavy foods, alcoholic or narcotic stimulants and late hours, there is no reason why one

may not add ten years to one's life by adding ten minutes daily to one's exercise.

Muscle, being a nitrogenous tissue, very actively responds to every effort toward intelligent development. On the other hand, it is possible to develop the muscles to an extent never intended by nature, so that the frail framework of bone is encased in too powerful an overlay of muscle. This makes fracture of the bones inevitable in any very serious strain.

The secret of true physical development is to know one's weakness and overcome it, bringing up the standard of the weakest part to the excellence of the strongest and maintaining it there, for exercise once begun in earnest must be kept up constantly, since nothing gains more rapidly in exercise than the accumulation of muscle, and, on the contrary, nothing loses more rapidly with disuse and disregard of the simple rules to insure health and a prolonged life.

Smallpox: Vaccination and Tetanus

History of Vaccination.....James Tyson.....Phila. Med. Journal

It is probable that smallpox prevailed in China many centuries before the Christian era. It is believed to be the same disease as the pesta magna described by Galen, in the latter part of the second century. It is known to have prevailed during the sixth century and again during the Crusades. The first accurate description was, however, given in the ninth century by Rhazes, an Arabian physician, and distinguished by him from measles. It is thought to have been introduced into America by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century. Sydenham's classic description was made in the seventeenth century. In 1796 Junker wrote that 400,000 lives were lost yearly in Europe by smallpox, and in 1803 King Frederick William of Prussia published an edict to the effect that 40,000 died annually in his kingdom of the same disease.

Inoculation of smallpox, with a view to securing immunity from subsequent attacks was introduced into England in 1718 by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the wife of the British Ambassador to Turkey. It was, however, practised for centuries previous to this in China and other Asiatic countries. It was introduced into Germany in 1721, but was not popular until 1740.

As to vaccination, the peasantry in various parts of the world, particularly in England, had learned some years before any systematic observations were made that the sores on the hands of a person who milked cows affected with cowpox conferred immunity from smallpox.

It is said, too, that a Dorsetshire English farmer successfully vaccinated his wife and two sons as early as 1774 from a cowpox on himself. In 1791, Plett, a Holstein schoolmaster, vaccinated three children, in one case on the finger-tips. This caused such inflammation that he was deterred from repeating the experiment, but the

three children escaped the epidemic in 1794. Edward Jenner, while a student of medicine, learned of the traditions on this subject, and conferred with his preceptor, John Hunter. He settled the question effectually May 14, 1796, when he vaccinated a boy with matter from a kine-pock on the hand of a dairymaid, and on July 1 introduced into this boy pus from a smallpox pustule, without effect. Two years later—June, 1798—he published his celebrated Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ, Illustrated by four plates, and within a year or two vaccination became general over the continent of Europe.

Vaccination was introduced into the United States July 8, 1800, by Benjamin Waterhouse, Professor of Physick at Harvard University, who vaccinated his own children, and about the same time into Philadelphia by John Redman Coxe, who vaccinated his oldest child and then tested the experiment by exposing him to smallpox. The reliance on the protective power of vaccination in America was strengthened materially by this bold act. President Jefferson was instrumental in introducing vaccination in the Southern United States.

Smallpox and Vaccination.....New York Medical Record

The outbreak of smallpox on a somewhat large scale has, in the natural order of things, once again brought forth bitter denunciations of vaccination and its upholders. The anti-vaccinationists are, as usual, profuse in language and vehemence, but loose in argument, and endeavor to depreciate the value of Jenner's discovery by declaring that the decrease of smallpox is due to improved sanitation. That the disease should have diminished both in prevalence and severity since the introduction of vaccination they profess to regard merely as a coincidence. So much has

been written upon the subject of vaccination that it would be a wearisome and unnecessary task to reiterate even some of the conclusions definitely arrived at with regard to its benefits.

The writer of an article in the London Saturday Review remarks that the details of a complex problem, involving the delicate interplay of the activities of life, the attractions and repulsions of contending cells, the production and warfare of toxins and anti-toxins, the nature of microbes and microbial poisons, lie in a region closed and unprofitable to a layman. A special aptitude, a long training, and a constant and assiduous devotion are requisites of the modern bacteriologist, and it is only the bacteriologist who is in a position even to understand the evidence that has accumulated regarding the artificial reduction of relative or complete immunity to a disease. And this is the more so because the production of immunity by vaccination, for long an isolated empirical result, hit upon by what may be called a happy chance, and at its conception out of line with what was known of disease, has now, by the vast growth of knowledge, taken its place as one particular problem exactly congruous with the problems raised by study of the vast majority of diseases. Had Jenner not existed, were smallpox a new plague, suddenly brought to Europe from some remote part of the earth, modern bacteriologists, from their knowledge of other diseases, would be seeking for some means of producing immunity much on the lines of Jenner's empirical solution. The scientific discussion of vaccination, as a biological process, must be left to biologists, and in particular to those biologists who make pathological bacteriology their especial subject.

The truth undoubtedly is that the ordinary individual has not the trained intelligence necessary to understand more than the rudiments of the matter, and is consequently precluded from passing an opinion of any value. The opponents of vaccination are, for the most part, incapable, through their ignorance of bacteriological science, of judging of the merits or demerits of the method; but, led away by their emotions, they play upon the feelings of the masses and create a prejudice against vaccination in the same way as they, or their like, have stirred up an adverse sentiment against every form of medical study and investigation.

Municipal Control of Smallpox.....Philadelphia Medical Journal

While it is of great importance, when smallpox actually exists in a community, to care for the disinfection of all persons and things that come in contact with the patient, the real control of smallpox depends upon the thoroughness with

which vaccination and revaccination are carried out in that community. There is great danger that we shall forget this essential prophylactic feature, and that the statistics of vaccination and of revaccination in relation to smallpox in the German army shall have become so familiar that they shall be treated with contempt. In 1890, the year in which the eleventh census was taken, there were but 398 deaths from smallpox in the United States, and the number of deaths since that has been small. During the present year, however, owing to the fact that the immunity conferred by vaccination is gradually being exhausted, several municipalities have seen the beginnings of smallpox epidemics. The one way for these communities to control this pest is by insisting that every individual who has not been successfully vaccinated within the past five years shall submit himself to vaccination at once.

General Acceptance of Vaccination.....Lancet (London)

A hundred years ago, when Jenner's vaccination doctrine was being publicly preached against and opinion rose to an almost fanatical frenzy against the heinous novelty of inoculation, he would have been a daring prophet who foretold the day when the woes of a "vaccination arm" would be commonly regarded as a fit subject for jocular treatment. To-day that is to a large extent the aspect of the matter that appeals to people. There is, of course, the anti-vaccinationist who, like all faddists, is deficient in a sense of humor, just as he is deficient in the power to judge his subject fairly from a broad view of every side. For his reasonable argument is dulled by prejudice, and the written evidence of men who lived before and during the introduction of vaccination is no more convincing than the weight of logic. Happily, this class of blind disbeliever is much diminished, even as his cousin germane, the conscientious objector, will diminish before the diffusion of definite knowledge and the results of experience. A limited advent of smallpox has, at any rate, this advantage, that it leads a large number of people to get definite information on the subject of vaccination, and enables medical men to read a lesson to which at other times the public may turn a deaf or indifferent ear. The laziest or least curious individual becomes interested poking the truth about preventive measures short the box is next door. The general expert his *hur*, practitioners at the present time, we may fairly believe, is that there is, despite the conscientious objector, a wide and growing tendency toward familiarity with the rationale of vaccination; it is taken as a matter of course, and even a joke is made of its inconveniences. That the inconvenience in the case

of an adult who "takes well" are not to be disregarded many of our readers will doubtless be aware from painful personal experience. This side of the question appears to have appealed forcibly to members of the Stock Exchange, who have been wearing a red band on the sleeve of the inoculated arm as a beacon to warn off the friendly grasp, which, under the circumstances, becomes too painfully warm a salutation. Some men, less trusting in the powers of observation or restraint on the part of their fellows, have exercised their minds to find a site for vaccination which would be safe from jostling. The leg has thus been freely chosen in preference to the arm, but sometimes the disabilities of the two are nearly matched, as in the case of the pianoforte teacher who complained that if vaccinated on the arm she could not play with her pupils, and if on the leg she could not reach them to play with. Of the objections to vaccination, other than conscientious, a most amusing treatise might be constructed, though we doubt whether it would contain many instances so wildly inconsequent as the asserted objection which reaches us from a country correspondent. He relates the remarks of a farm laborer who believed that vaccination would involve peculiar danger to his own children because their grandfather had been tossed by a bull. At any rate, this man had some vague notions of the connection of cowpox with vaccination. Among educated people, then, it may fairly be taken that vaccination is so generally accepted and familiar that even its inconveniences are a laughing matter. After the present augmented activity in vaccination we may hope that there will be few persons to whom its benefits are not obvious and by whom its defects will not be treated in this same spirit of pleasant contempt.

Danger Appears..... New York Medical Record

Seven or more children have died in Camden and one in Atlantic City, N. J., from tetanus following vaccination. The disease in each instance appeared two or three weeks after the vaccination, but the mode of infection has not been discovered. Two schemes have been offered to account for the outbreak; one, that the vaccine was pure, and that the ~~wounds~~ became infected after the maturing of the ~~wounds~~ through the deposit of tetanus ~~bacilli~~ from smallpox dust of the streets; it is urged that the interval of time which elapsed between the vaccination and the appearance of the first symptoms of tetanus was too long to warrant the assumption that the virus was impure. The other theory is that the virus contained in sealed tubes afforded a good culture medium for the anaerobic tetanus bacilli with which it had in

some way been infected. As the source of most of the virus is well known or can be easily ascertained, it ought to be a not impossible task to determine whether or not it is pure or contaminated with the germs of tetanus. The occurrence of two epidemics of tetanus, one following the injection of diphtheria anti-toxin, and the other seemingly caused by vaccination, is most unfortunate in that it will furnish ammunition to the half-informed or fanatical opponents of these two life-saving measures. The cause of the St. Louis outbreak has been determined, and its moral is obvious. The origin of the Camden epidemic must, in the interest of public health, be determined with the least possible delay.

THE ST. LOUIS CASES

The report of the bacteriologists appointed to investigate the recent deaths in St. Louis from tetanus, following the use of diphtheria anti-toxin proposed by the City Board of Health, says that the serum given out in the first three weeks of October was impure. "From the facts stated," the report runs, "we are forced to conclude that the diphtheria anti-toxin prepared by the City Health Department had been issued before it was possible to have obtained results from the absolutely necessary tests. Had these tests been performed, the results upon animals would have been such that the serum would not have been dispensed, and the cases of tetanus forming the basis of this report could not have resulted."

A Lay Protest.....Philadelphia North American

Physicians who deny that tetanus following vaccination is a result of the use of impure vaccine virus may be right, but their declarations are not convincing. Numerous cases of lockjaw following vaccination have occurred in Camden, and it now appears that similar cases have been found in this city and carefully concealed from public knowledge by hospital authorities.

The *prima facie* evidence of connection between vaccination and tetanus is too strong to be refuted by mere assertion of opinion by the vaccinators. Until the source of infection is discovered and the absence of tetanus germs from vaccine virus established by positive scientific process, the guesses of physicians that tetanus bacteria are in the air and find lodgment in vaccination sores cannot be accepted as a final explanation.

In St. Louis deaths from lockjaw have followed the injection of anti-toxin into healthy children as a precaution against diphtheria, and the infection of the serum with tetanus germs has been proved conclusively. It would be more creditable to the doctors to admit that they do not know

how the infection originated and to seek the source of trouble in the laboratories where serum is prepared than to deny the indisputable facts and give us guesses under the guise of science.

A Medical Explanation *Phila. Medical Journal*

The occurrence of tetanus in some children during the course of vaccination in a neighboring city has probably led to a great deal of unnecessary alarm in reference to the accidental dangers of vaccination. In a careful search of statistics in reference to the previously mentioned condition, it is found that almost invariably is tetanus an accidental complication and in no wise due to the virus itself. Tetanus is liable to occur in the vaccine pock, as it is liable to occur in any open wound by admixture of dirt and filth and similar material. We doubt whether there is a well-authenticated case on record in which it has been proven that the occurrence of tetanus during the

course of vaccination has been due directly or indirectly to the virus used in vaccinating. The same also holds true of cancer and tuberculosis. Careless vaccinating, dirty hands, dirty instruments, failure to wash the skin upon which vaccination is to be performed, handling of the wound by the patient, such as scratching, etc., are all causes for the occurrence of tetanus in a vaccinated person.

The operation of vaccination, while it is a simple one, must nevertheless be carried out with extraordinary care. The instruments should be scrupulously clean, and the part upon which vaccination is to be performed should be carefully washed with soap, water, and alcohol. It is not wise to use the ordinary antiseptic solutions, as they are liable to destroy the efficacy of the virus. We are certain that the prophylaxis which will effectually prevent the occurrence of tetanus in vaccination is cleanliness.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

Victor Hugo.....Kenyon West.....Outlook

Were an attempt to be made to pass in brief critical review the character and the works of Victor Hugo, it would be, as Professor Dowden might say, like attempting to carve a colossus on a cherry-stone. His life was long, extending from 1802 to 1885, and, as it was intimately connected with a most stormy and important period in French history, his character and his work were strongly influenced by the dominant forces of his time. He not only ruled events, but he was himself ruled by them. He did not come to his extreme republican beliefs except by slow degrees. At first he was governed by the royalist ideas of his mother. He had seen the empire in all its brilliancy and glory, and he had seen the glory fade in the darkness and disaster of Waterloo. His views in regard to constitutional liberties broadened gradually. From the Citizen King he accepted a title and a seat in the House of Peers. The Revolution of 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne, seemed to him at first to be a cause for grief; but he began to hope that from the Revolution a new and glorious France would arise. But the coup d'état of 1851 dashed his hopes, drove him into exile, and inspired him with a passionate hatred of "Napoleon the Little," which resulted in some of his most powerful satiric verse. The disaster of Sedan

allowed him to return to France. Then came the siege, the Commune, and other thrilling events.

Even after minute scrutiny of his life and his time there would be found to be many baffling qualities which made up Victor Hugo's complex personality: there were contradictions, seeming inconsistencies. A man aggressive, impetuous, a born fighter, he was yet tender and affectionate as a child; with a marvelous power of incentive, rejoicing when sharpening arrows and dipping them in fire that they might burn and sting enemies whom he hated, he had a heart full of charity for the oppressed, the sorrowful, for those to whom fate had denied chances. On his return from exile Hugo gave passionate expression to admiration for the great Revolution which had plunged France in blood and tears, and even eulogized in immoderate words the Assembly that had been responsible for the excesses of the Reign of Terror; yet all his life he held strongly to the opinion that society does not possess the right, even in self-defense, to cut short the existence of any criminal. Blinded by his hatred of one man, he could occasionally forget the obligations and courtesies to be expected from a guest of England, and after Victoria and the Emperor had exchanged visits he so insulted the Queen that he was expelled from the island of Jersey; yet in his home life he was always most courteous, gracious,

just, and good, "kindly and indulgent to his own people, full of goodwill toward all." A man great enough to run the risk of being thought a time-server when his opinions changed in accordance with rapidly changing public events; a man strong enough to hold rigidly to his republican principles when once attained, and suffering exile and loneliness rather than give them up, he was yet capable of petty vanities, of posing as a prophet, a master, and king over his fellows. Victor Hugo's soul was sensitive to the lovely simplicity of childhood, to the charm of flowers, of delicate fancies, of exquisite and tender feelings, sensitive to the beauty of high thoughts; yet was often artificial in sentimentality, lacking the grace of moderation in the expression of emotion. Sane, simple, with the calm poise of the serene thinker, he was yet often ruled by the vagaries of a peculiarly rich and excitable imagination, occasionally swept away by ideas whose logical outcome would be anarchy and the destruction of that which he himself held most dear. Rhetorical, theatrical, he was at the same time a sincere patriot, and also sincere in his devotion to the cause of romanticism, of which he was the acknowledged leader.

When we think of Victor Hugo as the writer, then the colossus looms up before us as gigantic, not to be measured. He excelled in the three branches of literature, poetry, the drama, and the romance, and had besides gifts as an orator and a writer of letters.

With all the manifestations of his genius as poet, dramatist, and novelist, his personality—what he himself was, what he felt, what opinions he held—was closely connected.

In his metrical tales and ballads are everywhere manifest his marvelous vividness, his dramatic skill, his power to tell a story even in one terse, luminous phrase. His range is well shown when we contrast these tender lyrics, these vivid ballads, with his scathing, pitiless satiric verse. His supreme gift of poetry is shown in his dramas and in his impassioned prose. He had a true inspiration for grandeur.

In his dramas he often distorts history, sometimes leads the unwary far astray. He chooses unnatural, extravagant situations, but is nevertheless extremely effective. He possesses creative fire, creative vitality, which enthrall the imagination. Human voices speak from his pages, real men and women live before us.

Victor Hugo did work as a novelist which, had he never written drama or poem, would have made him a notable figure in modern literature. An enthusiastic admirer here in America has been disposed to speak of *Les Misérables* in the

same breath as the masterpieces of Dante and Milton.

It is not yet seventeen years since Victor Hugo passed out into the infinite sea of the immortal life. It is not yet possible to estimate with exactitude how much of his work is to endure. Many of the literary and political questions which influenced him so profoundly are still subjects for inquiry, for discussion, and for controversy. Principles for which he fought so bravely and won such masterly victories have still to be fought for. Even in this New World exist many of the sociological problems which confronted Victor Hugo, with which he wrestled and which inspired some of his most passionate bursts of eloquence. Only when these problems are solved will his winged words lose their power. Some of his books will indeed be forgotten with the local occasions which gave them birth, but all of his work will be of value to the student who studies French literature in a time of peculiar and absorbing interest, and who is concerned with the political agitations of a most vivid and intense period in French history. And this is certain: as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes, Victor Hugo's best work will last.

John Howard Bryant.....James Grant Wilson.....New York Times

John Howard Bryant, the last of five brothers, died two months ago on an Illinois farm, where he had lived for seventy years. He was the youngest and favorite brother of the first born of the family, William Cullen Bryant, whom he survived for twenty-three years. John Howard was born in the Bryant homestead at Cummington, Mass., seventeen months before the *Annus Mirabilis*, which gave birth to Lincoln and Lord Tennyson, Darwin and Gladstone, Holmes and Poe, Chopin and Mendelssohn, as well as many other men of distinction, and yet survived to see the second year of the twentieth century. Seventy of his ninety-four years were spent in the West, where, as farmer, politician, and poet, he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the community in which he lived. Physically, Mr. Bryant was greatly the superior of his distinguished brother, being a large and powerful man of great endurance, frequently in early life working sixteen hours a day on his farm, or riding sixty to seventy miles on horseback. He could split one hundred rails in a summer's day, and even Lincoln in his rail splitting years never surpassed that record. In answer to an American friend's inquiry as to his achievements in this line, Gladstone replied: "I managed on one occasion, in imitation of Mr. Lincoln, to split ten rails, but I never again repeated the performance." Bryant

was a Free Soiler, and later a Republican. His connection with the "underground railroad" was so efficient that at one time he had fifteen fugitive slaves under his roof, and was successful in speeding them forward to the haven where they would be free, across the Canadian border.

At the outbreak of the Black Hawk war Mr. Bryant saw a company of Illinois volunteers on their way to the front, and was introduced to the captain, a tall, raw-boned, typical son of the prairies and product of the log cabin. He chatted with this captain for a while, and at once perceived that, although he was unconventional according to Eastern standards in his garb and manner, yet he had a clear mind, and was a most entertaining and impressive talker. He asked the tall fellow his name, whereupon the officer introduced himself as Abraham Lincoln, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. When, in 1842, Mr. Bryant became a member of the Illinois Legislature, and he and Lincoln met again in Springfield, and soon became intimate friends, continuing as such until the President's death twenty-three years later.

John H. Bryant was among the pioneers of Central Illinois, appearing in the same year that Abraham Lincoln settled there. He filled many minor offices, the most important, and the one in which he took the greatest pride, being that of delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, where he cast his vote for Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency. When Joshua R. Giddings was leaving the Republican Convention in disgust because it had repudiated the words of the Declaration of Independence that had been adopted at Pittsburg at his instance, Mr. Bryant brought back Giddings to listen to the eloquent address of George William Curtis, which restored the convention to its saner mind. Four years previous Bryant was a member of the National Convention that nominated John C. Frémont.

It was on the day of Mr. Lincoln's nomination in the Chicago "Wigwam" that the writer first met Mr. Bryant. Communications were occasionally exchanged with him during the succeeding years, and he sometimes favored his New York correspondent with a poem, having, as he once expressed it, "always been addicted to the pleasant but entirely unprofitable business of making rhymes." Before me lies a presentation copy of an attractive octavo volume entitled *Poems Written from Youth to Old Age, 1824-1884*, by John Howard Bryant. Of his poetical writings, the elder brother said to a friend: "While my brother's poems are certainly very unequal, the majority are creditable, and almost all contain many admirable lines," affectionately adding, "he

is one of the best men I ever knew." At the advanced age of fourscore and ten the "Prairie Bard," as his earlier productions appearing in *The Jacksonville Journal* were signed, sent the present writer the following birthday sonnet, his handwriting then, and always, so strongly resembling that of his elder and more famous brother that only an expert would detect any difference. Additional interest attaches to this unpublished composition from the circumstance of its being the author's last:

Here now I stand upon life's outer verge,
Close at my feet, an ocean wide and deep,
Dark, sullen, silent, and without a surge,
Whose earth's past myraids lie in dreamless sleep.
'Tis here I stand without a thrill of fear,
In loneliness allied to the sublime;
The broken links of love that found me here
Lie scattered on this treacherous shoal of Time.
But still I cling to friends who yet remain,
Still love the glorious scenes that round me lie;
Striving to stay the waste of years in vain,
As swifter yet the wingèd moments fly.
Idly I seek the future to explore,
I partly know what is, but naught that is before.

John H. Bryant died at Princeton, January 14, 1902, aged ninety-four years. He was not only the last survivor of five brothers and two sisters, attaining the greatest age of any—William Cullen, who died at eighty-four, coming next—but he outlived all his own immediate family, his son, Henry W., passing away in 1854, at nineteen; Mrs. Bryant in 1888, at fourscore; and their son, Elijah W., in 1892, at fifty-seven. Mr. Bryant was a fine example of "plain living and high thinking," to three generations of Americans.

Story-Tellers vs. Novelists.....Frank Norris.....World's Work

It is a thing accepted and indisputable that a story-teller is a novelist, but it has often occurred to me that the reverse is not always true, and that the novelist is not of necessity a story-teller. The distinction is perhaps a delicate one, but for all that it seems to be decisive, and it is quite possible that with the distinction in mind a different judgment might be passed upon a very large part of present-day fiction. It would even be entertaining to apply the classification to the products of the standard authors.

The story-telling instinct seems to be a gift, whereas—we tend to the heretical—the art of composing novels—using the word in apposition to stories, long or short—may be an acquirement. The one is an endowment, the other an accomplishment. Accordingly, throughout the following paragraphs the expression: novelists of composition, for the time being, will be used technically, and will be applied to those fiction writers who have not the story-telling faculty.

Within the heart of every mature human being, not a writer of fiction, there is the withered remains of a little story-teller who died very young. And the love of good fiction and the appreciation of a fine novel in the man of the world of riper years is—I like to think—a sort of memorial tribute which he pays to his little dead playmate of so very long ago, who died very quietly with his little broken tin locomotive in his hands on the cruel day when he woke to the realization that it had outlived its usefulness and its charm.

Even in the heart of some accepted and successful fiction writer you shall find this little dead story-teller. These are the novelists of composition, whose sense of fiction, under stress of circumstances, has become so blunted that when they come at last to full maturity and to the power of using the faculty, they can no longer command it. These are the novelists rather of intellect than of spontaneous improvisation; and all the force of their splendid minds, every faculty other than that of the lost fiction-faculty, must be brought into play to compensate for it, so prodigal in resource, so persistent in effort, so powerful in energy, in fertility of invention, that—as it were by main strength—they triumph over the other writer, the natural story-teller, from whose pen the book flows with almost no effort at all.

But sometimes the little story-teller does not die, but lives on and grows with the man, increasing in favor with God, till at last he dominates the man himself and the play-room of the old days simply widens its walls till it includes the street outside, and the street beyond, and other streets, the whole city, the whole world, and the story-teller discovers a set of new toys to play with, and new objects of a measureless environment to dramatize about, and in exactly the same spirit in which he trundled his tin train through the halls and shouted boarding orders from the sofa he moves now through the world's playroom "making up stories;" only that now his heroes and his public are outside himself, and he alone may play the author.

For him there is but little effort required. He has a sense of fiction. Every instant of his day he is dramatizing. The cable car has for him a distinct personality. Every window in the residence quarters is an eye to the soul of the house behind. The very lamp post on the corner, burning on through the night and through the storm, is a soldier, dutiful, vigilant in stress. A ship is adventure. An engine a living brute; and the easy chair of his library is still the same comfortable and kindly old gentleman holding out his arms.

The men and women of his world are not apt

to be—to him—so important in themselves as in relation to the whirl of things in which he chooses to involve them. They cause events, or else events happen to them, and by an unreasoned instinct the story-teller preserves the consistencies (just as the child would not have run the lines of the hall railway across the sea-way of the floor between the rugs). Much thought is not necessary to him. Production is facile, a constant pleasure. The story runs from his pen almost of itself, it takes this share or that, he knows not why, his people do this or that and by some blessed system of guess-work they are somehow always plausible and true to life. His work is haphazard, yet in the end and in the main tremendously probable. Devil-may-care, slip-shod, melodramatic, but invincibly persuasive he uses his heart, his senses, his emotions—every faculty but that of the intellect. He does not know, he feels.

Whatever the end of fiction may be, whatever the reward and recompense bestowed, whatever object is gained by good work, the end will not be gained, nor the reward won, nor the object attained by force alone—by strength of will or of mind. Without the auxiliary of the little playmate of the old days the great doors that stand at the end of the road will stay forever shut. Look once, however, with the child's eyes, or for once touch the mighty valves with the child's hand and Heaven itself lies open.

What People Read.....Springfield Republican

When inquiry is made in regard to what people read, the thought naturally turns at once to the novels which happen to be popular at the moment, *Ben Hur*, *Robert Elsmere*, *Trilby*, *David Harum*, *Janice Meredith*, or *The Crisis*, or *Audrey*, as the case may be. Yet as John Cotton Dana forcibly shows in a statistical article in the March issue of the *World's Work*, even these record-breakers make but an insignificant showing when compared with what the people as a mass really read, namely, newspapers and periodicals. He finds that 4,500 new books are published yearly in the United States, with a total sale of perhaps 10,000,000. How they are overshadowed in the matter of circulation by the periodical press, Mr. Dana points out by some interesting tables. One of the most curious is devoted to showing how much space in terms of a book the size of *David Harum* is given to various topics in the periodicals of the United States for a given year. The commercial and financial news equals in space 270,600,000 copies of *David Harum*; trivial personal news, 160,200,000; advertisements, 159,200,000; politics, 156,000,000; sports, 132,000,000; legal, 119,000,-

ooo; criminal, 86,200,000. The list is long, and tapers down to literature, music, art, etc., which together make 51,000,000; theatrical news, 13,400,000; and biblical, 3,600,000. Of course it is to be understood that a given reader may be interested in only a few of these different subjects that are brought under his eye, nevertheless the figures are impressive, and show that the attention of the greater public must be gained, if at all, through the periodical press.

The statement so often made that "everybody is reading this or that book, is curiously untrue. Even with respect to periodicals, the chief mental diet of the country, the number of readers is probably much smaller than would be supposed from the gross output, because so many Americans are voracious readers, and devour newspapers and magazines by the dozen. In the case of even the most popular book the proportion of readers is insignificant in the vast population, and in the case of the ordinary novel which makes its author a fair degree of fame, the circle is narrow indeed, narrower than is imagined by the people who move in a world where books cut an important figure. It is generally recognized by publishers that in almost any community there is a small circle, it may be half a dozen, or perhaps hundreds, who take an interest in books, and may be counted upon as possible purchasers for a promising new work. Outside this charmed circle a novel rarely spreads. Once in a while—the accident has been more frequent in the last few years—the thing does happen, and the people who do not read books are piqued by some striking and well-advertised novelty. This phenomenon the publishers apply call in their trade slang "breaking through the crust," and when this desirable thing happens, it is hard to set a limit to the sale of a book of fiction. In place of the normal 5,000 or 10,000 it may run up into the hundreds of thousands a week.

It is an excellent thing that our libraries, under the modern theory of public library management, have addressed themselves seriously to the problem of learning what people read. A thorough diagnosis is a pre-requisite for prescription. It is easy to draw encouragement from the great increase in the number of good books published, and sold, but it may be that the effect of these is more than offset by the Gargantuan consumption of poor and harmful literature. A century ago the problem hardly existed. The reading public was small and select, and the people outside of it simply did not count. Now almost every man, woman and child is reading something, and the problem of learning what that something is is almost comparable to taking a United States census.

The public library grows more and more essential every year, not merely, perhaps not so much, for the free supply of reading matter, but for the sound education of the people in the practise is reading. People will read in any case; printed paper is as common as snow in winter. The essential thing is that they should be led little by little to read better and more helpful books, and in this new field of work the trained librarian has a great mission.

Fiction in America.....F. Marion Crawford.....Baltimore American

I do not think that there is a career for so-called realism in fiction—It is a strange thing, but did you ever reflect on the fact that no really immoral novel has had a run in America? I think I may say in England Shakespeare, our greatest dramatist, really never wrote a single play on an immoral theme, not excepting even Troilus and Cressida. The success of Zola may seem to refute this, but his novels are not at heart immoral, though they treat of immoral subjects. In writing them Zola was convinced that they would do some good. Every realistic portrayal of immorality tends to destroy some ideals, and I do not believe that anything can endure which strikes at what is best in us, either at our defined religious beliefs or at our highest and noblest illusions, and these illusions it is the mission of art to create.

I have little patience with those who talk about a distinctive school of American literature. So far as I can see in the history of all parts of the world what is called a school has always presupposed the existence of a great master, after whom scholars gather. I have never heard of any school that left much behind it which at the beginning consisted of men more or less on an equality. There were great Italian painters who led painters that followed them and sometimes outdid them, and the great Greek philosophers had scholars, but there never was an Italian school of painting, a Greek school of philosophy, or a school of English literature in the real sense of the term as defined above. And is there here in America to-day, among many writers of high class, one of the very highest, whom the majority can be said to be following, consciously or unconsciously?

There is undeniably a literary future for this cosmopolitan country. America is the gathering place of all the old nations, and, consequently, while one does not expect men of any one particular talent to appear in one particular place, one may fairly hope that a nation composed of all the strongest and best elements of the Old World nations will before long produce a great modern poet or man of letters.

Brief Comment: *Literary Sayings and Doings*

It often happens that an outsider knows us better than we know ourselves. Biographies are apt to be more enjoyable than autobiographies. In a recent article upon The Literary Movement in the United States, in *La Revue*, of Paris, we find this startling description of the dime novel, and, incidentally, other things:

Imitated principally from Fenimore Cooper and recounting, as he did but without a shadow of his talent and his style, the adventures of the Far West and the exploits of Sitting Bull (*le Taureau assis*) or of other red skins (*Peaux-Rouges*), these literary horrors—there is no nearer appellation—put during five or six years all the Americans, especially the inferior classes and principally the youth, in an unspeakable state of super-excitation. Ministers saw their churches deserted and preached a crusade against the movement. They went as far as refusing sacrament to whoever read them. * * * And indeed it was a sort of intoxication, though the poison was not seriously harmful.

What attracted these thousands of readers was nothing else than the hints of ideas of adventure, of extreme daring, of attempts to scale the unknown, of measuring themselves with the invincible, which lie at the bottom of the Yankee brain. The American both by origin and temperament is an adventurer. He has preserved under his modern aspect and garb the instincts of the trapper and Wall Street, where he goes in chase of the millions, is only another Far West such as that one where scarcely a hundred years ago he hunted wild animals. He is an adventurer when he plunges headlong into speculations, an adventurer when, as Edison, he hurls himself toward the search of the mysteries of chemistry and physics; an adventurer always even when with the Rough Riders he rushes to conquer (?) Cuba and becomes president of the republic.

—Since Emperor William presented to the City of Rome a statue of Goethe, there has been considerable interest evoked in the Eternal City over two other statues—one to Dante, the other to Shakespeare. Popular subscriptions are now being solicited for this purpose by Prince Prospero Colonna, Mayor of Rome.

—It is said that Mr. Richard Mansfield is considering the dramatization of Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way*. We also hear that the same actor intends to produce, next season, a play by Tolstoi, *Ivan the Terrible*. Mr. Mansfield has ever shown us his versatility.

—Conan Doyle first intended to preface his new Sherlock Holmes story, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, with this note: "This story owes its inception to my friend, Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who has helped me both in the general plot and in the local details.—A. C. D."

When Mr. Doyle's English friends read this

they naturally supposed that Mr. Robinson had helped in creating an imaginary plot and imaginary details. What Mr. Robinson did was to relate to Dr. Doyle an old Devonshire superstition, which the country people of certain parts still cling to. They tell of a fierce, fire-breathing hound that haunts a certain old house, and that even of recent years has been known to chase luckless strangers over the moor and into the quicksands.

In order to show that the story is founded on fact, Dr. Doyle has asked his American publishers to substitute the following note for the former dedication:

My Dear Robinson: It was your account of a west-country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind.

For this, and for the help which you gave me in its evolution, all thanks. Yours most truly,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

—The London Times, which recently sold its literary publication, *Literature*, to the Academy, has filled its place with a literary supplement. The change, as far as can at present be judged, has been dubious. The new supplement is not, as yet, as interesting nor entertaining as the former periodical.

—The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Victor Hugo's birth in Paris on the twenty-sixth of February was imposing and worthy. Nearly every other country recognized the day, more or less prominently. In America, Mr. Daniel Frohman chose the time for a rather elaborate production of a dramatization of *Notre Dame*. It is rather hard for us to realize the greatness of the French poet, novelist, dramatist, essayist. There was scarcely a medium with which he worked wherein he did not excel, so that it was with some justice that he said near the end of his career that it was time he died "and made room in the century." The Westminster Gazette recalls the composite and widely representative character of the procession that followed the poet to the grave in 1883. There were then a million spectators and 100,000 mourners. The latter included 141 municipal bodies, 6 colonial delegations, 107 gymnastic societies, 38 foreign delegations, 122 scholastic delegations, 43 military and patriotic societies, 141 trade unions, 61 free-thought societies, 40 masonic lodges, 155 political clubs, 72 benefit societies, 161 artistic or musical societies, and 29 miscellaneous and unclassified societies. Probably no literary funeral in any country has ever been so well attended.

—The first edition of *Audrey* consisted of

125,000 copies, over ninety-five thousand of which were sold a week before publication. The book is to be produced in England by Archibald Constable & Co., and in Canada by George N. Morang & Co. The popularity of *To Have and To Hold* threatens to be surpassed by its successor. It should be, for *Audrey* is undoubtedly a greater and a bigger book.

—M. Jules Claretie, one of the ablest of French critics, has resigned his post as administrateur général of the Comédie Française, and will hereafter conduct the literary department on *Le Figaro*.

—The Boston Library claims an edition of North's *Plutarch*, with a strip of parchment containing these words:

Wilm Shakespeare
hundred and twenty pounds.

It is stated on some authority that the autograph is genuine. If this be true, the Boston Library has, amid its other rare library treasures, an almost priceless possession. There are very few specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting in existence, and nearly all of these are attached to legal documents. Whether or not the above is an example will be hard to prove. It is this much in favor of it, however: Shakespeare used North's *Plutarch* freely and took several of his plays from it.

—Apropos of the Mrs. Gallup Cypher, Macmillan's Magazine has an article, Who Wrote *Paradise Lost*? The writer, by clever deduction, proves that the real author of *Paradise Lost* was Oliver Cromwell, otherwise King Francis the Second. Which calls to mind the fact that Mrs. Gallup's expected "answer" in the March Pall Mall was no answer at all—simply a statement of theories previously put forth. One rather curious contention that the lady brings forth is that the "subject is out of the realm of literary comparisons altogether." This is highly interesting and—somewhat diverting.

—The movement for a National Theater still flourishes in London. Mr. William Archer and Mr. Edwin O. Sachs are gathering material for a handbook, which is to contain all possible information which might be suggestive. It is to be regretted that such a movement seems quite impossible in America. There is no country in the world where the theater plays a bigger rôle than it does here. If any one doubts this he need but cease reading his paper for a few minutes on his way home at night and listen. The entire feminine America is engrossed in the current play. When it is realized what the "current play" usually is the fact is acknowledged with sadness. The truth of the matter is that we produce very little that can fittingly be called drama, and, secondly,

that we go to the theater purely and solely to be amused or aroused. When the drama shall cease to be a nerve stimulus and become a brain stimulus, we may hope for some betterment. Until then, however, we must look at unworthy productions of home manufacture and, for a large part, mediocre plays of foreign authorship. Of so-called dramatizations we have a surfeit, but where is there in America a Phillips, a Rostand, a Pinero, an Ibsen, a Jones, a Tolstoi, a Hervieu, a Sudermann, of any other of those whom the world calls dramatists? There is no need to mention names in contrast; let us rather confess that we are swamped by the "popular" novel, that has vitiated art and the drama.

—The volume on Hawthorne in the American Men of Letters Series, is soon to appear. It has been awaited for some time, and several men, among them Mr. Lowell and Mr. James, have been mentioned as biographers. It now seems that Professor George E. Woodberry is to prepare it.

—Mr. Cecil Rhodes' latest biographer, Mr. Hensman, contradicts the story that Rhodes ever used the phrase "he never met a man whom he could not buy." The germ of this fiction, Mr. Hensman says, "is to be found in the fact that one day, many years ago, when discussing his proposed telegraph wire from one end of Africa to the other, somebody asked him how he proposed to carry it across the Soudan, which was then under the domination of the Khalifa. 'Oh, leave it to me,' Rhodes answered. 'I never met the man yet that I could not come to an agreement with, and I shall be able to fix things up with the Khalifa when the time comes.' This is the true version of a story that in its distorted form has been so widely circulated."

—The application of Matilda Sarao, the Italian authoress, for a separation from her husband, Signor Scarfoglio, on the ground that his connection with some municipal government scandals in Naples has injured her reputation, out-Dakotas Dakota. Literary people do, however, rely for their popularity on originality and—advertising.

—Harvard University is to have a building devoted entirely to philosophical studies. The name selected for the structure is Emerson Hall, in honor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

—Mr. Quiller Couch pays a warm and delicate compliment to Mr. Henry James in the dedication of his new book, *The Westcotes*.

A spinster, having borrowed a man's hat to decorate her front hall, excused herself on the ground that the house "wanted a something." By inscribing your name above this little story I please my-

self, at the risk of helping the reader to discover not only that it wants a something, but precisely what that something is. It wants—to confess and have done with it—all the penetrating subtleties of insight, all the delicacies of interpretation, you would have brought to Dorothea's aid, if for a moment I may suppose her worth your championing. So I invoke your name to stand before my endeavor like a figure outside the brackets in an algebraical sum, to make all the difference by multiplying the meaning contained.

But your consent gives me another opportunity even more warmly desired. And I think that you, too, will take less pleasure in discovering how excellent your genius appears to one who nevertheless finds it a mystery in operation, than in learning that he has not missed to admire, at least, and with a sense almost of personal loyalty, the sustained and sustaining pride in good workmanship by which you have set a common example to all who practice, however diversely, the art in which we acknowledge you a master.

—Rudyard Kipling's Kim is being published as a feuilleton in the Paris paper Le Matin. A peculiar interest draws Kipling toward the Frenchman these days. The route of attraction is somewhat via The Islanders, thence to Transvaal, and so back to France.

—London Punch, in a sketch, entitled Authors at Bow Street, finds this case on the calendar: "Stephen Phillips, thirty-six, rhapsodist, giving as his address six townships of the Levant, was charged by the Gas Light and Coke Company with falsifying the metre at Her Majesty's Theater." Here are the proceedings:

Mr. James Douglas, one of the company's inspectors, gave evidence as to the state of the metre Mr. Phillips had consumed a very great number of feet that rightly belonged to him, and his irregularities were fatal, for example:

"Even a woman had in her heart said,
 'Now * * *'

They have the truth, I speak as a man speaks.
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge.
That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast."

After corroborative evidence had been given, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, speaking in a rich brogue, said that he had carefully examined the metre and could find no fault with it. He discovered a close affinity between Mr. Phillips pterodactyls and the gallianics of Catullus.

Mr. Sidney Colvin said that he had known the prisoner for years, even before he began to wear a fringe. He had no fault to find with Mr. Phillips's feet. They were perhaps copious, but the insertion of an occasional anapest was justified by the precedent of Milton and Bridges. For his part, even if Mr. Phillips had ventured to employ the trochaic tetrameter catalectic, he would have supported the innovation. If he had to choose between the "Heel of Achilles" and the feet of "Ulysses" he would unhesitatingly plump for the latter.

Mr. George Alexander said that Mr. Phillips was about to make a long-deferred visit to his theatre, and that nothing that was likely to happen to-day would cause him, the speaker, to cancel the invita-

tion. The Bench were about to give judgment, when they were interrupted by Zeus, attended by Mr. Brock, of the Crystal Palace, who at this point insisted upon addressing the court. He said that he must utter a protest against the indignity put upon him by Mr. Phillips in making him speak rhyme as if he were in pantomime. His old friend Homer, even at his noddingest, never did anything so trumpery as that.

The prisoner was sentenced to proceed to Colorado forthwith, and to employ all his feet in crushing the beetle.

—We are informed that the poem, *A Southern Girl*, printed by us in the December number and credited to "J. D.", New Orleans Picayune, was written by James G. Burnett, and may be found in a book of the author's verses, entitled *Love and Laughter*.

—The statement that Sir Walter Besant left an estate valued at only about \$35,000 is but another example of the fact how poor a trade literature is when considered, as it must be, as a means of living. Some one has said: "The man who expects to make a living out of literature alone is either a fool or a genius."

—Speaking of a tendency among women novelists toward writing "daring" books, Mr. Andrews Lang says:

"Mr. Fielding and Mr. Tobias Smollet, though free spoken, would not have relished some fictions that are praised and popular. These authors, especially Mr. Smollett, had little of shrinking delicacy, but they had a sense of humor. The ladies who write the kind of stuff now in question have none at all, and that is one reason why they 'dare' so greatly. They do not in the least guess how poor a figure they cut when they tell those stories; which, apart from their licentiousness, always have an element of absurdity."

Beyond the reasons given by Mr. Lang for this, it seems to us that the one thing which influences the modern woman novelist is the fear of being feminine, and the consequent attempt at a virile style. They do not approach any nearer to their goal by such barbarity, but they do get an unnaturalness that no one would suspect is feminine. So far they succeed.

The London Academy and Literature, speaking of Bliss Carman, says: "If we had to describe him in a phrase we should say. A reduced Whitman Stevensonized, for the older man's camaraderie and lawlessness and love of life are here, with the younger's literary instinct and temperament added. Mr. Carman is in no way great; but he has charm and genuine feeling, and—what so many poets lack—movement; and his inspiration lifts him quite as far above the average man as the average man wants."

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Mr. H. G. Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, in the south of England, about thirty-five years ago. At an early age he gave evidence of a strong leaning toward scientific research, and later he studied zoology and geology at the Royal College of Science, and took the degree of B. Sc. at the University of London, with honors in both these subjects. He organized, and for several years conducted, the biology teaching for the London Science and Medical Degrees in the University Tutorial College, a successful private coaching establishment in Red Lion Square. But for the accident of a violent hemorrhage of the lungs he might still be engaged in educational work, but his illness rendered a more sedentary occupation imperative, and he turned to journalism, which in time led him into the higher walks of literature.

Mr. J. M. Barrie was, unwittingly, Mr. Wells' mentor, for it was by following the suggestions contained in *When a Man's Single* that Mr. Wells secured a footing as a writer of "middle articles." He first contributed to the *London Globe*, and then chiefly to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *St. James' Gazette*. His work attracted the attention of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, and through him Mr. Wells came under the influence of that vigorous stimulant of seedling authors, Mr. W. E. Henley, to whom Mr. Wells dedicated his first book, *The Time Machine*. This ingenious romance met with instant popularity in England, and had a very friendly reception in this country. He soon followed up his first book with others in the same vein, among them being *The Wonderful Visit*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, and *When the Sleeper Wakes*.

In these books Mr. Wells has won a high reputation as an original novelist, utilizing fiction to picture forth the state of the world as it unfolds itself to his fertile imagination. There were two exceptions among his novels to these empirical studies, namely, *The Wheels of Chance*, and *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, in which he abandoned the fantastic and grotesque, seeking an adventure not in other worlds, but in his own. In his latest book, which has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, he has discarded fiction altogether, and in a serious attempt to grapple with the problems of our coming civilization within the next century he has followed the scientific method, unhampered by the trammels of fiction.

—Though Mr. Frank R. Stockton's latest book, *Kate Bonnet*, suggests a man still young in spirit and body; the years speak a man well advanced in life. Mr. Stockton was born in 1834,

and began his career writing for magazines. He joined the staff of *Scribner's*, and later became assistant editor of *St. Nicholas*. A long list of over thirty books are credited to him. In every one he shows that striking personality and keen sense of humor which characterize his best. It matters not how old Mr. Stockton may now be, the author of *Kate Bonnet* is a man still in the full power of his talent, a man still young, a man from whom much is yet to be expected. Nothing can better show the character of Mr. Stockton than the following little description of him at work, which is taken from *American Authors and Their Homes*:

It is in a hammock swung in a piazza adjoining his study, or, when not in a hammock, in the easiest of easy chairs, that Mr. Stockton likes to work. From a room on the other side of his "study garden" (for Mr. Stockton dislikes the typewriter's clicking and has banished the machine as far as possible) the secretary comes, and, note-book in hand, quietly seats herself. Silence, long drawn out and perhaps never broken, except by Mr. Stockton's voice, then prevails, the secretary finally leaving at the announcement of luncheon. From the hammock's depths or from the recesses of a great chair, a measured, vibrating voice has spoken out, and down in the note-book has gone the first draught of the latest of the thousand and one curious tales with which Stockton has been delighting America and England, the Continent, the colonies, and even the tropics, for at least a quarter of a century.

In all probability this remarkable man stands alone in his methods of work. Without making a note, without a scrap of synopsis, he carries his novels in his head, oftentimes letting the story build itself up over a period of years. When ready to write he calmly speaks it off to the young girl. This first draught, made from the head alone, for he never touches pen to paper, becomes practically the final draught. Mr. Stockton seldom cares to touch, in the way of correction, the typewritten sheets.

—Mr. Elliott Flower whose first book, *Police-man Flynn*, is proving such a success, is another example of the newspaper graduate turning author. Born at Madison, Wis., in 1863, he received his early training in Chicago, and then attended the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. In 1886 he joined the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*, taking one position after another until he was put in charge of a department in the Sunday paper. In 1893 he joined the staff of the *Chicago Evening Post*, and continued with that paper until 1901. Since that time he has devoted himself to miscellaneous writings for magazines and papers. His work has been mainly of a humorous character, though he has done more serious writing also. At present he conducts the depart-

ment of humor in the Brooklyn Sunday Eagle, and has a like department in the Chicago Evening Post. The original of his Policeman Flynn was a Chicago policeman, and many of the adventures related by Mr. Flower are actual occurrences.

—The following anecdote is told on the authority of the New York Times:

Ernest Thompson-Seton—he of animal storytelling and converted name fame—was describing to a clergyman the other day some of his experiences with various animals, particularly squirrels.

"It is an astonishing fact," said Mr. Seton, "that I found, after some few tests, that I could attract squirrels, howsoever wild, by singing to them. Whenever I sang they would come out of their holes or down from the trees, and though at first showing some timidity, sit and listen intently and apparently with enjoyment. I remember one day, however, when, after singing them various songs—rag-time and others—I tried 'Old Hundred' on them. Would you believe it, the instant they heard it they scampered off, nor could I induce them to return that day. And to this day I can't understand why."

The clergyman, a far-away look in his eye, suggested very briefly:

"Probably they were afraid you would next proceed to take up a collection."

—The author of *Eve Triumphant*, who signs herself Pierre de Coulevan, is Mademoiselle Favre—a Frenchwoman. She has never been in America, and seems to have gained the material for her book on American life mainly by deduction from American reading and literature.

—M. Maurice Maeterlinck, on being asked recently who was his favorite English actress replied Mrs. Patrick Campbell, "on account of her great talent." This is very nice, but when one remembers that Mrs. Campbell is almost the only English-speaking actress of any standing who has dared to produce a Maeterlinck play, one is tempted to read new meanings into the quoted clause.

—Stephen Phillips, the author of three successful poetic plays and many other poems, is not yet thirty-five. He is a healthy, sane individual, and does not, as many poetasters, base his claim for genius upon eccentricity. In fact, he is, in his life, quite the ordinary, with a love of sport and outdoor exercise. Relieved, in a measure, of the necessity of money-getting by being placed on the civil list of England, he may devote himself to his literary pursuits without any of the tension which often urges one to vitiate one's work in order to make it "popular." His predilection for the drama is probably due to the fact that for six years, from 1886 to 1892, he followed the profession of actor, appearing in many Shakespearian rôles.

—W. D. Howells, writing of Oliver Herford in *The North American*, speaks thus enthusiastically of that very peculiar figure in American letters:

If it is by a tour de force that one groups him with the poets, he is worth that outlay of strength, and the poets ought to be glad of his company. His book is at least a new volume of verse, and is of a freshness which the critic, panting from his exertion, might overstate, but probably would not if he meant its delightful audacity, its perennial unexpectedness.

Mr. Herford's humor both of pen and pencil is personal to himself, like Mr. Gilbert's, but it hospitably insists upon making itself the reader's at the same time, for it is difficult not to learn "*The Animals*" by heart. In fact, you are rather obliged to do that, if you will not have them tagging after you in fragments and haunting your memory piecemeal. Among them all, I believe I like the Gnu best.

—John Kendrick Bangs tells a rather good story on himself. Stopping one day for some light reading for summer vacation at one of New York's largest book stores, he was offered by the unsuspecting clerk one of his own books. "Oh, I don't want that," said Mr. Bangs. "I can't read Bangs." "Well, do you know," responded the clerk, "neither can I." When Mr. Bangs gave his address and name there were words.

—Justin Huntley McCarthy, the author of *If I Were King*, is the son of Justin McCarthy, the Irish leader and author. Though his picture suggests a very young man, he is, in fact, over forty. He began writing in 1881, has traveled extensively, and has served a term as Member of Parliament. He is the author of histories, novels, and plays, and has done a prose translation, *Omar*.

—Herbert A. Giles, of Cambridge University, England, who is announced as the first lecturer on Chinese literature on the Charpentier endowment to Columbia University, is one of the foremost English authorities of Chinese matters. He is the author of several books on the Orient, one of the most prominent of which is *History of Chinese Literature*.

—Mrs. Alice Mynall, the English poet and novelist, is making a tour through California. She is to deliver a number of lectures in several cities before she returns home.

—We read that Gabriele D'Annunzia, being overrun by autograph collectors, has had a sign placed on his Bologna residence: "Gabriele D'Annunzia, suffering from paralysis in the right hand, finds it utterly impossible to sign post cards and albums." Most of the autograph seekers are women. When one considers this and the nature of D'Annunzio's writings one is apt to raise the eyebrows.

C h i l d V e r s e

The Child at Prayer.....Katharine Tynan.....London Spectator

A baby to a baby prays.

Oh Infant Jesus, meek and mild,
From 'mid the glory and the rays
Look on a little child.

As one child to Another may,
He talks without a thought of fear,
Commending to a Child to-day
All that a child holds dear:

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys,
Things that make up the universe
Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
He counts them o'er, a motley crew,
And children in the neighbor's house,
And all the people too.

His friends, why all the world's his friend,
This four-years darling, golden-curled.
'Tis long before it has an end,
The bede-roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands
Unto a Child; and it may be
The Host of Heaven at gazing stands
That tender sight to see.

A Game of Tag.....Florence Evelyn Pratt.....Youth's Companion

Little Jack Frost ran out one day
And called to the Brook to come and play.
"Let's play tag, and you must run,
And I'll be It, and won't we have fun?
Old Father Winter will think I'm lost!
Hooray!" cried little Jack Frost.

So the Brook ran off with a merry shout,
And Jack at her heels in a jolly rout.
Down through the plowed fields, sunny and bare,
Into the woods and the piney air,
Past mighty boulders gray and mossed.
The Brook led little Jack Frost.

Over the waterfall she sprang,
And the hills with her mocking laughter rang.
Down came the leaves in a gorgeous throng
To hide her away as she fled along.
Under the mill wheel her hair she tossed,
And laughed at little Jack Frost.

But oh and alas! how tired she grew!
Slower and slower her light feet flew.
Panting under the bridge she ran.
And into the wide marsh, still and wan.
She faltered a moment, tired and lost:
"Tag!" cried little Jack Frost.

The Little SonMoira O'Neill.....New York Tribune

When my little son is born on a sunny summer morn,
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside the sea.

For the windy waters blue would be dancin' if they knew,
An' the weeny waves that wet the sand come creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday warm an' clear,
I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to Craiga' wood;
In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush my tender laddo,
An' the flittin' birds'll quet their songs as if they understood.

When my pretty son's awake, och, the care o' him I'll take!
An' we'll never pass a gentle place between the dark an' day;
If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll keep,
Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be wantin' him away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my knee—
Though the world should be my pillow he must know no harder place;
Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all o' gold,
But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss upon his face.

Talking in Their Sleep.....Edith M. Thomas.....St. Nicholas

" You think I'm dead,"
The apple tree said,
" Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in the trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

" You think I'm dead,"
The quick grass said,
" Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid;
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flowers without branch or root."

" You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said,
" Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has shown;
Patiently I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

Library Table: *Glimpses of New Books*

Anticipations A famous American humorist some years ago wrote a serious historical novel. So dear to his heart was the theme and so fearful was he that it might be taken lightly that he published it anonymously. Mr. H. G. Wells should have taken heed of this example before signing his name to his most recent book. For, to the average reader, the mention of this author conjures up a romancer of fictitious deeds, so wild in their fancy and so extravagant in their conception as to be considered almost the merest summer afternoon vagaries. He now comes forth with a sober, earnest, and scientific work¹ in which he ventures to predict the development of the world during the present century. Some of his conclusions are more startling than any of the fanciful ideas in his novels. Some are a bit shocking in their pessimism, others are just a trifle humorous. But underneath all there is a certain element of convincingness that puzzles at first, and then finally interests and holds.

Mr. Wells has taken the conditions which obtain to-day in all phases of the world life, social, economic and politic, has analyzed these, has tried to point out tendencies, and then, by references to history, has ventured to predict from them. Only time, of course, can tell how closely he hits his mark. It is always dangerous to read the future in terms of the past and present. The unexpected ever happens, and tendencies then become thistledown. But this much is to be said of Mr. Wells' book, it is always thoroughly and at times intensely interesting, and it offers food for thought and contemplation. It is to be highly and warmly recommended to all intelligent readers. A fair idea of it may be got from the excerpt which we quote.

Somewhat allied to Mr. Wells' book is William T. Stead's *The Americanization of the World*.² Every American should bow and murmur a "thank you" at so delicate a flattery. For not only are we, according to Mr. Stead, "the biggest show on earth," but we are soon to be the "only show on earth." We have heard of our commercial supremacy and the kindred subjects until they have all grown trite. But Mr. Stead gives us something more, something novel—our supremacy is to extend through every phase of life, and to be

¹Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.80.

²The Americanization of the World. By W. T. Stead. Horace Markley, New York.

so intense and far-reaching as to literally "Americanize" the world. We could wish that Mr. Stead, in putting forth his theories, had given somewhat more specific facts and definite details. Nevertheless, he has written a book which must be of great interest to every American, and which is worth reading by everyone.

Ulysses The production in London, last month, by Beerbohm Tree, of Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses*,¹ was almost an event. In many ways it recalled the time when Rostand's *L'Aiglon* appeared after the success of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The play has since been printed both here and abroad, and may now, after the first flush of enthusiasm, be viewed calmly and critically.

Whatever else there is to be said about this poetic drama, one thing must be acknowledged—it is not a great play. Mr. Phillips has not yet proven himself a dramatist. Secondly, his characters are scarcely more than sketched. Of intricacies, of depths, of complexity he gives us almost nothing. The theme and personality of *Ulysses* has in it the possibilities of a *Prometheus*. But instead of "awful destiny" and "fate" and "struggle," we get a curious levity and charming, though sentimental, lyricism, which may be modern and pleasing, but which is certainly not Greek. Indeed, wherever Mr. Phillips challenges comparison with his source he fails. Homer is still unsullied in his ripe antiquity.

Though Mr. Phillips has failed from a dramatic standpoint, when it comes to poetry he has far from failed. That rich, peculiar Elizabethan lyricism never forsakes him. There are some lines that have a cloying beauty and haunting imagery. Take, for example, the description of Hades:

A whist world! but for whirring as of wings.
Or again that beautiful speech to Calypso:

I'll drift no more upon the dreary sea.
No yearning have I now, and no desire.
Here would I be, at ease upon this isle
Set in the glossy ocean's azure swoon,
With sword of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream;
And smell of cedar sown, and sandal wood,
And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep.

At places, too, the dialogue possesses a rich simplicity and beauty. When Calypso asks Ulysses by what tricks Penelope has caught his love, he answers:

She hath no skill in loving but to love

¹Ulysses. By Stephen Phillips. The Macmillan Company. New York. \$1.25.

So Calypso ventures:

And are her eyes dark: dark yet with lightning?
Never a blue eye hold a man like thee.

And Ulysses returns:

I have forgot the color of her eyes.

It is readily seen that there is poetry of real lyric swing and beauty. Phillips ranks to-day in his exuberance and fine spontaneity with the best of living poets. Moreover, there is a queer little touch to his verse, a slight disregard for the niceties of technicality, a breadth and sweep and daring that often sends one back to the days of Beaumont and Shakespeare. As a play *Ulysses* is a great pageant merely: as writing it is great verse.

Marlowe Scholars have puzzled and worked and "theorized" over the first great English dramatist, Christopher Marlowe. It is pretty well proven that Shakespeare learned his art from him. It is also considered a fact that his life was very free, and his thinking even freer. Certain evidence is offered that he was accused of atheism and that he lost his life in a drunken brawl, being run through the eye by the rapier of his adversary. A mass of legends, almost rivaling the volumes concerning Shakespeare, are given for the credulous. Miss Peabody, in her poetic play,¹ has thrown aside all these unsubstantiated facts, and, choosing from them merely the accusation of atheism and the character of the poet, which she reads from his plays, has woven a charming little plot of unhappy love and historic persons. In some ways the play might almost be considered as an elaboration of Marlowe's life as read from Dr. Faustus and the poem beginning, "Come live with me, and be my love."

As in the case of *Ulysses*, the play, as a play, is all but impossible. It is episodic and incoordinate. Nor do we think that it was meant to be played. Yet it has much, very much, to commend it. Miss Peabody has caught the Elizabethan atmosphere perfectly, and her play is thoroughly steeped in the spirit of the time which it depicts. Her characterization is excellent throughout, and is especially noteworthy in the pictures of Marlowe, and Lodge, and Greene. The whole conception is simple, direct, and exquisite. In its poetry there is little, if anything, produced at present upon this side of the Atlantic to compare to it. If a fault is to be found with it at all, it is that it somewhat lacks the "abandon" which characterizes the poetry of the Elizabethan period. This is seen rather forcibly where, in quoting Marlowe's verse, the author brings her own into awkward comparison. Nevertheless, it

is good verse, and often great verse. Miss Peabody has proven herself a poet of no mean order, and she has also shown herself a writer of broadness of view and power of characterization.

Gyges¹ was a poor shepherd. But none too chary means, by lying, deceiving, and finally by murdering, he won his aged sovereign's young and beautiful wife. Then, having reached the summit of his power, his conscience began to harass him. Such is the basis of Mr. Rupert Hughes' poetic monologue. The story is gloomy and a bit harsh, but is told with skill, and given with a variety of pictures. The poet's descriptive power is especially good, though inclined to be, at times, somewhat gruesome. There is almost a savage beauty in the view of the death of the king, where the murderers embrace while the blood keeps dripping drop by drop. In his form Mr. Hughes recalls Rossetti's Jenny: in his method Browning's Laboratory. All of which is meant as high praise.

Stockton's Latest Novel Bonnet, an amateur pirate, together with the love affairs of his daughter Kate and Dickory Charter, constitute the theme of Frank R. Stockton's recent book.² No recital of details, however, could suggest the playful ingenuity and exquisite humor and real interest that this story possesses. To do that one must summon up the name of the author. It is trite to talk about Mr. Stockton's humor, and yet it must be mentioned. It is in its way as distinct as W. S. Gilbert's. It is often very subtle, it is never forced. It is a real humor which comes naturally out of a situation, or of an illogicality made to seem logical. Nothing could be finer than the character of Ben Greenway, the pious Scotch Presbyterian, who follows his piratical master in a vain endeavor to bring him back to the narrow path of righteousness. Throughout the people of this story are drawn with a sureness of touch and distinctness and reality. Mr. Stockton has really done a marvelous feat—he has lived up to the best in his reputation. No higher praise need be given.

At Large In Mr. Miles, alias "Sundown," alias Ned Ryan, Mr. E. W. Hornung has given us another picture of the criminal class to be placed beside the unmatchable Raffles. The story of this new book, *At Large*,³ is both unique and original. Jack Edmonstone, returning to England

¹Gyges' Ring. By Robert Hughes. R. H. Russell, New York.

²Kate Bonnet. By Frank R. Stockton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

³At Large. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

¹Marlowe. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10.

after a rather adventurous career in Australia, finds a certain Mr. Miles, also from Australia, paying court to his fiancee. Edmonstone recognizes Miles as "Sundown," a famous bushranger and a man with a price upon his head, and at the same time he realizes that it is to a kindness of this same highwayman that he owes his fortune. It is this problem which Mr. Hornung treats, and he does it with a skill and power which he has already shown in previous books.

Here & There In *The Man from Glengarry*¹ "Ralph Connor" (Charles W. Gordon) has followed up his descriptions of the miners and the cowboys of his previous works by clothing with strong individuality the lumbermen of the Ottawa River. The tale is the simple one of the development of a boy, brought up in an isolated Scotch settlement at the edge of the forest and of the lumber-camp, into a noble character, devoted alike to duty and the love of his fellow-men. There is love of a more romantic kind also, and its pathos is touching. The book thrills with stirring episodes, none of which are high-flown and outside the experience of the ordinary life of Glengarry and Quebec folk, but the way in which they are told raises them far above the usual dead-level. Throughout the volume the author shows a wonderful power of analysis of character, and from the most important to the least important, those who play their parts in his pages become types which we are glad to know. The story of *The Man from Glengarry* deserves more than a passing appreciation and a season's vogue.

Upon a very tragic though not at all unusual theme Mrs. Zoe Anderson Norris has woven a series of delightful pen pictures of slum and Bohemian life.² Be it said in the first place that these more or less extraneous chapters are really the book, and that the theme is to be viewed rather in the light of a pretext. At least this is the way we like to look at the book, for Mrs. Anderson has given some thoroughly beautiful and exquisite little views of life on its seamier side. The style is good, though not as good as we are urged to believe it, on account of one or two lapses into slang, which add nothing and which really detract much. This is but a minor fault, however, and these pastels of life are more than worth reading, are really in their way a gem, not of the first water, but nevertheless a gem of no uncertain brilliancy.

A Sequel *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst* is a sequel to *The Making of a Marchioness*.

¹*The Man From Glengarry*. By Ralph Connor. Revell Company. Price \$1.50.

²*The Color of His Soul*. Zoe Anderson Norris. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.00.

Emily Fox-Seton, the delightful and restful, is here seen in the first year of her married life as Lady Walderhurst. The book³ connects naturally and most interestingly with its predecessor. It must be confessed, however, that it lacks much of the latter's freshness and lightness. Mrs. Burnett here returns to the type of work shown in *The Lady of Quality*.

*Eve Triumphant*⁴ is the story of American women and American life. The author's view is interesting rather as being that of a foreigner than for its verity. The story has a distinct Latin tinge, and is somewhat verbose, a great deal of time being taken up in conversation meant to convey descriptions of American peculiarities. The book seems to have been written first for a French public and then to have been changed to meet American needs.

*The Heroine of the Strait*⁵ A good deal of study and scholarship has gone into Mary Catherine Crowley's latest book, *The Heroine of the Strait*.⁶ The story deals with the siege of Detroit by the Indians, under the chief Pontiac. The characters are nearly all historical, and Miss Crowley claims to have used certain facts found in an old manuscript since the time of Parkman. Outside of this element of historical worth Miss Crowley has given a story of absorbing interest, told in a praiseworthy and skilful manner. The book will rank high among the recent historical fiction.

*Hester Blair*⁴ is an old-fashioned romance of the type that used to delight our grandmothers. It contains a rural heroine, a wealthy suitor, a dyed-in-the-wool villain, a protector, and an atmosphere of rurality, which merges into the urban. There is plenty to hold the interest, and much to amuse. It is Mr. Carson's first book, and places him in the school of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Mrs. Holmes. It is a worthy example of the so-called "simple" story.

Mr. John Luther Long makes his first bow as a novelist in *Naughty Nan*.⁵ He shows in this longer and more complete work much of the tenderness and delicate pathos and humor that

¹*The Methods of Lady Walderhurst*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

²*Eve Triumphant*. By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Alys Hallard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

³*The Heroine of the Strait. A Romance of Detroit in the Time of Pontiac*. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

⁴*Hester Blair*. By William Henry Carson. C. M. Clark Co., Boston. \$1.50.

⁵*Naughty Nan*. By John Luther Long. Century Co., New York.

characterized his short stories. The dialogue is sprightly, witty and pointed. The characters are well drawn and individual. The story is, however, a bit dragged out and would much better have ended a hundred pages sooner. Nevertheless, Mr. Long may feel that his début, while not startling, has been a success.

In Policeman Flynn¹ Elliott Flower has a distinct and original character. The keen-witted, humorous Irishman belongs to the gallery which already contains Mulvaney and Mr. Dooley, but is as individual in his way as they in theirs. Mr. Flower gives a series of anecdotes unconnected save by the central character, and all illustrating different phases of a policeman's life. The book is full of sunny humor and life and interest, as may be seen from the extract which we quote.

C. K. Burrows has a graphic picture of Irish life and love in *Patricia of the Hills*.² We can

recall few novels treating of the conditions in Ireland which are at once so real and so interesting. Read for its characters, for its views of Irish poverty and struggles, for its story, this book is found equally charming and meritorious. In another part of the magazine will be found a reading from the story.

R. H. Russell has just issued a new series of very beautiful souvenir books based upon recent dramatic productions. They embrace Miss Maude Adams in *Quality Street*, E. H. Sothern in *If I Were King*, Virginia Harned in *Alice of Old Vincennes*, Kyrle Bellew in *A Gentleman of France*, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *repertoire*. It is only necessary to add that these are quite up to the standard of Mr. Russell's previous publications of like character. This means that they are artistic and worthy, delightful to possess or to give to a friend. They will provide pleasure for all who are interested in the drama.

—The following books have been received at this office between February tenth and March tenth:

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Fiction.

Behind the Grill: Some Experiences of a Country Bank Cashier: Duncan Francis Young: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	\$0 50	Improprieties of Noah, The, and Other Stories: H. V. Smedberg: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	\$0 50
Captain Jinks, Hero: Ernest Crosby: Illustrations by Dan Beard: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co.	1 50	In White and Black: W. W. Pinson: Illustrated by Bert Ball: N. Y., The Saalfield Pub. Co.	1 50
Fairview's Mystery: George H. Marquis: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	75	José: Minna Caroline Smith: N. Y., Brentano's	
Father Manners: The Romance of St. Almanac's Church: Hudson Young: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	1 00	Josephine Grahame, A Romance, and other Stories: Jeannette Wheeler: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	1 50
Fogg's Ferry: A Thrilling Novel: C. E. Callahan: Chicago, Laird & Lee.....		Kate Bonnet: Frank R. Stockton: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.	
Fool's Year, A: E. H. Cooper: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.	50	King of Andora, The: Henry E. Harris: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	1 25
Frank Logan: Mrs. John M. Clay: N. Y., The Abbey Press.		Lepidus, The Centurion: A Roman of To-day: Edwin Lester Arnold: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.	1 50
Giant's Gate, The: A Story of a Great Adventure: Max Pemberton: N. Y., Fred. A. Stokes & Co.		Lover's Progress, The: Told by Himself: N. Y., Brentano's	
Golden Fluff: Mrs. James Edwin Morris: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	50	Mary Starkweather: Carolin Crawford Williamson: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	1 50
Golden Way, A: Albert Le Roy Bartlett: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	1 50	Methods of Lady Walderhurst, The: Frances Hodgson Burnett: Illustrated by C. D. Williams: N. Y., Fred. A. Stokes Co.	
Grace of Orders, The: N. B. Winston: N. Y., The Abbey Press.....	1 00	Mlle. Fouchette: Charles Theodore Murray: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co.	1 50
"Har Lampkins": Abel Patton: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00	Naughty Nan: John Luther Long: N. Y., The Century Co.	1 50
Heroine of the Strait, The: Mary Catherine Crowley: Boston, Little, Brown & Co.	1 50	Patricia of the Hills: Charles Kennett Burrow: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.	1 25
Hester Blair: The Romance of a Country Girl: Wm. Henry Carson: Boston, C. W. Clark Pub. Co.	1 50	Phantom Caravan, The: Cordelia Powell Odenheimer: N. Y., The Abbey Press....	1 00
		Policeman Flynn: Elliott Flower: Illustrated	

AMONG THE APRIL MAGAZINES

by Frederic Dorr Steele: N. Y., The Century Co.	\$1 50
Siege of Lady Resolute, The: Harris Dickson: N. Y., Harper & Bros.	1 50
Under My Own Roof: Adelaide L. Rouse: Illustrations by Harry A. Stoner: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co.	1 20
Unrequited Love: Otto Stechhan: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00
Wallannah: A Colonial Romance: Will Loftin Hargrave: Richmond, Va., B. F. Johnson Pub. Co.	1 50
Where the Magnolias Bloom: A Tale of Southern Life: Frederic Bacon Cullens: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	50
Whither Are We Drifting?: Otto Stechhan: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00
Wolfville Days: Alfred Henry Lewis: N. Y., Fred. A. Stokes Co.	1 50
Woman Who Dared, The: A Thrilling Narrative: Chicago, Laird & Lee.	75

Essays and Miscellany.

Anticipation: H. G. Wells: N. Y., Harper & Bros.	1 80
Bobtail Dixie: Abbie N. Smith: Fully Illustrated: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00
Cours Complet De Langue Francaise: Maxime Ingres: Chic., The University of Chicago Press.	
Dog-Day Journal, A: Blossom Drum: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	50
Hoch der Kaiser, Myself und Gott: A. McGregor Rose: Pictures by Jessie A. Walker: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	
Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions: Minna Thomas Antrim: Phila., Henry Altemus Co.	50
Newman, an Appreciation: Alexander Whyte, D.D.: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co.	
Ping-Pong (Table Tennis): Arnold Parker: Illustrated: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.	75

Practical Astrology: Comte C. de Saint-Germain; Chicago, Laird & Lee.	\$1 50
Principles of Western Civilization: Benjamin Kidd: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.	2 00
Silver Cord and the Golden Bowl, The: Grace Adele Pierce: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00
Songs not set to Music: Kate Mills Fargo: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00

Historical, National and Political.

Courtship of Sweet Anne Page, The: Ellen V. Talbot: Illustrations by Sewell Collins: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co.	40
Hand of God in American History, The: A Study of National Politics: Robert Ellis Thompson, S. T. D.: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.	1 00
History of Education: E. L. Kemp, A. M.: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co.	1 25
Irrigation in the United States: Frederick Haynes Newell: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.	2 00
Silent Pioneer, The: Lucy Cleaver McElroy: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell.	1 50

War in South Africa, The: Its Cause and Conduct: A Conan Doyle: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	
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Religious and Philosophical.

History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred: Charles B. Waite, A. M.: Chic., C. V. Waite & Co.	
Sandals, The: A Tale of Palestine: Z. Grenell: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls.	40
Verba Crucis: A Meditation upon what Jesus said at Calvary: Rev. T. Calvin McClelland: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.	50

Poetry.

Castles in Spain and Other Sketches in Rhyme: Winifred Sackville-Stoner: N. Y., The Abbey Press.	1 00
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Among the April Magazines

For the past three years a party of German explorers under the guidance of Dr. Robert Koldewey has been exploring the mounds over the site of the ancient City of Babylon. Their work has been crowned with signal success, and they have already unearthed the palace and temple of Nebuchadnezzar. A good idea of the ancient art in decoration and utility may be had from Morris Jastrow's article in Harper's. The paving of the streets is especially interesting:

Directly to the east of the palace Koldewey laid bare one of the most famous streets in the ancient City of Babylon, and on the construction of which Nebuchadnezzar prided himself greatly. Nebuchadnezzar endeavored to outstrip his predecessors in the elegance with which he laid out the sacred street. Building on the old foundation, he raised the level of the street above the ordinary houses

of the city, and gave the street the name Aiburshabu, which signifies "May the enemy not prevail." He enclosed it within two walls, the inner one forming the eastern limit of the palace, while the outer was separated from the inner by sixty feet. The two walls were known as Imgur-Bel, meaning "The mercy of Bel," and Nimitti-Bel, "Foundation of Bel." The street between the walls was handsomely paved along its entire route, and the king specifically mentions two kinds of stone that he used for the purpose. In confirmation of this statement, Koldewey in laying bare the street for a distance of 1,500 feet found a large number of fragments of limestone blocks inscribed as follows:

Nebuchadnezzar the King of Babylon
The son of Nabopolassar the King of Babylon
The street of Babylon for the procession of the great lord Marduk with paving of mountain stone

I built as a highway
Oh, lord Marduk, grant eternal life!

In another part of the street Koldewey noted that the paving-stone consisted of a reddish-white stone of volcanic character, and by placing a number of inscribed fragments together, found in this section, he obtained an inscription identical with the above, except that the name of the paving-stone was different. The names of the two kinds of stone tallied with those referred to in one of Nebuchadnezzar's inscriptions that had been known to scholars for many years, so that there was no doubt of the actual discovery of the famous procession street of Babylon. With the remains of the paving, hundreds of fragments of glazed colored tiles were found that had evidently formed the decorations of the walls, and it was not long before it became clear that these tiles constituted parts of figures of lions enclosed in borders of rosettes. Some of the lions faced the left, others the right, and the conclusion was therefore justified that the decorations had been placed on both sides of the street. In the course of some months enough fragments were picked up to reconstruct a complete figure of one of the lions, and we can now estimate for ourselves the impression that must have been produced by the portrayal on the walls of Aibur-shabu of these majestic figures.

W. T. Smedley has found in Maurice Low's article, Society in Washington, opportunity for some clever drawings, and Edwin A. Abbey continues his artistic illustrations of The Deserted Village. There are clever romances by Cyrus Townsend Brady, Bret Harte, and Octave Thaquet. Dean Shaler tells of the Relations of Animals and Plants, and Carl Snyder discusses Fifty Years of Synthetic Chemistry. Harry De Windth describes A Land Journey from Paris to New York, and Arthur Colton The Mysts o' Skye.

—John Burroughs, in an interesting and just a trifle iconoclastic essay in the Century, discusses Literary Values. When he takes up the subject of fiction he epitomizes as follows:

In fiction the literary value resides in several different things, as the characterization, the action, the plot, and the style, sometimes more in one, sometimes more in another. In Scott, for instance, it is found in the characters and the action; the style is commonplace. In George Eliot the action the dramatic power, is the weakest factor. In Mr. Howells we care very little for the people, but the art, the style, is a perpetual delight. In Hawthorne our pleasure, again, is more evenly distributed. In Poe the plot and the style interest us. In Dickens it is the character and the action. The novelist has many strings to his bow, and he can get along very well without style, but what can the poet, the historian, the essayist, the critic, do without style—that is, without that vital, intimate, personal relation between the man and his language which seems to be the secret of style? The true poet makes the words his own; he fills them with his own quality, though they be the common property of all. This is why language, in the hands of the born writer, is not the mere garment of thought, not even a perfectly adjusted and transparent gar-

ment, as a French writer puts it. It is a garment only as the body is the garment of the soul. This is why a writer with a style loses so much in a translation, while with the ordinary composer translation is little more than a change of garments.

I should say that the literary value of the modern French writers and critics resides more in their style than in anything else, while with the German it resides least in the style; in the English it resides in both thought and style. The French fall below the English in lyric poetry, because, while the Frenchman has more vanity, he has less egoism, and hence less power to make the universe speak through him. The solitude of the lyric is too much for his intensely social nature, while he excels in the light dramatic forms for this very reason. He has more power of intellectual metamorphosis.

There is a series of rather remarkable articles upon the last days of the Southern Confederacy and General Lee which are highly interesting. Noah Brooks' The Plains Across is full of charm.

Charles Battell Loomis, S. Wier Mitchell, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick are among the writers of fiction, while among the poets are Edwin Markham, Clinton Dangerfield, and John Burroughs.

—Very delightful indeed is the opening feature of Outing, The Witchery of Wa-Wa, the Wise Gander of the Plain. Frank M. Ware points a contrast in The Horse Show and the Show Horse. David Starr Jordan, one of the greatest living authorities upon fish, tells of Fishing for Japanese Samlets in the Jewel River. Lynn Tew Sprague discusses the Protective Instinct in Game. There are a score or more of thoroughly good articles written by men of authority. The illustrations are copious and adequate.

—In a most delightful paper upon The Play and Gallery, by Elizabeth McCracken, in the Atlantic, we get some beautiful pictures of the influence of the drama upon the tenement class. Here is the effect of Mr. Mansfield in Cyrano upon a girl:

She saw the play of Cyrano de Bergerac on its first night; and I saw it too, on its first night, urged thereto by the girl. "What did you think of it?" I inquired when she called at the Settlement the next night to ask me what I thought of it.

"Well," said the girl, "I think all the trouble came because they all cared so much about looks. Cyrano cared about looks, and Roxane cared about looks, and Christian cared about looks. Of course Cyrano's carin' made the most trouble, because he cared the most."

This was interesting in the extreme: it was a true critical appreciation of the play, and the appreciation of a playgoer who was ignorant of any canons of dramatic criticism; who was unaided by any authority of critic; who had no theory, and felt no necessity of having any theory, as to the drama and dramatic art; to whom, indeed,

words themselves were without meaning. She merely and simply had seen the play, and had seen it truly. This alone was interesting, but the girl continued: "Of course I've heard that looks don't count much, and that feelin' they do makes trouble. I never thought much about it; but now I've seen it, I don't believe I'll ever forget it."

Nor was this all. Many months later I saw again the influence of that play for what Mr. Sothern has called "noble living." A little girl, living in a tenement in the same neighborhood, burned her face very severely with fireworks. When I went to see her, I found with her the girl who considered a front seat in the gallery of more importance than food. The child who was burned was in great distress because some one had suggested that her face would be left disfigured. I hopefully expressed a contrary opinion; but the girl who had seen *Cyrano de Bergerac* from the gallery said, with a conviction that quieted the child: "Well, it won't matter—much—if it is, dear. Looks ain't what count. It's what we do that counts."

Several weeks later I met the child, entirely recovered, on the street. "My face ain't scarred!" she cried. "I'm glad," she continued—"but"—after a pause she added, "if it had er been, it wouldn't er mattered—much. It's what we do matters, not looks."

In a review of Jane Austen, Mr. Ferris Greenlet draws an interesting parallel:

The life of Jane Austen, excluding incidents and considering essentials, is seen to be very like the life of her heroines. She knew intimately the scenes and the people whereof she wrote. She once advised a niece who was meditating a novel, "Three or four families in a country village is the very thing to work on;" and her own practice conformed to this precept closely. Jane Austen never reports a conversation among men only—a striking indication of cautious restraint of her imaginative powers. Indeed, Miss Austen's best characters are always her heroines: gentle Fanny Price, independent Emma Woodhouse (me judge the "college woman" of her age), and Elizabeth Bennet, the inimitable and altogether delightful. Despite the conscientious objectivity of Jane Austen's work, one fancies that when she would portray such girls as these she had but to "look in her heart and write."

There are a number of good papers on important subjects: The New Army of the United States by Oswald Garrison Villard; Pan-American Diplomacy, by John W. Foster; The Day's Work of a Forester, by Paul Griswold Huston; and Oliver Ellsworth and the Federation. Two long poems, by J. E. Spingarn and Bliss Carman are noteworthy.

—Several recent incidents have awakened new interest in Booker T. Washington. Speaking of Mr. Washington's influences, Mr. Walter Page says in *Everybody's*:

Mr. Washington has told in his autobiography how the late Mr. C. P. Huntington, when he first met him, gave him \$2, and when he last met him, \$50,000. This is a good illustration of the way in

which the man and the idea that he stands for have grown in many minds. At first he was regarded as the head of a school for colored youth. With a better acquaintance he grew upon the friends he made as something more than a schoolmaster. The large significance of his work slowly shaped itself into a philosophy in the minds of those who understood it. Yet Mr. Washington himself has never formulated this philosophy in a systematic way. He lets fall remarks that indicate his understanding of it, but he has worked it out better than he has ever expressed it. He says, for instance, that the proper training of the negro is as important for the future of the white man in the South as for the future of the negro. True; but most men finding themselves hitched up with such an idea would prance and caper and construct a system of economic and social philosophy. He simply goes on working it out, as if it were all instantly intelligible, or as if it did not need elaboration. He will say that the first step in negro education is to cause a family that lives in a one-room cabin to build another room. This is the whole thing. But a man of the oratorical temperament would regard this not as the sermon, but as only the text; and he would go on and preach. But he stops there, and you work out the thesis yourself and imagine that you have discovered the solution of the problem. Then, in the elation of your discovery, you give him encouragement and feel a proprietary interest in the idea!

Eugene P. Lyle has an interesting description of the Prince of Monaco and his extraordinary work in deep sea fishing, and Penrhyn Stanlaws has a series of drawings illustrating Girls of Many Nations. There are several good short stories and interesting papers on varied subjects.

—Diane, Priestess of Haïti, by John S. Durham, is the main feature in Lippincott's. William Howard Francis gives some Hints to Travelers which should interest all who intend going abroad. The poetry throughout is good. The essay on Richardson, by Mary Moss, is scholarly and more than worth reading.

—We are apt to forget that Vesuvius, the mountain which buried two cities under it, is still active, is still full of danger. Some idea of all this may be got from B. F. Fisher's description in the *Cosmopolitan*:

Once, when Vesuvius's activity had partially quieted, I climbed to a point where I could obtain a view of the molten interior of the crater which has been answerable for almost eleven thousand human lives. As you stand on the brink, the isolated cases of deaths on the mountain slope or near the crater itself strike most terror to you. I could not help thinking of the story of the young Brazilian who, some fifteen years ago, had ascended Vesuvius, and, slipping at the crater's rim, had plunged to instant death. In the spring of 1873 thirteen ladies and gentlemen, who composed a party of tourists, visited Vesuvius during a period of inactivity. No sooner had they reached the summit, however, than a slight eruption occurred which opened a small lava-pit some feet below and at the side of the main crater. In the sudden bright

flashes of light they became confused, and two of them fell before they could reach higher ground, and were covered with molten lava. Of the entire party only four survived, for the rest were suffocated before they could crawl sufficiently far away to obtain a little air until the eruption ceased.

Any one who visits Vesuvius by night without guides must take the risk of a similar fate, and above all he must not give way to fear, for even a slow retreat in the darkness would be almost certain to end in a misstep and a plunge into one of the many reeking steam-holes.

The number is especially rich in fiction, containing the names of Maarten Maartens, Israel Zangwill, and Bret Harte. Edmund Gosse discusses The Influence of Victor Hugo. John Brisben Walker gives his impressions on Prince Henry's visit. Vance Thompson tells of Zealand Beauties. The Cosmopolitan may be congratulated upon a rather remarkable issue.

—Richard Harding Davis begins a new novel in the April Scribner's. The story vaguely suggests Soldiers of Fortune. Other stories are by Thomas Nelson Page, Josephine Dodge Daskam, and Mary R. S. Andrews. The illustrating contains many well-known names: Howard Pyle, F. C. Yohn, and Everett Shinn. Ex-President Gilman gives his reminiscences of Some Noteworthy Scholars.

—The State of Georgia has since 1877 had a convict lease system, "by which the felons, or long-term convicts, were hired under lease contracts to different persons or corporations at a given price per head." At first glance there seems something repellent in this idea; but a nearer glance, such as given by Benjamin F. Blackburn in Leslie's Monthly, shows the system to have been productive of good. Mr. Blackburn thus describes a typical camp at Cole City:

In this camp there were 97 convicts, 90 of whom were negroes. With these I mixed and talked without the presence of the guards. I found that they were not only fed well—their condition showed this—but their tasks were so arranged that they frequently finished work an hour before sunset. Their sleeping quarters were as neat as a private house. Their stationary cots, arranged so as to accommodate only one person, were well provided with straw mattresses and warm covering. I found that they were supplied with two suits of clothing each, and that their bill of fare consisted of meat and bread three times a day, vegetables once a day, coffee at night, syrup thrice, and a pound of tobacco once each week. As a measure of bodily cleanliness they are required to bathe their necks and faces twice a day, and take a plunge bath twice a week.

When a convict commits an infraction of the camp rules he is punished with a leather strap on the bare body, bent over a barrel. This strap is about two inches wide and eighteen inches long, made of belting. The punishment is from one to twenty-five lashes. About twenty per cent. of the crowd

require punishing each month, and fifteen lashes to the subject is a rather full estimate. The offenses covered by such punishments are gambling, swearing, idling, insubordination and fighting.

John Uri Lloyd speaks of Kentucky in War Time and Franklin Fyles has a study of Mrs. Leslie Carter, to which J. C. Clay adds a drawing. John Dickinson Sherman explains The Life Principle, as discovered by Professors Loeb and Matthews. Of especial beauty and interest are Charles Livingston Bull's drawings of animals, while R. Emmet Owen has illustrated very exquisitely the hymn, Lead Kindly Light.

—William R. Stewart has a well-illustrated article on the New York Subway in Pearson's. Several papers of scientific import are to be found: Archibald Williams' description of the Harmonograph, S. S. Buckman's essay, Our Descent From Monkeys, and J. Turner-Turner's explanation of Flying Fish. A number of praiseworthy short stories and poems complete the issue.

—There is a breath of fresh air and a vision of beauty on every page of Country Life in America. It is quite useless to mention any one article since all are charming and delightful. To those who love nature and to those who read in the soil a philosophy of life and living, this magazine is one of paramount appeal. It is artistic, conscientious, and in its field supreme.

—Speaking of Admiral Farragut, Gen. James Grant Wilson, in the Criterion, thus describes the funeral of the great admiral:

The funeral of Admiral Farragut was the most imposing ceremony witnessed in New York since the obsequies of President Lincoln, and but for the terrible storm would have equalled or perhaps surpassed even that historical demonstration. The military and naval display was admirable, and the civic portion of the pageant was much greater than could have been reasonably expected under the circumstances. The chief interest of the occasion, however, was in the evidently spontaneous and hearty character of the popular testimony of respect to the old hero's memory—a testimony which it may safely be asserted would never have been paid had not Farragut been something much greater than a brilliant naval commander and a sturdy fighter—namely, an unselfish patriot and a true Christian gentleman. As we turned away from the hero's grave General Meade said to me: "I believe that the admiral was more beloved than any other commander of the late war, either of the army or navy." This was indeed true. He was loved not only for his loyalty and great public services, but also for his many private virtues.

Murat Halsted has a treatise on Campaigning with the German Army in France; Charles Henry Meltzer continues his "papers" on One Century of American Acting. There is a noticeable number of good poems.

—The launching of Emperor William's yacht,

Meteor III., was suggestive of a thing which, though great, was lost sight of amid a social and political éclat. The same fact was brought out previously, when American shipbuilders received orders from foreign nations for vessels. Mr. Arthur Goodrich, in a comprehensive article in the *World's Work*, shows both the history and the scope and development of the American shipyard.

The ship-building industry is expanding. In the West the coast trade and the promise of commerce with the Orient has furnished much of the impulsion; around the lakes, the need of American carriers on American waters; and in the East the new navy and the beginnings of a great merchant marine. The ship-builders are ready to meet the demands of a larger future. Behind them, the steel mills are ready and the sawmills and the forests and the mines. The expansion of this industry, which means the further development of American resources and which looks outward to a dominant national position upon the seas and in the world, will write the next chapter of American history.

Speaking of one of the most successful accomplishments of American effort, Mr. Goodrich says:

Perhaps the most striking single development in naval architecture, and one which is the direct product of American invention, is the successful submarine torpedo boat. American genius has been at work on the idea for a century, and when Mr. Holland finally made it practicable and built the first almost human little machine that could float, swim, dive and fight at the will of the men she carried, the United States ordered a half dozen submarine vessels before the European nations could be brought to believe that the Yankee scheme had been accomplished. Since then the Fulton in a test has lain at the bottom of Peconic Bay for fifteen hours while a heavy storm raged above her unfelt by the men beneath her decks. Built wholly of steel, the vessels that are now being constructed will displace about 120 tons and will cost upward of \$175,000 each. Floating, they are propelled by gasoline power and have a speed of ten knots. Submerged, an electric motor drives them through the water at eight knots. They carry fuel for a fifty-mile trip under water and for 2,500 miles on its surface. From the conning tower in the centre of the three compartments telephones and telegraphs carry orders to the half dozen men who are necessary to handle the boat. For them, when the boat is submerged, air is furnished automatically from steel tubes, and the air is assured for a number of days. The capability of these little boats for destruction without danger to themselves is almost unlimited, and their wide use is likely to remodel both the armament of larger ships and their methods of fighting.

There is a mass of articles, all of living interest and contemporary import, such as *China and Europe Face to Face*, by Julian Ralph; *Mr. Williams and the Chemical Bank*, by Edwin Lefevre; *Results of the Pan-American Congress*, by Oscar

King Davis; and *Social Clubs for Railroad Men*, by M. G. Cunniff. The illustrations throughout are noteworthy in their excellence.

—One of the most pernicious evidences of patriotism in this country is the desire of almost every man, woman, and child to shake the President's hand. It is but one of the many abuses that are put upon our chief executive. Lincoln Steffens gives a good idea of these "abuses of love" in his article on *The Overworked President* in McClure's. The following excerpt will give some idea of the President's duties:

It is as the first citizen of the republic that he has to throw open part of his house "daily, Sundays excepted, for the inspection of visitors between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M." as the White House rules put it. No other citizen's home has to be open for inspection; no other government office is subjected to this visitation.

Here are the other White House rules:

"The Cabinet will meet on Tuesdays and Fridays from 11 A. M. until 1 P. M.

"Senators and Representatives will be received from 10 A. M. to 12 M., excepting on Cabinet days.

"Visitors having business with the President will be admitted from 12 to 1 o'clock daily, excepting Cabinet days, so far as public business will permit."

By this arrangement the President should have for public business two whole days, Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet meets; all but three hours of every other day; and of these three, two hours for Senators and Representatives, who are supposed to call on matters of state. As a matter of fact, those rules are broken all to pieces. Visitors call on all days; they arrive before 10 o'clock, and the Senators and Representatives who call commonly bring with them constituents, so that the Congressmen's two hours are spoiled for them and for business by being made a time for public reception. The hour for citizens from 12 to 1 is no different from the two earlier hours, and there is usually such a crowd that the President is kept busy handshaking till 1.30 o'clock. Then he is likely to have at luncheon visitors whom he really wishes to see, but who could not reach him at the proper time. After luncheon there are a few men with special appointments, and it is not till 3.30 o'clock or 4 that President Roosevelt, by an innovation which other Presidents have tried and failed to introduce, gets away for a walk or a horse-back ride. The evening is for public functions, or if they are private, the President has guests, often statesmen or politicians, almost always men of affairs, who keep the talk on "shop." They stay after dinner, and others come in during the evening. This is, of course, all further testimony to the great power of the President; indeed, the position is magnificent. But it is ridiculous also, as any one must see who spends a day with him.

Marconi discusses his recent triumph on long distance messages to mid-ocean. John LaFarge has a beautifully illustrated, scholarly essay on Rembrandt. Among a series of good stories, *The Lock Step*, by I. K. Freedman, is to be especially commended.

Magazine Reference for April, 1902

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 Art in Black and White..... Munsey's.
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 Mrs. Leslie Carter: Fyles..... Leslie's.
 Notable Pictures from Paris Salon W. Home Com.
 One Century of Acting: Meltzer..... Criterion.
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 Robert Reid's Mural Decorations..... Era.
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 *Champion of the Children, The..... Sunday.
 Edwin Markham..... Arena.
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 *King, The: MacDonagh..... Good Words.
 *Marquis of Salisbury, The..... Good Words.
 Matthew King..... Leisure Hour.
 Memories of Daniel Webster..... New England.
 Mr. Hugh M. Hanna..... World's Work.
 New Rear-Admiral, A..... Munsey's.
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 Samuel M. Jones: Saulsbury..... Leslie's.
 *Sir Michael Hicks-Beach..... Leisure Hour.
 *Thomas Fraed..... Leisure Hour.
 Tolstoi: Sedgwick..... World's Work.
 "Who is Nixon?"..... World's Work.
 *Why Lincoln Believed in Grant..... Success.
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 *Grad. Testimony on Elective System.. Har. Grad.
 *Harvard on Eve of the Revolution... Har. Grad.
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 *One Way to Improve Com. Season.... H. Grad.
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 Our State University..... Atlantic.
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 *School Life a Century Ago..... Cornhill.
 Women at German Universities..... Forum.

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 Allegra: Agnes Repplier..... Atlantic.

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*Alliteration's Artful Aid..... Leisure Hour.
 *Art of Breathing, The: Miles..... Chambers's.
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 Canal Boat Men..... Donahoe's.
 Cathedral of St. John..... Munsey's.
 Children's Flower Gardens and Their Uses. Era.
 Chinese Newspaper in America, A. World's Work.
 Cloudlands..... Country Life in America.
 Concerning Women..... Mind.
 Country, The: Martin..... Harper's.
 Courtship and Marriage Customs. W. Home Comp.
 *Crime Amongst Animals..... Leisure Hour.
 *Curios of the Camera..... Sunday.
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 *Ducal Motto: Mansen..... Chambers's.
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 *Free Trader in Letters..... Cornhill.
 *Fuero Juzgo, The: Whitney..... Gentlemen's.
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 Minnesota's Sporting Status. Outing.
 Mists o' Skye, The: Colton. Harper's.
 Modern Cliff Dwellers. Everybody's.
 *New Ladysmith, The. Chambers's.
 New Rules for Yacht Measurements. Outing.
 New Trails in Abyssinia: Le Roux. Century.
 **"On Safari": Mrs. Moffat. Cornhill.
 Outdoor Life in Stamboul: Garnett. Good Words.
 "Plains Across The": Brooks. Century.
 Vesuvius, Destroyer of Cities. Cosmop.
 What Forestry Is. Outing.
 Witchery of Wa-Wa, The. Outing.
 Work and Play in April. C. Life in Am.
 Zealand Beauties. Cosmop.

Wit and Humor of the Press

Lady—"What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that dog? He is dripping with water." Mary—"It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a pole and cleaned the winders with him."

—Absence Accounted For.—The Vicar's Wife—"I did not see your parents at church yesterday, Thomas." Thomas—"No, mem, mother sprained' er back throwin' father downstairs, and and 'e couldn't come 'cos 'is leg's broken."

—Merely a Phrase.—"Of course you were given the freedom of the city." "Yes," answered the distinguished visitor. "But I had to keep so close to a regular schedule under the strict surveillance of so many committees that it was hard to realize how free I was."

—Employer—"What are you idling your time away for?" Clerk—"I'm not; it's your time."

—Mistress—"I am not quite satisfied with your references." Applicant—"Nayther am I, mum; but they's the best I could get."

—A Practical View.—Struggling Pastor—"The collections have fallen off terribly." Practical Wife—"It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches what people put in."

—What Did He Mean?—"Oh, father," exclaimed the budding poet bursting into the library, "I had a poem published." "Serves you right," snapped the father, without looking up from his book.

—A Delicate Choice of Terms.—"I am told," said the friend, "that the manager you have left was paying you a fabulous salary?" "No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "not fabulous; imaginary."

—Heading Him Off.—Biggs—"I want to give you a piece of good advice."—Diggs—"All right; but first let me give you a piece." Biggs—"Well, what is it?" Diggs—"Follow the good advice you are going to give me."

—Minister—"I am sorry I didn't see you at church yesterday, Tummas." Tummas—"Weel, ye see, it was siccán a wet day it wasna fit tae turn oot a dog in. But I sent the wife, sir."

—In New York.—"They've been married nearly a year, and they haven't begun to doubt each other yet." "Of course not. They live in a Harlem flat, where there isn't room for doubt."

—Expertness in Law.—Judge—"Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert?" Prosecutor—"Yes, Your Honor." Judge—"Very well; let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert."

—Most Desirable.—"It would be helpful to you," said the prison visitor, "if you could take some motto, and try to live up to it." "That's right," replied the convict. "I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'

—Recently a public school teacher wrote the sentence, "Them boys are sliding down hill," and requested some in the school to "correct and why." One bright youngster held up his hand, and, on being asked, said: "Correction—Those boys are sliding down hill. Why—Because they can't slide up."

—Mrs. Jenkins—"I see Mrs. Hoetong is going to have 'King Lear' at her next private theatricals." Mrs. Newrich (furious with envy)—"Is she? the affected thing. Do you know, I don't believe he's a real king at all."

—Mrs. De Mover—"Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!" Maid—"They're your own children, mum." Mrs. De Mover—"Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves."

—Easily Fixed.—"Your daughter," said the principal of the fashionable seminary, "stands well in her studies, but she lacks the—er—savoir faire which our other girls have." "Well," said Mrs. Nuritch, "buy her one and charge it up in your bill."

—Looking Forward.—Philanthropist—"Have you any plans in view after your term expires, my good fellow?" Convict—"A few, mum. I've got de plans uv four country post offices and six private residences."

—Young Lady—"A friend of mine is engaged to a man, and now he refuses to marry her. What would you advise her to do?" "Old lawyer—"Is the man wealthy?" Young Lady—"No. He hasn't a shilling." Old Lawyer—"Then I'd advise her to write him a nice letter of thanks."

—No Competition.—Overheard in Angel Court—"Hallo, youngster. What are you doing in the city?" "Oh, I'm on the Stock Exchange now." "What, a boy like you? What are you going to do there?" "Try to earn an honest living." "Really! Well, you ought to succeed; there's no competition."

—His Classification.—"You played nothing but tragedies," said the friend. "They were worse than tragedies," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, as he stopped figuring on his expense account. "They were financial catastrophes."

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

A rector who held a living had died. The place, worth ten thousand dollars a year, was in the gift of an earl, who was surprised at the grief of the assembled rectors and curates. So he said to a young curate, his son's tutor, "I cannot understand why they should weep so frenziedly for the dead." The young man replied: "You are mistaken, my lord. It is not for the dead they weep, it is for the living."

— "William," said the colonel, "do you realize that you and I have got to swear off the first day of January next?" "Yes, sir; I've been thinking 'bout it." "Well, how much is left down there?" "Over half a barrel, sir." The colonel whistled a long, low whistle, looked out on the dreary landscape, pulled off his coat, hung it on a convenient peg, and said: "Bring up a ton of coal, get me my slippers, have the daily papers sent to my room, and tell everybody I'm not 'at home' till after New Year's!"

— Down in Georgia the name of Hoke Smith is held in veneration. Two "Crackers" were sitting on a fence talking politics. It was when Hoke Smith was Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland. "Hoke Smith's a great man, suh," said one Cracker. "Yaas, suh: he's a great man, but he ain't as great a man as Grover Cleveland," said the other. "Yaas, suh, Hoke Smith's a greater man than Grover Cleveland." "Waal, ah reckon he ain't as great a man as Gen'l Robt. E. Lee." "Yaas, suh, Hoke Smith's a greater man than Robt. E. Lee." "Ah reckon he ain't as great as Jeff'son Davis." "Yaas, suh, Hoke Smith's greater than Jeff Davis." A long pause followed and each chewed a straw meditatively. "Hoke Smith ain't as great a man as God," remarked the doubting Cracker. This argument seemed a clincher. But the other Cracker proved equal to the occasion. He spat copiously and then drawled out: "Mebbe not—mebbe not. Hoke Smith's a young man yit."

— Mr. Arm, for a long time chief of police in a large city in the United States, once attended a banquet given in honor of a gentleman who had recently returned from Europe. The gentleman was a collector of curios, and, during the course of the evening, displayed a coin which he had brought across the ocean with him, saying that he did not think there was a duplicate of it in America. It was much admired and passed around the table from hand to hand. During the general conversation the owner lost track of the coin, and

when he asked for it it had disappeared. All the gentlemen allowed themselves to be searched excepting Chief Arm, who flatly refused. He was eyed with great suspicion, but soon a servant came into the room and gave the coin to its owner, saying that it had been found on some one's plate when they were washing the dishes outside. "Now, gentlemen," said Chief Arm, "I will tell you why I refused to allow myself to be searched. I have the duplicate of that coin in my pocket."

— It is said that when in India, Winston Spencer Churchill, Lord Randolph Churchill's son, presented a copy of his first book to General Tucker, who, previous to his South African command, was all-powerful at Secunderbad. "Do you like it?" young Churchill inquired of the general. "Haven't read it. Is it meant to read?" "Why, yes." "Wish you'd told me so before. I keep it hanging up in my dressing room, and tear off a page every morning to wipe my razor on."

— One summer Mr. William Gillette, the actor, hired a yacht. As he describes it, it was a craft without a rival in slow progression. With a few friends he set sail from New York, and proceeded by way of the Sound upon a cruise. They kept close to the shore, and a week or two after they had left port were drifting lazily by a point of land, at the end of which sat a solitary man, fishing. In a few hours the boat had passed the point, and the fisherman was seen to rouse himself from his contemplation of his rod. "Where ye from?" he called genially. "New York," replied Gillette, with a yachtsman's pride. "How long?" "Sunday, August 1st." The fisherman returned to his fishing and the yacht dept on drifting. Some hours later there came a drawling voice over the quiet water, and it asked: "What year?"

— Two Irishmen were hunting in a very marshy part of Ireland. One of the men, in following his dog, sank in the bog, and was unable to extricate himself. The other man hurried off in great haste in the direction of the nearest house. After he had gone about a half mile, he came upon an old peasant gathering peat. "Come at once," he excitedly shouted, "there is a man caught in the bog, and he will die if not helped soon." The man left his work and started off, meanwhile asking questions. "How far is he in the bog?" he finally asked. "Nearly up to his ankles," was the reply. "If he is only in that far," said the peasant, stopping, "you can get him out yourself." "Come on," said the other; "he is in up to his ankles, but the other way up."

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

832. Can you tell me the name of the author, and title of the poem, of which the first four lines are as follows?

Long hast thou watched my bed,
And smoothed the pillow oft
For this poor, aching head
With touches soft.

The above is quoted from memory. It appeared in a New York newspaper about forty years ago, and a friend declares it is Bryant's, but I cannot find it in my copy of his poems. I enclose the whole poem, as copied from memory, and will be very grateful if any one can help me about it.—Gertrude McCall, McCall, La.

[This is not by Bryant, although much like one of his poems. Perhaps some of our readers can identify it.]

833. *The Kitchen Clock*: Can you tell me where I can get a little poem entitled *The Kitchen Clock*? If you can do so you will greatly oblige. I enclose stamp for reply.—W. C. Ogier, Ironton, Mo.

[John Vance Cheney is the author of this selection. It was printed in *Current Literature* in February, 1898; taken, we believe, from Mr. Cheney's volume, *Out of the Silence*, which may be had from the publishers: Small, Maynard & Co., Copley Square, Boston, price \$1.50. With regard to your request for a personal reply, we quote a portion of our "talk" with querist 816, last month: "We must again reiterate what we have so often stated here, that answers to correspondents are made through the medium of this page only. The enclosure of stamps can in no wise affect this decision."]

834. Do you know of a poem written by Martin F. Tupper, on his visit to the South after the Civil War, and published here? It was addressed to the South, each verse beginning with "Generous Southerners." I will recall a few of the lines as I remember them. He spoke first of the poem in his poetical works relating to Slavery in the South. A line of the poem ran:

"Glad, I recant it thus," etc.

And in another line he says, "The Masters were slaves." When families were left in the care of the slaves in the Civil War—"They were true to the trust." This is all that I can recall, and I trust it is not out of print. It was a generous poem, and I trust the South has not lost it, and that it may be recovered and republished at an early date.—Mrs. R. S. White, Palmyra, Mo.

835. Will you kindly put me on the trail of a

poem called *Piano Music*, whose author is unknown, unless it be Oliver W. Holmes. If so, will you publish it in *Treasure Trove*?—E. G. Le Stourgeon, San Antonio, Texas.

[An anonymous selection entitled *Opera Music* for the Piano appears in *Dick's Recitations and Readings*, No. 4. It commences:

List! the piece is about to begin,
Now observe Miss Introduction come in—
Perhaps this is what you mean?]

836. *The Old-Fashioned Grandmother*: Will you have the kindness to tell me through your page of Open Questions where I can find a poem entitled *The Old-fashioned Grandmother*? I think the poem opens with a description of an old-fashioned kitchen, but I cannot recall any of the lines.—M. K., Greensburg, Pa.

837. *Beautiful Hands*: As one of your readers—may I ask for a poem—entitled *Beautiful Hands*. If you will kindly insert inquiry, if it is not known by you, you will greatly oblige.—Lucille Francis, St. Augustine, Fla.

[Two poems of this title have been printed in *Current Literature*. In our issue for August, 1895, page 113, appears one, by Ellen M. H. Gates, beginning:

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.

And in our October number of the same year, page 297, may be found the other, by James Whitcomb Riley, beginning:

Oh, your hands—they are strangely fair!
Fair—for the jewels that sparkle there;
Fair—for the witchery of the spell
That ivory keys alone can tell.

Back numbers of the magazine can be had at this office.]

838. Through Open Questions can you tell me where to obtain *Life and Adventures of Mr. Old Buck*, a picture book for children; *The Mischief Book*; and *Max and Maurice*, also picture books. These were favorites about fifteen or twenty years ago, and I am looking for them for my children.—M. G. Kains, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

839. *Authorship of The River of Time*: As a constant reader of *Current Literature*, I ask through your columns for information concerning the following: Some years ago there appeared in the newspapers of the day a poem beginning:

Oh! a wonderful stream is *The River of Time*.
It was entitled *The Long Ago*, and was widely copied without giving the name of its author. In one instance it was stated that the author was the

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

editor of an obscure paper in Texas, whose name was unknown. In another copy it was reported that the unknown author was killed in a steamboat accident on the Mississippi River, while another copyist stated that the poem was from the pen of Philo Henderson, who was born near Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and who died in early manhood. Are all these statements true? Do they refer to the same individual whose name is given above? Did he write other lines? Surely *The Long Ago* is a poem of more than passing note. Its rare value seems a prophesy of something more to come from its author. Perhaps through your columns I may learn facts worthy of record and have the pleasure of reading other lines from this unknown author.—Chas. V. Bingley, Baltimore, Md.

[*The Long Ago* was written by Benjamin Franklin Taylor, more than a quarter of a century since, and was then contributed by him to the Chicago Evening Journal, with which paper he was connected. There have been many claims laid to its authorship, but the poem is undoubtedly Mr. Taylor's. Current Literature printed it in Treasure Trove department in July, 1898, accrediting it to the rightful claimant. Mr. Taylor died in Cleveland, O., in 1887. He was born in 1819, in Lowville, N. Y. The only volume of his poems known to us—*Old Time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme*—was published in 1874 by S. C. Griggs & Co., 87 and 89 Washington avenue, Chicago, Ill.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

770. *Affinity, or Love's Own, Again:* In Current Literature for February you publish in Treasure Trove a beautiful poem about which S. E. E. Foote, Santa Cruz, Cal., inquires as to its authorship. It is by Theophile Gautier, and has been several times translated—once by Theodore Tilton, whose translation may be found in his *Thou and I*, p. 237, published by Worthington in 1879.—J. H. Ryckman, Salt Lake City, Utah.

[Many thanks. We are also indebted to Harry George Jones, Seattle, Wash., for a communication on the same subject.]

798. The books which the characters of John Bagot (Bigot), his wife and the priest are in, are as follows: The first is *The Golden Dog* (with the French name—I can not recall that just now); the second is *The Seats of the Mighty*—both laid in Quebec, and by Gilbert Parker.—Norma Ryland, San José, Cal.

The story by Gilbert Parker is named *The Going of the White Swan*.—Roy B. Robbins, Canastota, N. Y.

808. *The Robin and the Violet:* Your correspondent, Open Questions No. 808, can find the selection, *The Robin and the Violet*, in Eugene Field's *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.—F. A. Brewer, Battle Creek, Mich.

812. D. O. C. asks in your Open Questions for a hymn beginning:

Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O man and follow me;"

which became very familiar to me as a school girl at Bradford Academy, and I am glad to send it. It is by Francis T. Palgrave. I cannot tell whether this is all the poem or not, but so it appears in my *Hymns of the Faith*.—Anna Nelson Parke, Leadville, Colo.

[The poem is held for D. O. C., Oxford, Ohio, who asked for it. Thanks to the sender, and to K. R. L., Annapolis, Md., who also sends a portion of the poem quoted from memory, with the author's name.]

818. *Submission and Rest:* In the current number of your valuable magazine I see an inquiry for a poem beginning:

The camel at the close of day—

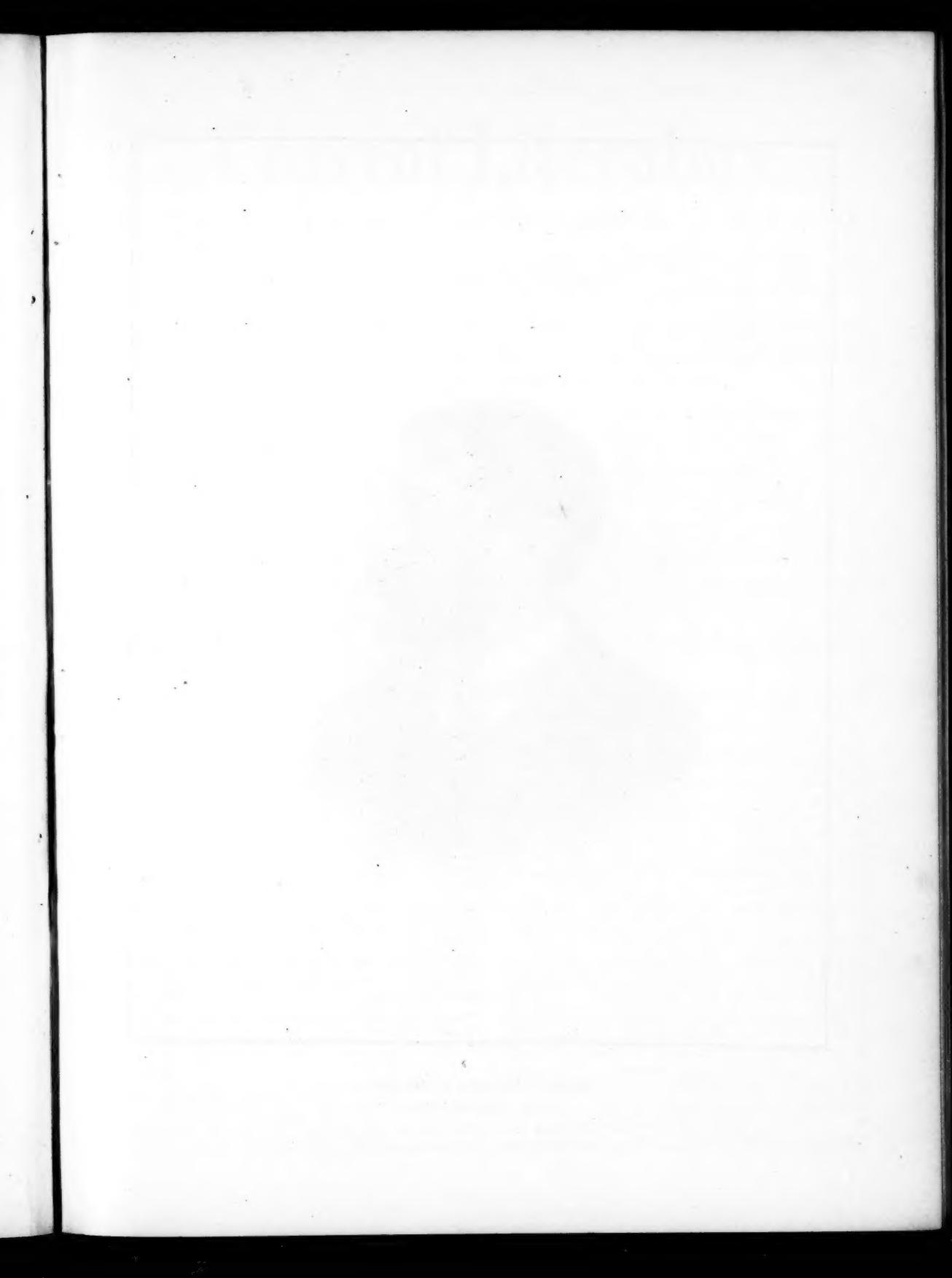
I have had this in my scrap book for ten years. I find no name of author, but it is credited to the United Presbyterian.—Stanley O. Royal, Hillsboro, Ohio.

[Thank you. Your copy of the poem will be forwarded to Miss Jean Tilghman Canby, Wilmington, Del., who made the inquiry.]

821. *Lost on the Lady Elgin:* Your inquirer, Bert Anderson, Jeffersonville, Ind., wishes to know the writer of the lines, *Lost on the Lady Elgin*. There was a song with this title published a number of years ago, I think by the Church Music Company; the occasion for the song being written was the wreck of the pleasure steamer "Lady Elgin" in the early sixties, loaded with passengers going from Waukegan to Chicago, just out of the latter city, on which occasion something like 150 people were drowned. I think the song might be obtained still at any music store.—Volney Streamer, New York City.

In answer to request of Bert Anderson, of Jeffersonville, Ind., in February number of Current Literature, *Lost on the Lady Elgin* was written and composed by Henry C. Work, author of *Marching Through Georgia*, *Wake, Nicodemus, Kingdom Coming*, *The Firebells are Ringing*, *Grandfather's Clock*, and more than fifty other songs—some of which are still popular. Thirty or forty years ago an excursion steamer, *The Lady Elgin*, was lost in a storm on Lake Michigan, near Chicago, and many of the excursionists perished. Work wrote the song the next day, under the inspiration of the incident; just as he wrote *Grandfather's Clock*, from seeing an old hall clock unloaded at a second-hand store, on Chatham street, New York, from which song the name *Grandfather's Clock* has become the trade name for the tall hall clock.—W. S. Thompson, Marshfield, Mo.

[Our thanks to these correspondents, and also to Lida E. Volght, Champaign, Ill.; and Roy Farrell Greene, Arkansas City, Kas., who enclose copies of the song, which are held for the correspondent who made the inquiry.]





ROBERT BRIDGES ("DROCH")
(See Gossip of Authors)